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VANITY FAIR

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Mrs. Mary Luggs.



LOUIS H. STEPHENS,
Publisher for the Proprietors.

PUBLICATION OFFICE 100 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

1861.

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LL a mistake. The Preface is a misnomer—a bull. It pretends to be written before the work—it is, in reality, as all authors know, written after the work is done. It is a literary back door which has been witched around in front, and got the door-plate of the interior THOMPSON nailed to it by mistake. A work with a Preface is a literary PADDY-from-Cork's coat, which unbuttons behind.

The true use of the Preface is glorification over the past. In the Preface we meditate on the big thing we've done—and drink the memory of that big thing with a pleasant nutty flavor on our smacked lips, as of old brown sherry. We sit in the Preface like a good boy on a high chair, just before bed-time, and invite pats on the head for having been amiable all day. The Preface is nothing whatever but a sermon on than delightful text out of Miss JANE TAYLOR's Pharisaism adapted to Infant minds:

"How pleasant is Saturday night
When we've tried all the week to be good!"

Consistently with this acknowledgment—glory to VANITY FAIR! Let every soul which knoweth the value of hearty laughter, or quiet smiles, respond Glory! Glory! Shout every man who needeth not to have good jokes explained to him! Father Time himself shouts Glory—for lo, that old fellow who has certainly lived long enough to know what is good, pays us the distinguished compliment of uncorking his newest year on the birthday of our Third Volume.

Years, you see, are unlike Wine in this respect, that the freshest is always the best. And Time may well do us the honor of setting forth his finest vintage at our inauguration party. We have improved the old man—he has grown better for us since the last holidays. We have crowned his white poll with the first perennial garland which was ever plucked from the boughs of American wit. The blossoms with which a year ago we decked the sexmillarian's brow have outlasted the summer—they are fresh and fragrant still!

"*Qui vive un ano,*" say the Andalusians, "*puede viver por siempre,*"—"Live a year, and you can live forever." There be those who have doubted the possibility of either of these terms of existence for a journal undertaking America's laughing censorship. We have demonstrated the one possibility. We are demonstrating the other.

And why is it impossible in America to be everlastingly funny? Our people all stand on a level, say the doubters—we have no privileged higher classes to laugh at. Our rulers are of home-manufacture—if they show long ears, we hold the power of abasing those elegant appendages to the shades of private life so soon that we have no time to joke at them.

But look! We are *all* rulers. We enjoy the daily possibility of laughing at Kings. We are all kings—we laugh at ourselves. A man will laugh at himself when he will permit nobody else to laugh at him. How many a TOODLES has come home from some absurd bargain of his own to snicker at his simple-mindedness in the privacy of his own coat-sleeves and closet—to ridicule those absurd stocks which have burnt his fingers, more pungently than he would have allowed himself to satirize that other purchase in the hosiery line—Mrs. TOODLE's gloves which froze his thumbs! To do with yourself what you please—that is the great franchise of American liberty. To laugh at yourself—that is the highest franchise of all franchises!

And as to the people who represent us. We know they stay above the political horizon but a short while. We scarcely laugh at our representatives before laughter changes to scorn, and with the breath of a vote, they are dissolved away into obscurity. But this is a quick nation. If heretofore it has not laughed as quick as it has voted, that has been because VANITY FAIR was not yet risen to show it the way. Henceforth we will cure the bad influences of place and power, not by the surgeon's knife which cuts off the limb of government, but by the doctor's plaster which cures it. We will laugh our officers into common sense.

What have we not done already? Since the year 1860 rose upon us, we have carried health into every secret spring of governmental action. Our principle is that well known dogma of the Doctors—"before taken to be well shaken"—and we would not have any man taken for a ruler before it had been discovered whether he could be shaken by the jokes of VANITY FAIR. That should be a Constitutional condition of nomination. An Alderman should be obliged to shake off all his superfluous obesity by a perusal of our remarks on the Old Red

Sandstone. No man should be President or writer for the *Ledger*, before he has proved his ability to be agitated by our remarks upon the political and literary qualifications of J. B. But as yet we cannot introduce this principle into action. The Real is always behind the Ideal. We have therefore been obliged to content ourselves with taking the governmental article ready-made, and convulsing it into shape by the omnipotent power of inextinguishable laughter.

We have made BOOLE tell what he paid for those kid-gloves. ALEXANDER has written several letters to thank us. So has BAJOU. So has JOUVIN. All these architects of delicious handcovering have been dying for the recipe which originated those miracles of yellow, and the statement of that exact pecuniary outlay which rendered them possible. The public have shared in that anxiety. And now the Public has the Items! We spell that word with a large I, because the Public's big Eye ought to rest on them. When and Where are mentioned by Philosophers to be the primal conditions of existence. The Japanese swindle was said to be a great Wen on our municipal body politic. We know how much our Japanese Ware cost us.

Through VANITY FAIR, the Gridiron Railroad has been brought to naught. On that Gridiron a cutlet was smoking. It was the Public Weal. We took off the gridiron. We saved the Public Weal at the same time.

We cannot pretend to have made Cabinet Ministers into Saints. But we have laughed the bunglers away. We have made COBB acknowledge the Corn. He sneaked away, and left the Treasury to Schell in New York. We have driven FLOYD to BAILEY. And though it is that Young BAILEY known as GODDARD in Washington—let it be remembered that this is a young country—and he would have gone to the Old BAILEY in London. As for CASS—let him thank VANITY FAIR that its strictures on the imbecility of the present administration have forced him at last into concurrence with the progress of Young America, and compelled him to abandon the last Precedent who will ever interfere with the operation of equity. We have laughed all the stealers of public money to scorn. We have gone among the Cabinet men, and put a patent lock on their Bureau Drawers.

In fine, there is no good which we have not done to the American People. We have supported no party. HERSCHEL V. JOHNSON would undoubtedly have liked to have a hand in the next year's cabinet work. We must confess that to that cabinet-making we have not brought V. near. Knowing what a host of scrub politicians would like to ring in, we have helped no BELL to hang round the White House. It is a long Lane which has no turning—and the straight road of equity might not be kept by a LANE who was Vice itself. And from the same motives of impartiality we did not help LINC—ON.

But we have given what boys call a *boost* to the Right wherever we found it. When it was stuck in the mud we helped it out, no matter what its temporary name. In other words, when it was mired—we admired it still the same. And we shall always do the honorable thing. We shall continue to be V. FAIR, however others may D. Mean themselves. If there be so remote a place in this Union that ten cents must be paid there for the privilege of a laugh with us—no man who spends twenty-four hours on our reading shall be able to say, "Perdidi Dime."

Since we began our friendly tilt against human follies, Southern Italy is free. If in the next volume we do not agitate the question vigorously in regard to the Northern part, let it be remembered that GARIBALDI does not wish to free Venetia till next Spring. As, for the sake of an age which cannot stand too much glory at once, we do not issue two numbers at once, so neither does our distinguished friend liberate all Italy simultaneously.

The Japanese have come and gone since we made our bow to America. So have the PRINCE OF WALES and NEWCASTLE. Each of these widely separated Insular Ambassadors took home a copy of VANITY FAIR with him. Time works his great results slowly. But already we hear that Japan has established a number of new schools and factories for the development of human art, and in England, for the first time in centuries, a reigning Gallic Sovereign has visited a native monarch at Windsor Castle. Fit encounter—EUGENIE, the Noble-Born of France, and VICTORIA, the Victory of Saxon Wisdom!

Thus at our opening third volume thrives the great progress of Humanity abroad. Modesty forbids us to say what share we have given to its impulse. But if the first year of VANITY FAIR shall be such an incitement to the grandest spirits of the world, what will its second be?

We believe that the Human Race desire their own advancement. So our only answer is,

WE ARE FOR SALE EVERYWHERE!

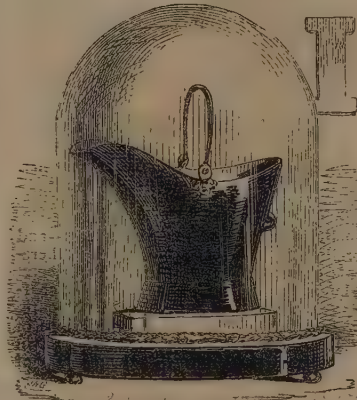


into every
before taken to
covered whether he
of nomination. An
our remarks on the Old Red

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER I.



ISAIAH PRIMPENNY, Esq., had made a fortune in coal-scuttles. You may have noticed the singular fact in natural history that when a man has made his fortune in coal-scuttles, it becomes inconceivable to him why every other member of the human family does not rush into coal-scuttles immediately.

STUYVESANT PRIMPENNY—ISAIAH'S SON—found a fortune already made, and did not stop to inquire how it was

done. In the abstract he had no objection to coal-scuttles. They were undoubtedly very respectable. But he had just as lief that they were hearth-rugs, or general provisions, or drugs, or sewing machines. The fortune was made. He did not care what had done it. Accordingly, when ISAIAH PRIMPENNY proposed to him to continue the coal-scuttles in his own name, he steadfastly refused to have anything to do with them.

ISAIAH presented the case from all its most alluring points of view. There never was such a brilliant opening for any young man. STUYVESANT replied that it was an opening he didn't wish to crawl into. "But just to look at it soberly," insisted ISAIAH, "You will have the benefit of all your father's long business acquaintance." "Which consists principally," interposed STUYVESANT "of the most precious old muffs who ever talked hardware at a dinner party!" "But they are the solid men of New York." "Not half as solid as Old Red Sandstone in the Park." "Don't exasperate me by your trifling, STUYVESANT! I have been in hopes that you were going to make a respectable man of yourself. That you would build up an honorable name in society, and go out of the world leaving it better than when you came into it." "And finally lie in the most eligible spot in Greenwood with a monument over me presenting to tourists through that delightful locality the following inscription: 'After contributing munificently to the wants of the age in the form of something like five hundred thousand coal-scuttles, this Benefactor of Mankind fell a victim to his benevolence, being bored to death at the early age of thirty-five years. The instruments which caused his demise may still be seen in every variety of elegant pattern at No. — Greenwich street, where liberal discounts will be made to the trade. Families and hotels provided at the shortest notice. The good die young.'"

"Sir!" said the Father of the PRIMPENNYs, "You are jesting with me. I am in earnest! And I tell you that you do not know which side your bread is buttered on!"

"My dear Governor," replied STUYVESANT, leaning back in his luxurious arm-chair, "I have now reached the ripe age of twenty-five years, and thus far, in all my extended travels, I have never found any difficulty in discovering the buttered side of that esculent you mention. Indeed, it has so invariably turned up buttered that I am led to suspect that it is buttered on both sides."

"Yes sir! and that is the trouble with you! I have brought you up too easily! I erred on the side of parental tenderness. I wished to spare you the hardships which embittered my earlier youth, and I have made you a voluptuary. I should have put you in the work-shop at fourteen years, thrust a hammer and a solder-iron into your hand, and told you to earn your bread as I did!"

"Under those circumstances I should have run away," replied STUYVESANT calmly.

"You would, *would* you? Where would you have run to, I'd like to know, my young master?"

"I should have taken to street begging. I should have seated myself on the Hospital steps, with a large placard on my breast, stating that this was the deserted child of ISAIAH PRIMPENNY, Merchant of No. — Greenwich Street. I should have procured the insertion of a paragraph in the *Herald*, headed 'Destitution in High-life—Shameful Abandonment of offspring by a prominent Fifth Avenue Hardware dealer. And you would have been glad enough to come after me and bring me home, where I should have revelled in luxury as before.'"

"You are a rascal!" exclaimed ISAIAH PRIMPENNY, but in a tone considerably softened by those words, "High life" and "Fifth Avenue," which always had a remarkable effect on him, when coupled with his name, as being a sort of popular tribute to his hardly attained position in society.

"You are a rascal! If you had tried that sort of thing, I should have flogged you soundly. I would have given you *luxury* when you got home! But STUYVESANT, I am not joking with you—though you may think you make me smile. It is time for you to do *something*. You are determined, I see, to disappoint my fondest expectations, to abandon your old father in the business by which he has reared his family to its present position. Now *what will you do?* Will you be a merchant in any other line if I give you capital and find you a partner?"

"Sink the shop! I hate *shop* of all kinds!"

"Will you study a profession, then? You can get admitted to the New York bar, with eight months' study, and I am able to throw cases into your hands."

"I had rather crawl into the coal-scuttles than through *that* opening! There's too much humbug about it! Too much creeping through other men's dirty sewers, under the pretence that because they are *other* men's, it don't nasty your own white pantaloons at all. If I could be WILLIAM CURTIS NOYES at a leap, I'd do it, though how he was got to where he is and still kept the pure, honorable, noble man that he is, I don't know! There must be some way—but I'm not acquainted with it. No, I don't care to be a lawyer."

"What do you think of being a doctor, then—or a clergyman?"

"Well—as to the doctor, Governor, just look at it a minute. I believe there are people who love to see legs taken off—who prefer a good case of delirium tremens to a dinner at DELMONICO's. They are fond of epilepsy—they dote on dissections—and if they aren't called up at three o'clock in the morning to go and see a man who's fallen off a six-story building, they don't enjoy their sleep one bit afterwards. Now such people are born to be doctors. When they hear the night-bell, they don't say 'damn it!' and go to sleep remembering to give orders to have the wire out in the morning. They believe in medicine, *they* do. They give a blue-pill for pain in the toe; and, by Gemini! they've got the science to trace it all the way down from the throat, through the membranes, and clear to the tip end of the system, where it belongs. There's PRINCE, for instance! I used to know him when he walked Bellevue. Hanged if he couldn't see the pill bulge out all the way down, till it got to the right place! He's the kind of man that has the divine right to be a doctor. I haven't. I'm too infernally lazy. And I haven't the faith."

"But how about the clergyman? You've been well brought up. All you've got to do is to stop using those expletives. You mustn't say internal for instance—not out of the pulpit you know."

"Well Governor—you're an elder in one of the up-town churches—but I'll tell you frankly what I think of that business, meaning no offence to anybody. There are two kinds of clergymen. One's the regular saleable pattern, which has been put up in packages with a well-known trademark on 'em, like your coal-scuttles, for the last two hundred years. I've been down to the factory. I've seen how they're made. I know every grind of the machine. And this is the way they do things. They take a mild young countryman for the raw article. He must be soft, untempered stuff, without any unmaliceable mixture in his ore, like ideas of his own for instance. Then they melt him down with half a hundred lots just like him. Then they pour out the molten metal into casts, all of them precisely alike. Then they burn the casts over in an oven with the charcoal of a dozen old doctors, until they're impregnated through and through with theological notions of the proper blue and blistered color. Then they draw 'em out, and chill 'em in a bath of ice water, which gives 'em the temper they call 'impenetrable orthodox firmness.' Then they stick 'em into the handle—known as a diploma—put the factory stamp on them, wrap them in packages, and once a year offer the lot to cut the bread of life or the adversary, according as either side of their double-edge is wanted, for select country congregations. These ministers—to drop the cutlery comparison—are always provided in the seminary with

three voices. One, very low and monotonous for the prayers—another, a little higher and louder for the reading—and a third, a sort of broken-hearted sing-song, for the sermon. As to having any views of their own, they're as bad off as that terrible German tobacco which you objected to so, when I smoked it in my meerschaum on the third story front. It was first soaked in acids till all the tobacco was taken out of it, and then it got a bath of musk. So with them. JONES has all the JONES taken out of him, and finally he's saturated with the Rev. Dr. Somebody else. After which, when he comes out as the Rev. Mr. JONES, it is an assumed name. He travels under an alias, for which he ought to be taken up as dangerous to society. He's really the Rev. Mr. CALVIN, or THIRTY-NINE ARTICLES D.D. Now that's one kind of clergyman But there's another. The square out-spoken man. The man who don't forget he's a man because he's learned the Hebrew word for it. The man who talks in the pulpit just as plainly as he would on the street. Who doesn't believe in sneaking up any back stairs into goodness. Who doesn't call on his congregation to catch hold of his gown skirts and come along through a rose-garden, if they want to be saved. But who says: 'Look here! This in mean and Unchristian! This is fair and Christian! I'm not puffing up the stock of a little particular railroad to piety, that I want you to subscribe to. I'm showing you tough old five-barred gates to climb over, and I'm going to climb over them myself. Every sort of people from the rich to the poor, from the churchman to the fellow who never goes to church, has been putting these gates across your way for the last six thousand years. Jump them, I tell you! I know it isn't as easy as plain walking, but it's the only way to get out of meanness and wickedness and *unmanliness*, which means



the same thing. I'm going first! Hurrah! That bar's cleared! Take heart and come after me. That's the second kind of parson. And the only difference between him and his congregation is, that he's got the big brains and the big heart, which make him take the bars first. Now—I won't be the first parson—and to state it frankly, I ain't able to be the second!"

ISAIAH PRIMPENNY stared at his son for several moments, and then replied that he had been a great deal too much to hear political preaching. He regretted the sad tendency taken by STUYVESANT's youthful mind, but added with a sigh, that he could not help it. Finally, in a state bordering on desperation, he demanded—

"What, then, will you be?"

And STUYVESANT calmly answered,

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Nothing?"

"Yes. That is to say, a gentleman. There is literally nothing that I care to do, or am peculiarly fitted for, except to smoke good

cigars, drink good champagne, play a tolerable game of billiards, drive my own fast crab, and keep a bachelor establishment."

"Cigars—champagne—billiards—crab—and your own establishment!"

"That is the exact repetition of my catalogue."

ISAIAH PRIMPENNY folded his arms, and for ten minutes looked the exact picture of NAPOLEON at Fontainebleau. While he is thus engaged in deep thought, and STUYVESANT is considering the proper color for wheels to his next dog-cart, let us remember who the two PRIMPENNYs are.

ISAIAH is a florid man of fifty-six, with crisp white hair, and thoroughly shaven face. If he had any idea that the hair on his head were in the faintest degree a connivance at the capillary enormities worn by the present generation on their cheeks and upper lips, he would sacrifice the last remnant of his venerable locks instantaneously. He does not smoke—because people did not, as a general thing, smoke when he went into the coal-scuttle business. He rides up-town in the stages only because the oldest coal-scuttle men have accepted that innovation on walking. He is the pure type of a coal-scuttle man, with no incongruous peculiarities added. Still he has some peculiarities which may co-exist with success in that trade. He is absent-minded. He is one of those men who, when they start for any place, have to enter on their pocket-book,

"Mem. Not to leave my head behind."

This defect of memory includes everything except business—and his umbrella. This umbrella is a very bad umbrella. It is therefore the most prominent characteristic of ISAIAH PRIMPENNY. Spite the popular impression to the contrary, a bad hat is not characteristic. A man may wear a very bad hat and yet be obscure. The Duke of Newcastle wore a shocking hat—so did the Prince of Wales—yet we have forgotten those people already. Every day a hundred abominable hats at least pass AMIDON'S—that temple of sublimest head-covering—yet not one hair of their dishevelled nap trembles with shame, and not even a newsboy marks them with just reprobation. They go home, and hide themselves on the secluded hat-racks of humiliated families. To wear a bad hat is not to be original.

But the bad umbrella was never carried by any but a typical man. What the bad umbrella was a type of in Mr. PRIMPENNY'S case must be developed in the progress of this veritable narrative. I cannot be expected to open Mr. PRIMPENNY like his umbrella, as if my first chapter were a hard rain. But I can picture the umbrella itself to your eager understanding. It was an umbrella which bulged out in the middle when it was tied up, like a badly-packed carpet-bag. Its color, through much bleaching, had come to resemble corner grocery wrapping-paper. It fastened with a loop of brown galloon around a white bone-button. One of its ribs was broken. Its tip was gone. It had a smooth round ivory knob, like a badly-used bell-pull. And this was the charming apparatus which Mr. PRIMPENNY delighted in taking down town!

He never forgot it. If the morning was clear—it might rain in the afternoon. In summer it would be just the thing to keep the sun off. He never lent it to a friend weatherbound at his house. It might get lost—and STUYVESANT always had plenty of umbrellas to lend. He took it with him to the Springs—to Saratoga—to political meetings—to the Opera. A state of things which, so far as his family were concerned, secured him solitude on all his tours. They invariably managed to take the next stage, or go by the next train. At one period of his life that umbrella actually wore out! The next day he was seen descending Broadway triumphantly through the sunshine, with another just as seedy, and of absolutely the same pattern! It was an umbrella which never could get itself lost, never be left behind. There are reasonable doubts as to whether the act of attempting to bury him without it, wouldn't have resuscitated him.

STUYVESANT PRIMPENNY was, as he has already told us, twenty-five years old. A young man who, at the age of twelve, had his own tailor, and at fifteen imported his own cigars. At eighteen he went abroad, spent three years longer on the continent of Europe, and came back with the idea that he had been the wickedest dog in the world. He labored under the impression that at Paris he had done nothing but dance the Can-can, and learn French from those portable Dictionaries, known as Lorettes—that in the German Universities, his habitual occupation had been the amputation of Teutonic noses with the rapier—that at Baden-Baden he had swamped several princely fortunes in *rouge-et-noir*—and that on the Spanish Sierras he had been complicit with the assassination of a muleteer. He actually believed that he had been the greatest villain in the oldest civilized quarter of the globe. It is astonishing what a great comfort this faith was to him! When you heard his shocking accounts of midnight-revelry, and day-shaming brigandism, you were inclined to shudder till you recollected that



PANIC PRICES.

Aspiring Youth.—"COME, COME—KNIVES IS AT PANIC PRICES EVER SINCE MULLIGAN WENT UP TO SING-SING. HERE'S THREE CENTS FOR THE BIG 'UN IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BOARD!"

youth is imaginative, and that after all, STUYVESANT may have been a very proper person to introduce to young people making the grand tour. That in Germany his iniquity may have been restricted to Rhein-wein and Seltzer water, in Paris to seeing immoral comedies which he did not understand, and in Spain to chucking orange-girls under the chin, while he paid double-price for their fruit, on consideration of that rakish privilege thrown in. When you began to know STUYVESANT, you discovered that his wickedness was all hypocrisy, and saw the lamb's tail through the wolf's skin.

After his return to New York, the innocent villain began to get his true growing up. He went a good deal into society, and was adored by all young ladies, on the strength of his fascinatingly un-pious reputation. He did considerable flirting, had an affair with a lady old enough to be his mother, which led her to giving him a great deal of good advice, and introducing him to her daughters. He became the Agamemnon of Lancer parties—gave private champagne spreads—wrote an account of his tour, interspersed with moral reflections—came to the conclusion that he was too old to reform—burnt up the tour—and finally awoke one morning, to find himself twenty-five, and in all valuable respects, very young at that.

ISAIAH PRIMPENNY having meanwhile come to the same opinion of his son, and being furthermore struck with the chronological fact that it was now high time for STUYVESANT to have sown his last wild oats—invited him one evening to that ridiculously superfluous apartment of a New York business-man, called his "study"—and held the conversation with him reported in this previous recital.

At the end of ten minutes ISAIAH looked out from his abstraction, descended from the Napoleon-at-Fontainebleau attitude, and exclaimed to his son,

"Well, sir! You *shall* have an establishment of your own!"

What sort of an establishment it was shall be fully recorded in our next chapter.

Under dun.

Rare steaks had in these days; also, the poor D.D's—defaulting debtors, You Know, when asked to pay up.

On Pickles.

To preserve Onions, you have only to put them into a good, strong pickle: while, on the contrary, Unions are difficult to preserve in proportion to the intensity of the pickle into which they are put.

Both articles are safe for a Mess.

Bad as can be.

A friend of ours, who was badly beaten at euchre the other day, when he expected an easy victory, desires to know in what way he resembles Mazeppa's Captors? Because he caught a Tartar of the Ukraine breed.

Bacchic Deduction.

If spiritous intoxication is called "Half-seas-over," the intoxication of Malt must be called "Half-'n'-half-seas-over."

Anatomical.

The tip of the elbow is sometimes termed the Funny Bone—on account, perhaps, of its vicinity to the Humerus.

By our Philadelphia Contributor.

If the South Carolina Convention had remained at Columbia, what sort of a nation would have been organized? Vy, a vacci-nation.

By our Hifalutinist.

"President BUCHANAN is branded by the age with the mark of infancy."
Just so, Epoch marked.

How to meet a Bankrupt.

Take no note of him.

MORE OF IT.

Another Big Defalcation!

Nothing wonderful at any time. But this is a roaring, tearing, blazing crusher of a Defalc. One snapping and slapping right through government, in among the politicians, bang into parties and sections and feuds and national convulsions. A Big-Thing, Gentlemen, a big theft, a stupendous mess of rascality and infamy.

We like to see these things come out, occasionally. We like to see the scoundrelly politicians and humbugs, thieves and parasites of all kinds who gather in Washington, get an occasional shaking out—a good ninety-four red hot shot—a small earthquake and a dose of lightning. We decidedly and exactly Do. It is a powerful Refreshment.

And oh—how piquant to see Buncombe and bluster, and gabbling, sectional, fire-devouring, ferocious, provincial Devotion suddenly ice-watered by being proved to be Swindling in Disguise. How grand to see Captain Terrible turn out a sneak-thief, after all. How delicious to see ROBERT MACAIRE indignantly refusing to stop a single instant in the house—after he had the Spoons in his pocket!

And there is more behind it all. Plenty more. Gentlemen, we Know you. We know what is, and always has been, behind your rant, and palaver, and foaming speeches. THEREVER has been behind it—and it will be well ripped up, and the Darkness shall come to light. Men don't keep the upper hand for so many years at Washington without doing many a foul deed. We are only at the Beginning.

Two more of Them.

MESSEURS. CHANG AN ENG, the Siamese Twins, have declared publicly that they are in favor of the "Union as it is," whether the Original Compact was right or not.

By our Salesman Contributor.

The worst kind of Dry-goods for Skaters: Fall Clothing.



"BY THE SAD SEA WAVES"—OUR ARTIST SKETCHING FORT MOULTRIE—THE BURNING OF THE GUN CARRIAGES, &C.

Per Telegraph!

FORT MOULTRIE SPIKED!!

THE GUNS EVACUATED AND IN FLAMES!!!

CHARLESTON, WASHINGTON 1860, 27th.

Fort evacuated was Moultrie last night!

The evacuation were guns previous to the spiked.

The demolished is now being fort by the fire.

Only a charge was left in four soldiers.

Fort Sumpter has been conveyed to all the troops.

Extense precitement invals.

The Session is in secret convention.

It is only the gun carriages fired at Fort Moultrie.

The Canon is reported, and a train is spiked to fort the blow up.

The last report is doubled.

The excitement is increasing the people and indignation.

Go it! That's our enterprise. Go it ahead of Every Else—broke all to pieces bringing it up Stairs—never mind—those are the pieces, and other folks will have 'em as bad as we.

Hurrah for VANITY FAIR!

Astronomical.

V. F., when a boy, used to wonder that the comets went at such a fearful speed, and only travelled nights; but V. F., as a man, and a New York editor, now sees that they are afraid of the numerous Revolvers, which the Sun and Planets (which are mere satellites to him) have got around them; Jupiter, for instance, having no less than six hung near his belt ready for use. Is it anything strange that he is the bully of his crowd, and causes perturbations among them? The spots on the sun have long been a riddle to astronomers, but is it not reasonable to infer that those spots are only holes in the glass shade round the "Eye of Day," showing where it has been riddled by bullets in some mussy, at which this Jupiter and his strikers have "assisted"? That these fellows are "roughs," is evident from the fact that Saturn has never even offered one of his rings to Miss Venus, who hasn't got Nary, especially as his smallest one is two big for him and don't fit at all. Ignorant people might say the distance was too great between them, but couldn't he wait till they came in *Conjunction*? MITCHELL, GOULD & Co., are ordered, on pain of this communication, to take some action in the premises.

A Picture.

SCENE—The Fulton Ferry-boat leaving the dock pretty-well hurried passengers taking immense strides to get on board.

By-standers.—"Hurry up, hurry up, there won't be another boat for as much as two minutes!"

Moral.—Go it! You haven't more'n a minute to live, you know—anywhere here in the Metropolis.

Late Suspensions.

Among the other effects of the present Hard Times, we notice the suspension of BLONDIN'S Rode walk, at Niagara Falls, and are not surprised thereat, for his business has always been conducted on a very Insecure Footing.

The Last Gasp.

Why is Brooklyn a few shades ahead of Newport?

Newport is all beach—Brooklyn is all BERCHER.

A Man you can't Depend On.

Mr. No-Yes. (Not that man, you know, but another man.)

FIVE DOLLAR DIPLOMAS.

When the Southern students—or a small number thereof—proposed to secede from the New York University in consequence of the AYLETTE difficulty, the Professor, grateful for the *esprit du corps* thus displayed, promised his lambs that if they would accompany him to the Charleston (S. C.) University, he would guarantee them diplomas, one and all, at five dollars apiece.

Now we may be justified in doubting the readiness of some of these young gentlemen for diplomas. Though Prof. AYLETTE has, doubtless, given them much instruction, endowed them, it may be, with even an inconvenient amount of medical wisdom in an astonishingly brief period of time—we are incredulous anent their fitness, in some cases at least, to prepare the dreadful pill and wield the fierce probang for their Southern compatriots.

May it not be possible that the whole thing is a plot of the Abolitionists, to decimate the Southern population? Fancy some forty or fifty young doctors, eager for practice and fees, turned suddenly loose upon an inoffending and happy plantation district! The result would be terrible—JOHN BROWN'S raid would sink into insignificance, and negro insurrection would assume diminutive proportions beside it! AGUES, skillfully maltreated by the AYLETTEAN flegelings, would turn to typhoid horrors, simple colics might ripen into sweeping choleras, and merely irritating chilblains might become malignant mortifications? A wail of many voices would ascend over Attakapas, and funeral torches would flare luridly above the waters of the Potomac! Five dollars a head, for diplomas to forty youthful students! Is this the way in which doctors are manufactured? Then who shall create undertakers?

While yet this frightful danger hung over the devoted head of the South, like the sword of DAMOCLES—to use a new and original simile,—this telegram, brief but pregnant, came, lightning-winged along the slim intelligent wires that still connect South Carolina with the Union. It was from President FROST, of the Charleston University:

"We will be happy to receive all who may come, but payment will be required for the tickets of the course."

The world was saved! That last dreadful clause destroyed the fair vision of each sanguine and sanguinary doctoring, of a "free blow," at lectures, and a five dollar diploma. The star of AYLETTE waned. Baleful silence fell upon the seceders. The noise of revolution died from the University halls, and the embryotic GALENS felt uncommonly cheap.

So this "sudden making of splendid names" did not take place. The matter is still unsettled, though much talk was expended upon it; and in this instance, as in many others, mentioned now and then in the obituary notices of country papers, "Physicians were in vain!"

A Dog-Ironical Conundrum.

Q. What tradesman reminds us most of a Big Dog?

A. A Grate-setter.



CAPT. BOBADIL,

AS PERFORMED BY H. A. W.—E, IN THE NEW AMERICAN COMEDY OF "EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOR."

CAPT. BOBADIL.—I would undertake upon this poor head and life for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of the people in general, but to save three parts of the yearly charge in holding war and against any enemy soever. And I would select nineteen gentlemen, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field by the *fourth* of March, or thereabouts, and would challenge twenty of the enemy. We would kill them, challenge twenty more, kill them, twenty more, kill them too, and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day—that's two hundred a day—five days—a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five; five times forty;—two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform.



THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 Henry VI. Act 1, Scene 1.

VANITY FAIR has long promised Revelations. Fascinating Apocalypses of Ulysses shrewdness—an Exposé—so amply confirmed of all the rumors current relative to Congressional—"management." *C'est le mot.*

We give herewith the initiatory and inchoate beginning of the commencement of this Great National Work.

We beg for the Prayers, Thanks, Gratitude, smoking-caps, worked slippers, cigar cases, smiles, and anything else lying around loose, of all

Defrauded Matrons.

Swindled Orphans.

Cheated Heiresses to Gov. claims.

Unfortunate Contractors.

California Widows.

So much for what is due to us. So much too for Jest. But what we proceed to deal with is no Jest. It is an Abomination and an Abuse—it is our blackest National Shame and Reproach. But to the work of our Special Washingtonian.

LETTER I.

Open Sesame.

The Book of Jobs!

While historians have been exhuming FERDINANDS and ISABELLAS and Dutch Republics, the Lobby has been stirring them in the face, begging to be written. They have sent to Madrid and the land of Schnapps for spectacles that lay unnoticed on their very noses. Historians, I despise, yet thank ye.

The history of the Lobby is the history of legislation in that indefinite period usually referred to as all time.

It is a history without chronology; for the Lobby of to-day is the Lobby of yesterday and the day before; of to-morrow and the day after. The Lobby can do no wrong. The Lobby never dies. The Lobby is Catholic. From Kamschatka to New Jersey; in Asia, Africa and Oceanica, as in America and Europe (including Asia Minor); the Lobby is ever the same. "In the words of Scotia's bard, 'Every body has its Lobby.' So the work of forty volumes shall be done in one. Think of that, and be grateful.

I have been informed that there are persons still extant in the interior, who believe that Congress is elected to make laws for the public welfare. I have been told so by friends whose word is sacred. When I say that I laughed the first time this information was imparted to me, I bear sad tribute to the inadequacy of the English language. In point of fact, I was seized with a cachinatory fever of an alarming nature, and for three weeks wasn't allowed to see VANITY FAIR, for fear of a relapse. I subsisted upon a mild diet of the *Mount Vernon Papers*.

The Public Welfare! Ridiculous, isn't it? You and I know better. It is an obsolete idea.

"To the victors belong the spoils."

Write that in the copybooks of the rising generation! I declare, the more I see of that beautiful principle the more I admire it. Come and admire it with me. Let us make up a party and all admire it together.

It has brought us to our present unexampled state of happiness, prosperity and peace. Bless ye its author! Bless ye his disciples! Their name is, I think, Legion.

It has built up the THIRD HOUSE. Bless ye its author, and bless his disciples!

I am told that among other things, we owe the division of the national legislature into two separate bodies to the wisdom of our forefathers. It is my opinion that those otherwise highly respectable old parties didn't know Everything. They certainly showed it when they made a Senate and a House of Representatives and forgot the Third House; unless, indeed, they trusted that honorable body to *take care of itself*. And Which, in the delightful pleonasm of the vernacular, It Does It. If, as has been stated, "Heaven bless those that Help Themselves," the Lobby need never be at a loss for assistance; but I should have thought it would come from the Other Establishment.

What governs the Country? The Peop—nonsense! Party, of course. What is the End of Party? Victory. And to the victors belong the Spoils.

In the noble task before me, I must occasionally tell the truth; corns may be trodden on; and ears may be made to burn. It is the privilege of the historian to be unpleasant. It is, moreover, his duty. And when, to adapt the words generally attributed to

the late Lord NELSON, America Expects Every Man To Do His Duty, here is one, at least, in whom America Shall Not Be Disappointed.

But you shall have jelly with your medicine.

The part of reticence is sometimes the part of prudence. And if, therefore, in these papers you should suddenly come upon something that makes you start and exclaim, "Why, he means ME!" don't send your friend with a note and a kind invitation, which my conscientious scruples will compel me to decline; don't come yourself with an angry face and a disgusting piece of ox-peel, or perhaps one of Colonel COLZ's pocket style; but, rather read it over again, and you will presently see that it is JENKS or that fellow LOBBS that I've been hitting at, and think, "By Jove! what a funny dog he is; look here, JANE, at this piece about old LOBBS. Real good, isn't it?"

Come! Let us enter.

THE JAPANESE BILL.

I.

At last we have got the items down
For doing the Japanese Embassy brown
During their sojourn in our town,

For seventeen days, last summer:
The Common Council and Aldermen
Have all been busy with tongue and pen
To enrich each legal claimant, and then
Each civic City Hall bumper.

II.

It seems that the people have got to pay
For each Jappaner, during his stay,
At the rate of Eighteen Dollars a day,
For eating, sleeping, and drinking!
If the taxpayers their consent would give
The Poet as City's guest to receive,
'Tis just at that rate I would like to live—
And I'd get rather fleshy, I'm thinking!

III.

But the Naval Commissioners, certainly,
Quite distanced our friends from over the sea—
Fifty-four dollars apiece, for the three,
Were charged by the LELANDS, daily!
And we've Forty-six Thousand Dollars to spend
For the ball which the Princes didn't attend,
Except for a moment their presence to lend,
Though the Aldermen danced right gaily.

IV.

Nobody knows what 'twas that was done
By the "Secretaries"—many or one—
But Three Hundred Dollars must pay for the fun
Of records that none have heard of!
And nearly Eight-Thousand Dollars are due
For carriage-hire, though rides were few—
Except for the Fathers, but what they do
Not many e'er hear a word of!

V.

Still, as the Bill, when it came before
The Council, just after the fête was o'er,
Amounted to Forty-Two Thousand more
Than it does in its present condition,
Perhaps, before we are forced to pay,
It can be squeezed down, or melted away
To the Thirty Thousand Dollars that they
To expend had full permission.

VI.

At all events, it shouldn't be paid,
Till rigid scrutiny has been made
On every item before us laid,
That the least surprise may kindle;
Then let us settle it once for all—
The music and carriages, supper and ball—
And let Oblivion's decent pall
Descend on the Japanese Swindle!

By our Political Contributor.

Isn't the President elevating the African race when he takes a Black for Sec. of State?

OLD BACHELORS TRAPS.

Editor Vanity Fair :

ALAAM EFFENDI :—I wish to protest in the name and by the consent of many Old Bachelors against the weapons that are now directed against us as a Single Body, by several literary—if not literal—Amazons. The slings of fortune we care nothing for ; we are used to Slings. The brands of contumely we can bear ; we are accustomed to being Brandied. To be whisked about as nobodies can be endured ; for we are not often Whiskied up—and down ? To be whined over as reprobates we don't care for ; we glory in being Wined about. But, this bearing with all our foibles, and carrying us about as heroes, savors too much of the Porter ; to be plain, what Ails us is simply this, we are Bearded in our dens, and hauled out in JANE EYRE, NATHALIE, Sir ROHAN'S Ghost, and RUTLEDGE, as the model men for young ladies to take after ; and broad shoulders and hair tinged with grey are so much the rage at present, that we have not one moments' peace. I look upon these Novel praises as upon so much toasted cheese, which can be hardly regarded as the Stilton ; and in the name of Old Bachelordom inform the aforesaid authoresses that we are Trappists, and Up to Trap. That we are not to be taken in by bonied words to drink the Meed of matrimony ; and that we are too old rats to pass through the fire of Caudle lectures and become Ratifiers to any such marry the Gal-lows proceedings. See 'em hanged first.

Yours alone,

MONOTONE.

THE JAPANESE BOYS.

VANITY FAIR calls solemn, serious, and sorrowful attention to the following elegant extract :

"A BOASTING ALDERMAN.—During the discussion in the Board of Aldermen, on Monday evening, before the passage of the Japanese Bills, Alderman BRADY boasted that he had not been frightened by the criticism of the press, and that he had been re-elected in spite of the newspaper denunciations. Nearly all the Japanese boys, he said, had been re-elected. AID GENEY checked Mr. BRADY'S boastful oratory by a hint in the spirit of the old adage, that "the less said the soonest mended."—*N. Y. Sun, Dec. 28.*

Mr. Alderman BRADY has been reflected by the vilest of the community, to a most emphatically bad—infamously bad—eminence. Those who read the bound volume of VANITY FAIR a century hence—and there are few among our many thousand readers who do not preserve their copies—may learn that in the year 1860, a disreputable, degraded, and dishonored class of universally branded city misgovernors attempted one of the vilest of swindles, in attempting to cheat New York in the bill for a most extravagant and ridiculous entertainment of some Japanese officials. They may learn from us too, that Alderman BRADY, one of those miserable and unfaithful servants, grinned and chucked over the successful swindle, boasting hilariously that THE JAPANESE BOYS had been elected. They may learn that this ignorant and debased Alderman crowded in exultation at the success of an act which every Honest and Honorable citizen of New York has not, for months, heard mentioned without a blush and without indignation.

Alderman BRADY—it is not Nice to be pinned up and shown to a coming age as the Man who Exulted and Boasted over the Dirtiest Swindle which has ever disgraced a civilized corporation. But You were the man who did it. You are the one calling yourself in

pride the Japanese Boy. Look out, my Japanese Boy—you forget, my fine fellow, that in this country of America, the future is apt to come rushing along before you know it. Even You—degraded as you are—may have some one to blush for you a few years hence. If so, God keep you and them—for nothing short of a miracle will ever lift from your name, and those of most of your fellows, the mountain of Dishonor and Filth under which you have buried them.

Reflected ! Successful ! Oh yes—every abuse must come to a head before it is reformed. But take care—BILLY MULLIGAN went up to Sing Sing at last !

THE LAST ORDER.

"All hands on deck to pray !"
I heard the Captain say
Was the order of the day.

The remedy was old
But I knew that we were sold ;
There was water in our hold.

Does he think—the dotard gray—
To avert the judgment-day
By kneeling down to pray ?

As he walks the quarter-deck,
Does he hope to save his neck
'Mid the cracking of our wreck ?

Let him shorten sail—or crowd
Every stitch—and man each shroud
Though the winds blow ne'er so loud.

With our tough young live-oak craft,
And a stiff gale right abaft
A good sailor would have laughed.

Though mutiny be near,
There are honest sailors here,
And the Captain need not fear.

True we've sprung a leak below,
And through the break, I know
There's a constant, steady flow.

But it is not yet too late ;
Send a carpenter and mate,
To ascertain our state.

We have struck on many rocks,
And weathered many shocks,
Since we floated off the stocks.

We are good for service still,
If we meet no greater ill ;
And please God we never will.

For the righteous only, there
Is hope in earnest prayer ;
And our page is not so fair.

Yet our star of hope is beaming
Forth this plain and simple seeming :
We may work our own redeeming.

Be courageous, firm, and deal !
Put your own hand to the wheel !
And we'll show a steady keel.

But tell us not to pray ;
For our life-blood flows away,
And we lose all in a day.

The Irrepressible Nigger.

We regret to say anything which can tend to aggravate the present unhappy disturbance of the Union ; but our duty as a leading organ of public opinion, and our regard for the Constitution of our country, forbid us longer to conceal a fact, the exposure of which must shake the Nation from its centre ! It is already well-known that Mr. HAMLIN is a mulatto. We are now enabled to state, from personal examination of the illustrated papers, that LINCOLN was actually born in A-shantee !



NOT IN THE BILL OF FARE.

Excited Person.—"WAITER!—HERE!—HI!—I CALLED FOR EGGS, AND YOU'VE BROUGHT ME CHICKEN ON THE HALF-SHELL!"

GUNNY-BAGS AND CINDERS.

These are bad times. Bad for the poor, who must fast whether they will or not: bad for the rich, who, according to proclamation issued by the President of these United States, are expected to humiliate themselves very much, with their seediest clothes on and their unfestive boards laid out in a small way with food and drink of a depressing tendency, on the Fourth of January, 1861.

On account of the festive character heretofore borne by the first week in January, this business of abstaining from riotous joy and postponing wantonness, if properly carried out, ought to be very effective. We once saw a combustible old woman, upon whom conflagration had unexpectedly come through a crack in a camphene lamp, very promptly extinguished by the application of a wet blanket.

We don't mean to point at anybody in particular as having upset the national Kerosene illuminator; but if JAMES BUCHANAN knows who *did*, he is quite justified in getting out his wet blanket. If he had strong men enough about him—which doesn't happen to be the case, however—it would not be a bad thing for him to toss all the States of the Union together in a moist coverlet of the kind referred to. They might find themselves shaken into their proper positions by such a process—the right States in the right places. Connecticut on the Mississippi would be a sight to travel after; though it might be bad for euchre and pernicious to bluff.

And yet this sack-cloth and ashes is a queer old thing to do. Conservative, perhaps, and more or less romantic, as sack-cloth and ashes. But suppose we paraphrase the thing a little, and speak of those dolorous materials as Gunny-Bags and Cinders—what then? Nothing: except that a procession of people got up in that kind of costume is of course the likeliest kind of thing to save the Union. For making New Year's calls it would be just the thing; as, although identical with sack-cloth and ashes, it has a more cheerful sound.

If something would be acceptable to illustrate the efficacy of the gunny-bags and cinders cure, here it is.

Among the sportsman's "halls of dazzling light" with which this pleasant city is provided, there is one containing an amphi-

An Extravagant Thief.

We clip the following from an exchange paper:

"KROCKED DOWN BY A BUNDLE OF SILVER.—A thief with a bundle, being questioned by a policeman in New Orleans early one recent morning, threw the package at him, knocking him down. The bundle contained \$3000 worth of silver, stolen the night before."

Thus it is that the habits of reckless prodigality acquired at the South, ever lead the impulsive inhabitants of that section of the Union to act of the most culpable extravagance. In this glad North of ours how different! Ten dollars, judiciously applied, has been known to strike two policemen speechless. Once, indeed, having entered a Broadway gambling saloon—for the purpose of studying character—we remarked a slight difficulty near the door, between the proprietors and a policeman, when, horrible to relate, one of the former drew a five-dollar bill, and, striking the latter smartly upon the palm with it, blew him up the basement steps with a force that utterly destroyed his memory, and paralyzed his tongue. It is good to live at the North.

Yes! How?

How is it that the advertised list of letters in our Post Office, is "officially published in the paper having the greatest circulation," in *two* dailies at once?

Sound on the Duck.

The reason announcements of a certain class are termed Quack advertisements, is because they sound like *Canards*.

Slashed Doublets.

Mutilated Twins.

theatre of Roman tendencies, in which such formidable wild beasts as raccoons and Mexican pigs are worried by dogs, which are likewise instructed to "go in" at each other, in the manner recommended by the late Dr. ISAAC WATTS in one of his most popular melodies. The proprietor of this arena advertises that, on account of the Fourth of January being set apart for grieving on, he has organized a great sparring tournament for the occasion. Prizes are offered by him to three kinds of fighting men—middling-sized ones, light weights, and the minimum chickens known as "feathers." This tilt is to take place in the arena hitherto sacred to the Dog and his quarry. Thus, it is cheering to know that if our country is going to the Dogs, President BUCHANAN has provided the latter with a holiday, in order that they may receive it in a suitable manner.

For ourselves, we have neglected to provide a suit of Gunny-bags and Cinders; but if the Fourth of January turns out to be a cold day, we shall probably confer with our old friends TOM and JERRY as to the possibility of saving the Union in some cheerful way.

Book Notice.

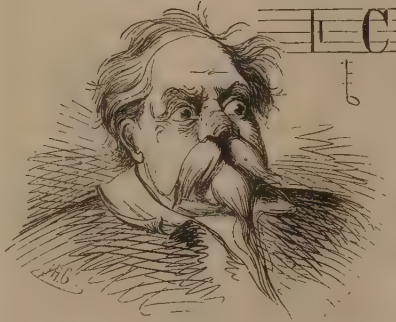
A new book, entitled "Travels in the Regions of the Upper and Lower Amoor," has been incorrectly described by a random critic as a romance, founded upon love episodes, in the upper and lower walks of life. This is incorrect, as the following, from another kind of critic, will show:

It will be found a highly interesting book of travels by those who read for amusement, or those who read for instruction, and the illustrations are enough to make one long for the time when a trip up the Amoor shall be as easy as a trip up the Rhine.

Alack! and well-a-day! many a trip up has the Amoor caused to the susceptible of both sexes: but as for expecting a time "when a trip up the Amoor shall be as easy as a trip up the Rhine," the thing couldn't be done by any means short of a repeal of that well-known law of nature and of SHAKESPEARE, by which it is laid down that

"The course of true love never did run smooth."

THE MUSIC OF THE UNION.



AN any one "post us" on this article?

We hear, occasionally, from some fervent Fourth of July Orator, patriotic politician, or inspired toast-maker, the enthusiastic admonition to "keep step to the music of the Union."

Now V. F.

fully appreciates the rythmical idea included in the measured tramp of the stately march—is often moved to tears, feels the softened bosom filling, with a patriotic thrilling, at the truly splendid drilling, of our gallant volunteers. V. F. understands how to keep time to any thing; to all sorts of tunes, from the jingling of *The Spoons*, the knife and fork rattle, of the Aldermanic Battles, the glou-glou² so divine, of the freshly uncorked wine, the clink of bumper glasses, the prattle of sweet lasses, to all that glads the soul, or softly charms the ears, from the wreathed and mantling bowl, to the Music of the Spheres, but V. F. don't exactly understand what constitutes the "Music of the Union." VANITY wants to know all about it, its key, motive, measure, its minions, crochets, and quavers, its crescendo and diminuendo; whether it is "slow music," like that HARRY the Fourth desired should whisper to his weary spirit, and the old cow is said actually to have died on, or whether it's a soul-stirring allegretto, like Yankee Doodle. Above all, VANITY particularly, especially, earnestly, and anxiously, desires to inquire, at this juncture, whether the "Music of the Union" can be performed as a solo, or is strictly choral; whether it is adapted to a single instrument, or requires a full orchestra. VANITY desires it to be distinctly understood that the inquiry is not prompted by idle dilettanti curiosity. VANITY has in view a grand, patriotic, practical object. The tenor of our purpose is high, nay altissimo. No base motive mingles with our measures. They are harmonious with national interests; in unison with the most sacred of human impulses, the love of country. Our design is, when we shall have ascertained what the "Music of the Union" really is, to pipe all hands to "keep step;" to modulate the general voice in sweet accord; to set all the popular organs, (hand-organs included) to that same tune; to infuse its sacred harmony into the national masses, so that, before the Altar of Liberty, may once more be chanted that grandest of Anthems, the praise of the united voice of a Free People! This may be a vain hope, a forlorn hope, a hope to be crowned only with Dante's "crown of sorrow," but such considerations serve but to quicken the aspirations, and stimulate the efforts of VANITY. Therefore the question again presents itself, like a recurring rythm, what is the "Music of the Union?"

Now, as before observed, VANITY comprehends the entire scale of the Music of the Spheres, from the "lowest note to the top of this compass;" from the *basso profundo* of Saturn, the celestial Lablache, to the F in alt of Luna, (the prima donna assoluta of the skies,)

"Which touched the silver tops of Heaven itself."

VANITY understands all this just as well as Pythagoras, or any other—Stagerite. Indeed V. F. may say, parenthetically, that, without being precisely what mortals call a dead-head, he is not only on the free-list of the upper tier now alluded to, but, without Vanity, flatters himself that he is on familiar terms with the Syrens of the celestial coulisses.

Now VANITY used to think that there was a sort of S. S. (sublime similarity, you know) between the spheral harmony and the "Music of the Union." That the latter was a kind of Pythagorean mystery. That the several planets of our terrestrial constellation, moving round their common centre, in spheres nicely adjusted and unchangeably fixed, with proportion of parts, and symmetry of system, must, in their ordinary revolutions, produce a resulting and perfect harmony. That this grand unison, pervading the whole scheme, attracting the remotest and most discordant parts, would preserve it, through all vicissitudes, in rhythmic order and melodious concord. What fraternity, forbearance, concession, unity of feeling, mutuality of interests, constitutional fidelity, jus-

tice and faith in a common destiny, were the several notes of the grand octave, the eternal Diapason of Liberty.

Well, VANITY flatters himself that he is not often caught napping, but supposes he must admit that he does sometimes dream. Like Pythagoras, or any other Philosopher. And why not? Plato, in the Academy, had a charming vision of an ideal Republic, and why should not VANITY have had his school-day dream? The great hen-pecked Philosopher recognised in astronomy a sort of visible music, and VANITY thought he was so especially favored by the Gods as to hear grand melodies breathing from the National Constellation. That dream is o'er, it lulls no more, VANITY is now wide awake, sees his mistake, and despondingly repeats the interrogatory, what is the "Music of the Union?"

Alas, such dismal din of discord, from every quarter, assails our tortured auricles, that we are desperately inclined to pile up a few bales of cotton in the "porches of our ears," by way of defence against the sounds of Pandemonium. Indeed VANITY is very much disposed to listen to the aforesaid Music, just now, with something of the peculiar affection with which HORSERUS regarded "mincing poetry," and would

"Rather hear a brazen canstick turned,
On a dry wheel grate or an axle-tree."

Though the allusion to the turning of candlesticks, is rather obsolete in this luminous age of gas, the latter comparison is decidedly apt. What is more strikingly like the present condition of the Union than an old rickety cart, with one wheel dragging, in unrevolving helplessness, through the mud, and the others creaking sharp discords, and screaming out such rising inflections as the Editor of the *Herald*, or any other Scotchman, may be supposed to delight in. (Was the "one-hoss-shay" intended as a political parable for the twins? was it, prophetic, Professor? If not, what is the fun of it?)

From the Cutin' states we hear the discordant sound of the drum "parading round and round and round," drumming out the wry-necked life," (qu: s?) not with the rogue's march, but all the horses of war, and drumming up recruits to cover the retreat. That ain't the "music of the Union," which is as soft as lover's lutes in times of gentle peace, and only when the blast of foreign war resounds, does it

"Disguise fair nature with hard-favored rage."

From the North we have the lingering echoes of Sectionalism, the muttered menaces of coercion, threatening to "scourge the bad, revolting stars;" everywhere the insane babblings of scurvy Politicians; the ear-piercing ravings of Treason; the conjectures of reluctantly yielding Hope; the wallings of patriot despair—Is this the "Music of the Union?"

Oh, for one strong burst of the *vox populi*, not in the smothered and muffled tones of political clamor, but in the clear and ringing accents of the *vox Dei*! This would be the voice of redemption, the glad token of national life and regeneration, the true "Music of the Union!"

Oh Dear!

It is stated by the London correspondent of a New Orleans paper that there is "some talk in England of permitting the Prince of Wales to break through the line of blood royal marriages, and seek a lady to share the throne with him, wherever he lists."

To such items as the above, we do not usually devote more than an hour or two of our valuable attention; but in the present critical state of this great Republic, we have thought it our duty to throw ourselves into the mental void created by the above statement, and ascertain the possibility of Truth being at the bottom of the shaft. Our industry has been rewarded by the following piece of collateral information, gleaned from a western source.

"An extensive dealer in Chicago has received an order for several dozen prairie chickens and a Deer, to be forwarded to England for the Prince of Wales."

For those who are versed in the *delicatesses* of diplomatic phraseology, no comment upon the above is necessary. For those who are not, explanations would be inadequate. Let us await in silence the progress of events, trusting that our relations with England may never be Hampered by anything worse than a basket of tender pullets and a Deer.

Typographical.

GARIBALDI has Italicised human Freedom, put a stop to tyranny, and justified his cause before the world.

Appropriate Hymn of Rejoicing for the Capture of Peking.
A Tea-Deum.

* "O, que je vous aime des petits glous-glous."

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER II.

Everybody knows that Bleeker-street, between Broadway and Thompson, is an asylum for patriots. All the boarding-houses there (and there are hardly any other kind in that charming locality) swarm with dark, stern men, men with lustrous eyes, heavily mustached men, men with very small shiny patent-leather boots. Men carrying settled melancholy, and as a general thing, a slender yellow cane with an ivory leg, dog's head, or doubled fist, for a top to it. Men who never get out of their gloves, and for all purposes of human vision, might just as well have been born in them. Men who are perpetually wrapping little flat scales of tobacco into inconceivably small strips of tissue paper, and performing wonderful feats of necromancy by lighting them, and keeping them burning for one minute and a half, without singing their beards, all this transaction taking place under the idea that it is a comfortable smoke. Men who wear massive jewelry, and waistcoats of a flowered but somewhat sombre pattern. Men in fine, who have vast estates on the Island of Cuba, which yield a larger income than they would know what to do with, if they could only lay their hands on it, which they can't. It may be set down as an established principle in the science of human nature, that when a gentleman is unfortunate in the West Indies he always takes to Bleeker-street as the next best thing.

There is a tall brick house in Bleeker-street—I don't care to indicate the locality more precisely than to say that it's somewhere between Broadway and Thompson, which affords an asylum, to put the figure moderately, for at least half a hundred of these distressed, yet unextinguished patriots. A high flight of steps which may have been originally marble, but at present, from the effects of age, feet, and weather, seems rather the product of some builder who had large quantities of soap-stone at his disposal, ascend to the entrance, flanked on either side by balustrades of iron, bursting into every variety of ingenious efflorescence. Big black lilies, spiked trumpet vines, honey-suckles, cabbage roses—all conveying the idea that some ingenious botanist has been sowing ten-penny nails in a stone-soil and been rewarded by an elaborate harvest of railing. Having climbed these steps, you stand in a deep archway with a very prominent key-stone to it, sculptured in imitation of some mythological head or other, and a door before you, whose color, probably from the benign desire of suggesting tropical associations to the exiles who may own night-keys to it, is a subdued and streaky lemon. But conspicuous above all other adornments of the edifice is a very large composition-metal door-plate, from which confronts you, in correspondingly obvious letters, the name of Mrs. McCROWDER.

At nine o'clock P. M. of the same day on which Mr. PRIMPENNY senior promised his son an establishment, the latter gentleman ascended the steps of Mrs. McCROWDER's and tugged at the bell-pull. There is nothing remarkable in this action which gives it historic value, but for the fact that one tug at Mrs. McCROWDER's bell was merely a formal preliminary for two others, it being a peculiar advantage of that commodious establishment that no person seeking admission was allowed to enter rashly, but that he should always have abundance of time to consider whether he really wanted to get in from proper motives, and might not after all spend his time better in going somewhere else. In the present instance STUYVESANT was determined, and accordingly, after two tugs more, the lemon-colored door opened briskly, and disclosed a huge shock of red hair, a big twinkling freckled face, and a measureless expanse of soiled cotton apron.

"Bliss me sowl!" exclaimed the apparition. "An it's yerself Mither PRIMPENNY! If I'd knowd it was you, I'd have let thim knives I was clanin' go to the devil, but I niver heard yer ring till the last time. An' I suppose it's Mr. MUFFLES ye'll be seein'?"

"Yes, TEAGUE, yer villain—it is Mr. MUFFLES. Is he in?"

"No, sir—he's in Jersey for the night," replied TEAGUE FLYNN, in an ostentatiously loud tone—then went through a series of winks and gestures directed over his shoulder to the back stair-case, and sunk his voice to a whisper at Mr. PRIMPENNY's ear, "an that's a lie, too, bad luck to it—but I hear the ould woman in the basement

entry, and Mr. MUFFLES don't want her to know he's in." TEAGUE again resorted to pantomime, and drew quite an intelligible picture of the act known as presenting a board-bill, followed by another equally characteristic, which consisted of turning his empty pocket inside out.

"Well," replied STUYVESANT, loudly, with an appreciative nod, "Give my respects to Mr. MUFFLES, when he returns, and tell him I'm very sorry not to find him in."

The young man slipped a quarter into TEAGUE's hand. That admirable domestic demonstratively slammed the front door, and made a great deal of unnecessary noise with his heels, while STUYVESANT, under cover of its deception, stole softly up the stairs.

To reach Mr. MUFFLES, much effort was necessary even under those favorable circumstances of pecuniary accountability, which enabled him to keep his door open. His abode was a top-layer over several strata of Cuban patriots—being the fourth story back room. He was accessible therefore, only by ascending through at least four different boarding-house atmospheres. The first, that boiled atmosphere which always lingers in the lowest entry of such localities, and consists of one part oxygen, to four parts of immemorial beef-soup. The second a bath-room atmosphere, compounded of soap, steam and volatilized Croton fixtures. The third a dense, beddy atmosphere, as of compact and insufficiently aired families. The fourth, tobacco-smoke struggling with odors of laid-away trunks, old furniture, beams, plaster, and the combination of elements which compose the garretty atmosphere generally. Through all these successive layers of atmosphere there ran at Mr. CROWDER's an additional flavor of onions. Around this the others were harmoniously constructed—as Linda is built around the air, "*Ah Consolarm!*" This vegetable element Mr. MUFFLES delighted in calling "that favorite little Spanish air, you know!"

When Mr. PRIMPENNY reached the fourth story back, he found it both dark and inaudible. There was not even a ray glimmering through the keyhole. But he put his mouth to that aperture and whispered his name. After which a rustling arose within, and the door presently opening, Mr. MUFFLES appeared.



"Come in quick, old boy!" said Mr. MUFFLES. "I've gone into secret session on the financial difficulties of the country, and we'll lock the door if you please." Mr. PRIMPENNY obeyed—and Mr. MUFFLES turned the key. After which he took it out and hung a towel over the knob.

"This is a sweet state of things, I must confess!" said Mr. PRIMPENNY. "If you were hard up why didn't you come and borrow the money for your board-bill of me?"

"Couldn't think of such a thing! Never borrow money for my amusements. Now paying Mrs. McCROWDER just at this present

period would be an amusement. In fact when we consider the quality of the article she gives, I think that paying her on the nail would be about the amusingest little thing I could do. If I'd been out of cigars—or wanted a new coat—or was distressed for any other of the necessities of life, why I'd have come to you. Rely on me, old boy! You'll find me a friend in every time of need—mine or your own."

And Mr. MUFFLES struck a dramatic attitude of greatly magnanimous expression.

"Why MUFFLES, I thought you liked Mrs. McCROWDER's!" continued Mr. PRIMPENNY, helping himself to a seat on the iron bedstead which furnished the apartment, assisted by three cane-bottomed chairs, boasting ten legs and more or less incapacitated backs between them; a wash-stand kept from bringing still further grief to its broken crockery by a WEBSTER'S Dictionary set on end to prop its lower shelf, a cherry table, dusted the day the new chambermaid came, as a perfidious stimulus to the belief that she meant to keep on doing it; a walnut-stained bureau, whose drawers invariably pulled zig-zag and then wedged tight; a cheval glass, calculated for interesting optical experiments, by the fact that wherever the foil still stuck on, it gave the looker just three times the longitudinal amount of jaw donated by nature; and a book-rack slung to the wall by green cords, containing light literature, two Schiedam Schnapp bottles, an odd volume of SNOWY on the Constitution, a spirit-lamp, a pair of boxing-gloves, a lot of loose manuscript, and a broken fiddle.

"Like Mrs. McCROWDER's?" replied Mr. MUFFLES, solemnly; "I do like Mrs. McCROWDER's! I adore the place! I cherish the woman! Mrs. McCROWDER's is a school of philosophy! Mrs. McCROWDER's is a college—an academe! Life is to be seen at Mrs. McCROWDER's! Not the luxurious side of life, as perhaps you may have gathered from glances around this humble apartment. That side of life is to be studied on Broadway or the Boulevards. This is the Cheapside of life."

"It's more like the seven Dials or Grub-street," said Mr. PRIMPENNY, sarcastically, shrugging his shoulders as he looked about the room.

"Five dollars a week for life, as seen here in its most remarkable phase—feed, lodging, fuel and gas thrown in. The Spanish animal—the Landlady animal—the Fish waiter, the Dutch chambermaid—the Patriot—every variety of musical creature is here to be studied in its haunts and habits. That's worth five dollars per week, decidedly! Now supposing the father of a family should come to me and say, 'MUFFLES, I feel a responsibility for the development of my children, where can I get their eye-teeth cut?' Laying my hand on my bosom, I would reply, 'Mrs. McCROWDER's! Mrs. McCROWDER is herself an embodiment of sound practical wisdom—wisdom as taught in all ages by the vehicle of the adage. Take this proverb for instance, 'Go farther and fare worse'—Mrs. McCROWDER is a living illustration! She makes her butcher's meat do the first, her boarders the second, to a degree attained by no other professional in New York!'"

"Be serious for a minute, MUFFLES, for I've come to consult with you. At last the Governor's consented to give me an establishment. I want your advice as to the style of thing you'd have."

"Trotting waggon, I should say; wheels red, picked out in yellow, span of dark bays, tiger, and c——"

"Bah! I mean a house—a bachelor establishment."

Mr. MUFFLES jumped to his feet, in the excitement of the moment breaking the last reliable chair-back in the room.

"A house of your own?" he exclaimed. "I'll go and board with you!"

"No you won't! not in the ordinary sense. You shall live with me if you choose, and I'll be jolly glad to have you. But no bills to dodge, no shutting yourself up in the garret, you know! You are my bosomest friend, old MUFF, and I have the greatest confidence in your opinion. Now I want your idea in regard to the house. What sort of a house should it be? Where would you take it? How would you keep it? Would you have a housekeeper—or a respectable family to look after things—or only a manservant, and an old woman to sweep and dust, while you fed at the club? Just give us your idea of a house, MUFFLES!"

"You want a real model, do you? Well—take this house for instance"—answered Mr. MUFFLES with the bitterly sarcastic air as a wronged man, who could not unhitch his mind from the subject on which it was sorest—"This is the pattern house to live in. We have all the modern improvements here. Not only the usual appliances of vulgar luxury, but a good many with which Civilization up-town hasn't kept pace. Look at our Croton. It's none of your common Crotons! It's arranged on the principle of ingenious little surprises which stimulate the mind to cheerfulness. You want hot water? An ordinary intellect naturally thinks of the hot cock and turns it. What do you get? Cold water! That's a peculiarly nice astonishment, when you're taking a bath in

winter, you know. Or do you want cold water? By the same pleasant system, hot water runs at the cold cock. To prevent monotony, the surprise is once in a while agreeably varied by both cocks' running cold and hot mixed. If you want a drink that's the agreeablest of all the surprises. It illustrates the principle of copartnership, and it's an excellent emetic beside. I don't know but our bell-pulls are a prettier attraction than our Croton. Gentlemen who hope some day to have a home of their own, and want to acquire the accomplishment of ringing for things, can practise on them, as a child learns music on a dumb piano, without disturbing anybody in the house. I rang for TEAGUE the other day fifteen times by count, and hanged if Mrs. McCROWDER made the slightest objection! Speaking of TEAGUE suggests another of our improvements. All the servants but him are German. This is vastly conducive to morality, for the boarders, with my exception, are all Spanish, and when they swear at a girl who brings up coals an hour after they've sent her for ham-sandwiches, why she can't understand 'em you see. This is a kind of a house to have! Here's your model—Mrs. McCROWDER's!"

How much longer the mildly ironical MUFFLES would have continued his eulogy it is impossible now to ascertain. For just at this juncture a solid tramp as of armed battalions was heard on the stair-case below, and the roar of foreign voices mingled with it like the sound of many waters. It appeared at that instant to Mr. PRIMPENNY that at least a hundred people, in a state bordering on insanity, had met in the entry for mutual assassination. From a Spanish tour which lasted three days, during the period of his abandoned youth Mr. PRIMPENNY had acquired enough familiarity with CASTILIAN to conclude that the dialect in which the crowd were making their noise was Spanish—but such a noise he had never heard in Spanish, or any other tongue.

"Good Heavens, MUFFLES," he exclaimed turning very pale, "what can they be fighting about?"

"It isn't a fight," said MUFFLES, "it's only a Junta."

"What's a 'Hoonta'?"

"It's an amicable assembly of Spanish gentlemen, who meet once a week to declare their eternal hatred to despots—smoke cigarettes—drink maraschino—free Cuba—and go home with the girls in the morning. Cuba stays freed just a week, then the Spanish gentlemen come and do it again. They're going to do it now. They feel very bad till they get the hatred to despots off their minds, and that's the reason they talk so loud. When that's over they'll feel better, and consider that they've done their duty to their country. There's another feature of Mrs. McCROWDER's! Periodical patriotism! Very funny it is too. The Junta meets in the room just under us. Keep quiet and you will hear it through the floor."

By this time the infuriated crowd of friendly patriots had locked themselves in the room below—and a comparative lull ensued, during which they appeared to be taking their seats. Then a sepulchral base voice said something unintelligible to American ears with a ceiling in their way—which was followed by a tumultuous burst of bravos and hand-clapping. At this instant the gas in Mr. MUFFLES's burner began dwindling to a small blue cone. Then it shot higher in a broad yellow blaze—and finally, after sending forth a series of very pretty multi-colored sparkles, quietly went out altogether.

"D—n that gas!" exclaimed Mr. MUFFLES, "there's another feature of Mrs. McCROWDER's! That's the fifth time this week."

Perhaps this pyrotechnic display, common to boarding-house gas-fixtures, owes somewhat of its attraction to novelty. It is to be expected that after it has run for five successive evenings, unscientific minds will find it monotonous and call for some other entertainment less purely philosophical. In accordance with these views, the gas had hardly concluded its final disappearance when the gentlemen of the Junta were heard rushing to the top of the stairs, and emitting sounds which persons the least versed in polite Spanish would scarcely have interpreted as applause.

"PRIMPENNY!" exclaimed Mr. MUFFLES, jumping up and seizing his friend by the arm. "Let's run down stairs just a minute. It's a good chance now to see life! All the Junta's in the entry, and when a Junta's mad there's no fun like it. All the hatred they've been bottling up the last week for despots has burst out on the gas! Quick as you can! Come along!"

(To be continued.)

Red Precipitate.

South Carolina.

What Major Anderson's "Fort" is.

Fort Sumpter.

ARTEMUS WARD

ON HIS TRAVELS.

LETTER V.

ONTO THE WING, DEC. 1860.

Gents of the Editorial Corps of *Vanity Fair*:—

Since I last rit you I've met with immense success a showin my shop in varis places, particaly at Detroit. I put up at Mr. RUSSEL's tavern, a very good tavern too, but I am sorry to inform you that the clerks tried to cum a Gouge Game on me. I brandished my new sixteen dollar huntin-cased watch, round considerable, & as I was drest in my store clothes & had a lot of sweet-scented wagon-grease on my hair, I am free to confess that I thought I lookt putty gay. It never once struck me that I lookt green. But up steps a clerk & axes me hadn't I better put my watch in the Safe. "Sir," sez I, "that watch cost sixteen dollars! Yes Sr, every dollar of it! You can't cum it over me, my boy! Not at all, Sir." I know'd what the clerk wanted. He wanted that watch himself. He wanted to make believe as tho he lockt it up in the safe, then he would set the house a fire and pretend as tho the watch was destroyed with the other property! But he caught a Tomarter when he got hold of me. From Detroit I go West'ard hoe. On the cars was a he-lookin female, with a green-cotton umbreller in one hand and a handful of Reform tracks in the other. She sed every woman should have a Spear. Them as didn't demand their Spears, didn't know what was good for them. "What is my Spear?" she axed, addressin the peple in the cars. "Is it to stay to home & darn stockins & be the ser-lave of a domin-eerin man? Or is it my Spear to vote & speak & show myself the ekal of man? Is there a sister in these keers that has her proper Spear?" Sayin which this eccentric female whirled her umbreller round several times, & finally jabbed me in the weskit with it.

"I hav no objecshuns to your goin into the Spear bizniss," sez I, "but you'll please remember I ain't a pickeril. Don't Spear me agin, if you please." She sot down.



At Ann Arbor, bein seized with a sudden faintness, I called for a drop of suthin to drink. As I was stirrin the beverage up, a pale-faced man in gold spectacles laid his hand upon my shoulder, & sed, "Look not upon the wine when it is red!"

Sez I, "This ain't wice. This is Old Rye."

"It stingeth like a Adder and biteth like a Serpent!" sed the man. "I guess not," sed I, "when you put sugar in it. That's the way I allers take mine."

"Hav you sons grown up, Sir?" the man axed.

"Wall," I replide, as I put myself outside my beverage, "my son ARTEMUS junior is goin on 18."

"Ain't you afraid if you set this example be4 him, he'll cum to a bad end?"

"He's cum to a waxed end already. He's learnin the shoe-makin bizness," I replide. "I guess we can both on us git along without your assistance, Sir," I obsarved, as he was about to open his mouth agin.

"This is a cold world!" sed the man.

"That's so. But you'll git into a warmer one by and by, if you don't mind your own bizniss better." I was a little riled at the feller because I never take anythin only when I really need it. I arterwards learned he was a temperance lecturer, and if he can injuce men to stop settin their inards on fire with the frightful lick which is retailed round the country, I shall hartily rejoice. Better giv men Prusick Assid to onct, than to pizen 'em to deth by degrees.

At Albion I met with overwhelmin success. The celebrated Albion Female Semenary is located here, & there air over 300 young ladies in the Institushun pretty enuff to eat without seasonin or sass. The young ladies was very kind to me, volunteerin to pin my handbills onto the backs of their dresses. It was a surblime site to see over 300 young ladies goin round with a advertisement of A. WARD's onpareleld show, conspicuously posted onto their dresses.

They've got a Panick up this way and refooze to take Western money. It never was worth much, and when western men, who know what it is, refooze to take their own money it is about time other folks stopt handlin it. Banks are bustin every day, goin up higher nor any balloon of which we hav any record. These western bankers air a sweet & luvly set of men. I wish I owned as good a house as some of 'em would break into!

Virtoo is its own reward.

A. WARD

THE PUGS OF MERRY ENGLAND,

BY ONE OF 'EM.

The Pugs of merry England, what happy dogs be they! Examples rare, I'm safe to swear, of Dogs as has their day: And if, in making this remark, you think I'm a cove as chaffs, I'll clinch my boast from the *Lon'on Post*, with a couple of paragraphs.

The first it tells of a fancy-fair in Brummagen's button-eyed town, A nobby show of the fullest blow, for elegance and renown: But of all the beauty that there did duty, none fetched anythink, we're told, Like the figure snug forked out for a Pug—a thousand guineas in gold.

The second it tells of the two-legged Pug that snarls for old England, Tom SAYERS tough who acknowledged good stuff when he shook the Benicia Boy's hand. Two thousand eight-hundred and fourteen guineas for him has been raised about. Which it's fourteen hundred and seventy dollars, unless my figures is out.

So here's to beer-washed England (which she's likeways washed by the sea,) Where it's made a duty that things of beauty for ever a joy do be, Where the man and the dog, in sweet dialogue, each unto t'other can say—

"O! the Pugs of merry England, what blessed times have they!"

The Landlady's Mot.

X. and the Landlady protest against the modern fashion of mis-calling things.

"Why do you say a man is 'ripe for heaven,'" asked X. of the Spiritualist, "when you mean he is dead?"

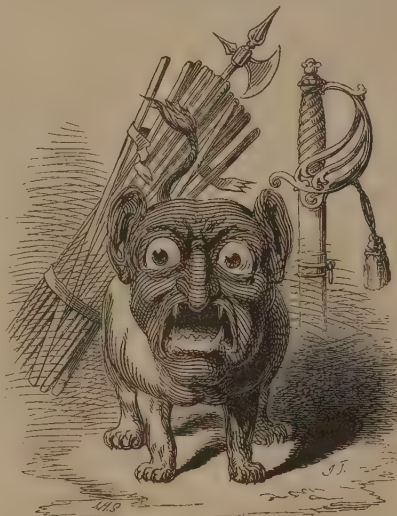
"There is no death," replied the Spiritualist; "what you call death is the beginning of life, when one is really ripe for heaven."

"Yes," added the Landlady; "Dead-ripe!"

The Health of the President.

December 27th—*Fort mal*!

MR. LINCOLN HAS SPOKEN.



ESPONSES in church ought to be slow and dignified. Or in Politics. In response to the persuasive calls of the *N. Y. Herald*, and moved by the convincing logic thereof, Mr. LINCOLN has responded. He has spoke and forwarded to VANITY FAIR proof-sheets of his words, copies of which will be sent to every paper in the United States, and likewise to South Carolina.

Speech delivered on the roof of the State House in Springfield, Illinois, on a moonlight night, viz., New Year's Eve, 1860.

FRIENDS AND FELLOW CITIZENS:—From my exalted position I see stars. Yes I do. But I feel a little dizzy. 'My head swims when I drink a little whiskey.' Elevation is twofold, yea threefold; that produced by getting "high," by going up high, and being raised high above ye fellows. Excuse me, gentlemen, for calling you *fellers*. I mean feller citizens. You are fellows in the wheel of our glorious industrial wheel, the trade and commerce of this country. One spoke is rattling like thunder now down South, but I guess we'll get that fixed by-and-by.

"Fellow citizens, I appear before you to-night in consequence of the urgent calls made upon me by that whole-souled BARR (his name means blessed you know—*benit* is French.) Gentlemen, I respect Mr. B., and commit every copy of his paper to memory. His words are engraven upon my shoulder-blades like the marks of the descending thong upon his. How could I refuse to speak when so called upon? Gentlemen, *I am* speaking. Now what do you want me to say? I suppose you want to know about my Cabinet, my policy, my appointments, my administration, &c., in advance. I will tell you. (At this stage the most intense silence prevailed. You could have heard a needle stick into a pin-cushion. A shooting star, a million miles off, exploded; everybody heard it.) I mean to have Cabinet pictures in my house, the best I can get, and Cabinet champagne, the best that I can buy, and any other necessary Cabinet that may be required.

"As to my policy, or policies—for I shall have several—I will have my two Life policies in two good companies for \$5000, each in favor of Mrs. ABE. Insurance policies upon my personal property in several staunch associations. Lottery policies I am opposed to. The best policy, Honesty, I am in favor of.

"How as to my 'appointments,' like my 'habit they will be costly as my purse can buy, though not expressed in fancy.' Mr. GREELEY I shall not employ for my tailor. As to my 'administration,' I shall spank my children, and kiss my wife, and go to meeting as often as I please, and I shall pay all my bills as I go along, and exhort everybody else to do the same.

"As to my 'and so forth,' that is nobody's business, and you need not ask me about it.

"Now, fellow citizens, I trust that you are satisfied with my exposition of my principles. I have defined my position. But if you don't understand it fully, look up and see where I am.

"Fellow citizens, good night."

(Exit ABRAHAM through the scuttle.)

The vast audience slowly dispersed, pondering in their hearts the words of mighty wisdom that they had just heard. Prior to their separation they gave H. A. L. nine hundred and ninety-nine hearty cheers.

Anderson's fine cut.

Cutting from Fort Moultrie to Fort Sumpter.

BOOLE AMONG THE BOOKS!

Is SAULT among the Prophets?

VANITY FAIR has had occasion to ask this question once before, but in reference to a different subject. The question paraphrased to our taste in this article would read: "Is BOOLE also among the Literati?" "Have yellow kids playfully skipped over the hitherto awful barrier placed between them and the domains of the publisher? and do they now gambol undisturbed, amid the flowers of Romance and Poetry?"

Else, what means this which we saw in an advertisement the other day?

"BOOLE'S FINITE DIFFERENCES. MACMILLAN & SONS, Cambridge, 1860, 1 vol. 12mo. Price \$1.00."

Oh BOOLE! BONNER where art thou? Hast thou fled, O mighty man, to some sequestered nook? Dost thou hide thyself there at the sound of this awful trumpet? Has VANITY again been fated to discover this rose blooming in the desert, and to bring it to the notice of the world? BOOLE!

So it seems.

Now, BOOLE writes a book. (Supposing this to be *the* BOOLE) BOOLE'S Finite Differences,—BOOLE'S Differences. Yes, we are aware that BOOLE has had "a many" differences in this life. For instance, a difference with the policemen of New York, regarding certain moneys; a difference with the Mayor, a lot of differences with Gentlemen—especially in the matter of yellow kids; and a continual difference with VANITY FAIR on the hackneyed subjects of Honesty and Truth. Truly, if any man is capable of writing on the subject of "Differences" it is BOOLE. But if he *did* write this work, VANITY, with all humility and reverence, submits that, in view of the number of subdivisions of the subject mentioned above, the title of the work should be In-Finite Differences.

A LOVER'S LETTER.

By P. GASUS.

Write to me often, love;
Tell me of every changing thought,
In soft drawn shades with pleasing imagery,
And seal the words in sentences heart-wrought,
So they will to my heart most fondly fly,
And nestle there
Under the wing of prayer.

Write to me often, love;
Joy of my life, thou should'st not deem
Thy lightest zephyr-wish beyond my yearning care,
I gladly hear if but a vanishing dream,
Because my love hath dreamed it—ANABEL fair,
Where'er I rove,
Write to me often, love.

TEN YEARS AFTER.

Don't ask for money, dear—
I can't allow it, really now I can't;
You must be thoughtful; this my summer tour
Is costing like — don't speak of every want,
It's no strange news,
If TOMMY does need shoes.

Perhaps you'd best not write—
For I am changing places every day;
I'm sorry MARY's sick—but can't you dye
The silk you've got!—good patience! lonesome! you
With all those children round you? well, if I
Can come I will—
But don't expect me, till I do!

Profound Thoughts.

A monk is the worst kind of person to entrust with a secret, because no consideration can prevent him from Telling his beads.

Query by a Philologist.

Is it not a little paradoxical, that the most common Indian Meal is Game and Whiskey?

A Sweet Style of Thing.

Why is Mr. HAYES's scenery, in the new piece at the Winter Garden, like a loud snore! Because it is a Sleepy Holler!



A DESIRABLE BOARDER!

Omnivorous Frenchman.—"YOU LET ZE LODGING AND ZE BOARD?—VELL, I HAVE NEVARE NO MONNAIE, BUT I AM ONE POLYPHOSBOYISTE—MAKE MUSEK OUT OF EVERYTING ZAT IS—AND I VILL PAY MY BOARD BY TEACH YOUR DAUGHTER TO TING-TING ON ZE GUITARRE, YOUR SONS TO BLOW UPON ZE TRUMPETS AND ZE HORNS, AND YOUR SMALL SHEELDRENS TO GO RUB-A-DUB AND TEETLE-TEE UPON ZEE DRUM, ZE TAMBOURINE, AND ZE TRIANGLE!"

WEBSTER'S STATUE.

BOSTON, DEC. 24, 1860.

DEAR VANITY FAIR:—You remember that a year since my old chum, EDWARD—MR. BONNER'S EDWARD—outdid DEMOSTHENES at the inauguration of the WEBSTER Statue in the village of Boston. You will remember, farther, that at the close of this oration EDWARD made an announcement of a very serious character. He announced that, should anybody in these United States go to seceding, or cutting any cognate capers, the said statue was going to get down immediately from off its pedestal, stalk about Boston Common, and holla, "Liberty and Union." Being of a skeptical turn of mind, I was unable to credit the statement at the time. I told EDWARD so when, as usual, he read me his manuscript in advance of its public recital. "EDWARD," said I, impressively, "that statue will do no such thing."

He looked at me with surprise.

"There's no machinery inside it?" I enquired.

"Oh no," he exclaimed, in a tone of as much disgust as his great politeness permitted him to express.

"Then," I rejoined, "It won't stir a step, nor make a squeak as loud as a mouse's, not even if the Governor of Massachusetts should appoint a day of fasting and prayer for the express purpose of operating it. You think it will, I know; else you wouldn't say so. You are quite superior to mere trumpety rhetoric. But that statue won't stir. I wish it would! It might then take the opportunity to escape out of those hideous trowsers. Or it might even flee from its general ugliness, into the depths of the sea."

Here EDWARD looked grave. "MR. WEBSTER'S statue," said he solemnly, "would never commit suicide."

Upon this a bright thought struck me. "Would Mr. WEBSTER'S statue act contrary to precedent," I asked with a tone of triumph. "And would not the conduct you prognosticate, be wholly unprecedented in a statue? Surely it would. Surely it is what no statue of a constitutional lawyer, and conservative statesman, could meditate doing for a moment. It would be a radical movement. It would be an inexcusable innovation upon all custom of statues."

Jockey of Norfolk, be not too Bold.

The classical remark of JOHN TYLER JR., at Norfolk, recently, viz: "Let the Union go to H—I," reminds us very forcibly of MAWORM'S Exit speech in the "Hypocrite," when bowing Old Lady LAMBERT off, he turns to the company with the remark, "You are all going to the Devil! Come Madam, you go first." This would make it very bad for Madam Virginia.

Our Regiment.

The gallant Seventh intend giving a grand Concert at the Academy, on the Twelfth. When we hear the drum Roll played by their Band, we shall think of the Banderole, which ensigns were wont to bear and put up a F. P.—fervid prayer, you know—that their pennon may never flag in battle.

Our Stuttering Contributor

Upon reading in the veracious *Herald*, that J. B. was afraid of being assassinated, remarked, it wouldn't be "the first time in J. B.'s administration that there had been an Ass-Ass in the White House."

By our Disgusted-with-Things Contributor.

Waiter in Delmonico's to no Party man—"Take Coffee Sir?"

No Party man—"No, I won't take Office, sir. Not under Nobody. I'd swallow pizon things first."

A Fixed Salary.

Your own, when you can't raise it.

Motto for the Historiographer of Storm.—
Memento MAURY.

I closed, thinking my statement unanswerable. But I was mistaken. "Me dear SCARRY," here his voice faltered, and he was compelled to put his handkerchief to his eyes, which he did very elegantly. After a time he recovered. "Me dear SCARRY," said he resuming, "pardon me emotion, and pardon me extreme brevity and bluntness in saying that, had you possessed those inestimable opportunities for forming a correct judgment upon this momentous question, which it has been me happy and honored priveledge to enjoy, you might probably, or possibly arrive at an opinion different from that you now express. I have ventured upon the prediction. I am indeed a bold man, a daring man, taking council only of truth and me own heart, and making a straight path always: in the face of me public career, so much cannot be denied. But though bold, I am not inconsiderate. And knowing well that should this announcement ever be falsified, I could never encounter the eyes of me fellow citizens, but, flying in shame, must pass the brief and mournful remainder of me days in the deepest recesses of Mammoth Cave, I should surely refrain from making it, were I not certain of its being justified by the event."

So he spoke and was silent. Well, secession has come. And now will the announcement of my dear EDWARD be falsified? Will he be compelled to go into that gloomy exile? These are the questions I ask continually. I seize upon the newspapers day after day, to learn whether said statue has moved or spoken; but the provoking things never allude to the subject. Dear V. F., you know everything. You don't let everybody know how much you know, because everybody would be rushing to you to recover his missing silver spoons. But, *entre nous*, you do know everything, nevertheless. Tell me, therefore, (in strict confidence) has that statue succeeded in moving its trowsers? Have the "bronze lips" hollaed? And if not, will they holla?

Yours anxiously,

ISCARIOT PETERS.

The "Most Distinguished Consideration."

A Pecuniary consideration.



STUNNING.

OUR FRIEND APPLESAS, WHO HAS HEARD OF "ALLIGATOR BOOTS," GETS UP WHAT HE CON-
CEIVES TO BE ABOUT THE THING, TO THE TERROR OF BOOT-BLACK B-Y'S IN THE PARK.

FROM THE HUB.

A WAY DOWN EAST, Dec. 24th.

Mr. Vanity Fair, Esq.:

DERE SUR:—As I was a reedin the *Herald* (N. Y.) wich pap r is like the *Farmer Almanack* meaning just contrary of wot it sais, I cum acrost the doins of the "South Carolina Convention," in said doins was found the annex paragraph

PRIVILEGES OF THE FLOOR.

MR. KETT—I now move that a committee of three be appointed to invite the Hon. HOWELL COBB, of Georgia, to take a seat on the floor. (Applause.)

The question being put it was decided in the affirmative.

The Idee! Now I think if anybody invited me to take a seat on the flor I'd fust look round and see if I coodent find a milkin steul or a pale that I mite reposit my febel lims upon, before I accepted there kind invitation.

I'm afeerd some of them S. C's, (South Carolinians, You Know, Eds.) will hev to come to Bosting to learn maners afore they start there own apple stand, Hopin there educashun may not be neglected in future,

I am Yous to Command,

ETTIKETTE.

P. S. Arfter readin the above paragraph 12 Times more I hev cum to the conclusion that the Hon. HOWELL COB was so corned he coodent stand up and hense the moshun to give him a seat on the flor.

So the S. C's. was perlite after all.

E.

There's a Lower Depth.

"DAVID STUART, of Chicago, has commenced a suit for slander against Mr. BURCH for personal damages in the sum of \$100,000; another party claims \$40,000. Mr. BURCH seems to be universally execrated. Report says that the Marine Bank threw out his checks the other day. All sorts of indignities are offered to him."

BURCH is down pretty low—that's a fact—about as nastily low as humanity can well crawl. He stands before the world a coward, a vile oppressor of his wife, a husband leading his spouse into

Letting Him Down Easy.

Good, simple old souls, like the *Boston Recorder*, have a charming way of letting a friend down easy, when they think he has been going it a little too fast, but don't like to tell him so, plump. There is an article in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, entitled "A Visit to the Asylum of Aged and Decayed Punsters," which bears about it strong evidence of "The Professor" having been around when it was written. The *Boston Recorder*, in giving the table of contents of the *Atlantic*, calls this "A Visit to the Asylum of Aged and Decayed Ministers," thus bringing the author into the field in which JOHN HOWARD and ELIZABETH FRY ran their respective races, and placing him in the light of a person who would rather be stuck with a pin than with a pun. But the *Recorder* is wily, too; and we are half inclined to think that he compounded with his conscience by "accidentally" mistaking the title of the fleshly article referred to, so that he might devour it on the spot—in which case we forgive him.

Metallurgic!

Irony at the Bar—Bar-iron-y.
In the Senate—Flat-iron-y.
In the House—Pig-iron-y.
In Thackeray—Sad-iron-y.
In *Punch*—Wrought-iron-y.
In VANITY FAIR—Rail-iron-y.

Unseasonable.

Why is a Mosquito like a Railroad? Because it fastens upon sleepers, and takes heavy draughts over them.

How to Calm the Carolinas.
Carry liners of war to Charleston.

temptation that he might cheat her out of her property, and above all this, a canting Puritanical rascal snuffing about her soul—her precious lost soul—lost by his abominable villainy! Pretty low. But then BURCH might have been a New York Alderman, You Know, and Then he'd have got up Somewhere in Public and chuckled and boasted of it all, and called himself One of the Divorce Boys! Wouldn't that have been Funny?

Howell Cobb.

The scorn of every manly, honest heart,
The proud contempt of Woman, leal and true,
Rest on thee ever, Traitor to thy trust.
Thou Parricide of Statesmen! Parthian knave!
Who, in thy flight sent back a venomous shaft
To wound thy Country deeper: Treason's King,
Worthy to wear for ever on thy brows
The Coronet of Infamy and Shame:
Are there no Men in that broad land of thine
Sired by Patriots—baptized by the fire
Through which our Country's Martyrs nobly passed,
To brand thee as the ARNOLD of thy time?
If not, 'tis well that from our starry host,
Her glory and her shame should trail to Chaos.

W. A. S.

By Our Doctor.

Why are the bones in a man's leg like the Union? Because united we stand, divided we fall.

VANITY FAIR.



A GOOD BOY.

COLUMBIA.—NEVER MIND, BOBBY ANDERSON, IF YOUR FATHER DON'T LIKE WHAT YOU'VE DONE, I DO, AND I'LL SEE THAT YOU ARE NOT SENT BACK.



THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 Henry VI., Act 1, Scene 1.

LETTER II.

OF LOBBYMEN IN GENERAL.

HY, good gracious! I declare I have quite forgotten to tell you what the Lobby is! I was actually about to set my watch going, without for a moment remembering that I had forgotten the key.

Had I the pen of Mr. RICARDO or Mr. JOHN STUART MILL, how nobly I could discourse upon the manifold beauties of the theory of Division of Labor; with what forcible language I could depict the practical working of that admirable theory, when



applied to legislation! and how neatly, after I had done so would Mr. RUSKIN pounce down upon me in the *Cornhill* and rip my exposition into argumentative tatters, in one of his grand articles under the appropriate title of *Conticuers Omnes*, or *In Sacula Saculorum*. But as it is hardly necessary to observe that I have not the nibs of those eminent writers, I must be content with referring you to the first chapter, in which I remarked in effect, only not so neatly, that the Senate and House of Representatives, being exclusively occupied with the shells of political bickerings, have between them left the oyster of the Public Welfare in the undisturbed possession of the Lobby.

Architecturally, the Lobby is the space which surrounds the Halls of either House of Congress, and serves as an ante-room or entrance chamber. But as we don't care anything about architecture just now, let us say that the political Lobby is that highly respectable and eminently virtuous body which surrounds the members of the two Houses, as the architectural does their Halls: the entrance chamber to their votes. It sees that our Representatives do their duty by voting for the right bills and against the wrong ones; it sees that justice is done though the Heavens fall; is the Tariff Bill before the House?—It sees that the manufacturing interests are protected: is a private bill pending? it gives the prudent claimant good advice, which, if he is unable or unwilling to follow, so much the worse for him. For patriotism? Go to! For friendship? Go to! For a consideration — — —

Yes, my friend, for a consideration, your little bill shall be put through. Yes, my dear madam, for a consideration, that little pension which you have been these ten years trying to get on account of your husband's services—wasn't it at Buena Vista that he fell, leading his company in that famous charge?—shall at last be granted to you. Yes, Colonel, for a consideration, that patent out of which, to be sure, you have not made more than one fortune as yet, shall be extended. Yes, gentlemen, wool, with which those free-trade fellows have been tinkering these twenty years, with their absurd notions about the raw materials of manufactures shall be made free, for a consideration.

Do I mean to say that bribery prevails to such an alarming extent? I don't. It doesn't. There are black sheep in every flock: there have been MATTESSONS in Congress. But the flock is by no means black, and that estimable gentlemen have few disciples. If the Lobby is not too honest to bribe, it is at least too prudent. Bribery is a great mistake, and an awful word in most ears. Why hang the animal, when there are so many pleasanter modes of disposing of it? Why should they bribe, as long as there are dinners for the alimentaries; dear Mrs. JOBBY and her charming FANNY for the gallants; "evenings" for the fashionables; when old BOREE—that man knows everything and everybody—is thick

with the rising politicians: in short, when they have a prop for every man's weakness?—and is not the world ruled by weaknesses? How will they know, those veterans, just how many votes they need to carry our little bill, and just where to find them when wanted. Bribery! Faugh! A low and expensive practice. Our Lobbyman knows a trick worth two of it. His talisman is Influence; its object is Jobs.

Don't you remember one of our favorite sketches of that wonderful artist, JOHN LEECH, in which his wonderful boy horrifies his wonderful old lady by exclaiming—"Now, grandmother, I've eaten the plums, and if you don't give me sixpence, I'll swallow the stones!" What a study it is. The venerable ancestor is completely in the boy's power, and of course we know the sixpence was forthcoming. Just so, you will find yourself in the Lobbyman's power; just so, you will be compelled to part with your sixpence. Give the sixpence, my friend, or as much more as the job is worth, and your bill will go through; refuse it, and he'll oppose it, tooth and nail, so effectually that you may whistle for the wind you expect to raise by its passage.

I recollect when I was in Congress (I had the happiness of representing the 35th district of New York, consisting of Onondaga and Wyoga counties, in 1841-42) and was trying to get an appropriation for deepening the Harbor of Gracchus, I thought I had succeeded in my object, and was chuckling over the prospective mortification of the city delegation and the powerful Lobby which the merchants had sent down here. If the bill had passed, we meant to have established direct trade with Europe, through the St. Lawrence, and so cut off the Gothamites entirely. Well, one day while I was in the House, franking copies of Mr. TYLER's last veto, and momentarily expecting my bill to be taken up and passed, up comes a page with this note, in a delicate female hand, which I at once recognised as dear Mrs. JOBBY's:

"Do, my dear Mr. WARE, come to us, old BENTON has been speaking all morning against the bank, and we want you to hear him so much.

4 o'clock.

M. J.

P. S. I have something very particular to say to you."

"Lady's a waitin' in the Senni'galry," says the page.

Of course I went to the Senate Gallery and couldn't get back again. Of course, dear Mrs. JOBBY was even more entertaining than usual, and her charming daughter FANNY never so fascinating—her mother and I both remarked it, at which the young lady became deliciously confused. I did once think—But, never mind! She married that horrid Captain EPLETTS, of the Quartermaster's Department, whom I never could bear; and when one fine morning I forgot how many thousand dollars of the public money turned up missing, of course it was I to whom those two women came and wept into getting the fellow let off, and allowed to resign by bleeding his wife's friends to refund the amount; I have been expecting the wretch to drink himself to death for a dozen years past, but those fellows never do.

Altogether it was one of the happiest hours of my life, and I declare I don't remember one word that old BENTON said, though I did hear he had been awful on the Bank. As we were coming down the capitol steps I met CUSHING. He nodded—we were very particular friends and boarded in the same house. "I suppose you know that bill of yours is defeated?" says he. "Where were you?"

Alas! so it was. And I had been—O MARIA! O FANNY! I have forgiven you for that, but you little thought of the consequences you were bringing upon your country. Had that bill passed, the wealth in which now roll the merchant princes of New York, would have been stored in the warehouses and floating at the wharves of Gracchus! When I behold what New York is, and think of all that Gracchus might have been, but for you—!

And I wasn't reflected.

All my friends said it was a shame, but though I explained the whole thing to my satisfaction in the Wormwood Tocsin; though I strongly recommended twelve gentlemen of the highest character and standing for Postmaster, nominated sixteen for the collectorship, sent four promising youths to West Point, all of whom signally failed to pass the barbarous preliminary examination, and actually went so far as to have my opponent in the convention appointed to a small clerkship, it was no use. The stupid people didn't seem to see it. Mr. TYLER, when he heard of my defeat, wanted to give me the Spanish mission, but I yielded in favor of my friend WASHINGTON IRVING, who needed the place, and got it through my influence.

The other evening young CARRAWAY LEE, who is a mighty fine young fellow, by the way, and who generally drops in at night to read the papers to me (my eyes are not so good as they were), for the sake of my cigars and decanters, and intellectual conversation, showed me what he calls a "piece," which he says he wrote after

reading my last paper. While I was looking over it, he warmed his coat-tails and tried very hard to appear as if he didn't care a great deal what I thought about it; a miserable failure. This is the piece:

THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.

BEN ADAMS, wearied by a dull debate,
Dozed off, unmindful of his country's fate
Evolved around him; as he dozing dreams
Of pleasing jobs and gain-compelling schemes,
An angel writing in a book of gold
Appeared: and BEN, whom brass had rendered bold,
Seeing the angel of the Lobby said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a look which spoke a strange mistrust,
Answered—"The names of men whose claims are just."
"And is mine one?" said ADAMS; "nay, not so,"
Replied the Angel.—ADAMS spoke more low,
Winking with new-born joy of rising hopes,
"Write me down, then, as one who KNOWS THE ROPES."

The angel wrote, and, as the House adjourned,
Vanished. But on the morrow it returned,
And showed the names of these whose chance stood best,
And lo! BEN ADAMS' name led all the rest!

"What ADAMS is that?" says I; "I don't know him."
"Oh, pshaw!" says the youngster. "I might have known
you'd say that. You think nobody can do anything good except
yourself!"

"You impertinent young —! Never mind, my boy," says I
gently, "we'll print the 'piece,' just to gratify your vanity."
You see I like to encourage the boys.



ONE OF THOSE UNFORTUNATES WHO HAVE BEEN SYSTEMATICALLY KEPT
IN DARKNESS.

Putting a Ve-ry fine Point upon It.

The following is elaborate:—

CHARLESTON, Jan. 5.—Mr. HUGER, P. M. of the United States at Charleston, has replied to Mr. HOIT, the P. M. General, that he considers himself accountable to the federal government for the faithful discharge of his duties, by permission of the ordinance of secession.—Telegram from Washington.

Fine as silk. If any body can whip the devil round the stump
closer than this, V. F. would like to see it tried.

THE ONE-PONY EXPRESS.

Perhaps there is no kind of literature so revelled in by our local press as is the Descriptive. And for a nice little bit of Description, harmonious in tone and exquisite in finish, commend us especially to the *New York Express*. Under the heading "Skating Carnival in Brooklyn," thus the *Express*:

"On Christmas Eve the Mill Pond was covered with skaters, and until a late hour, their heels glistened on the moonbeams."

"As soon as the hour had passed when the inner man 'with good capon lined,' and those who know not 'grace before or after meat,' with others of every degree who live on hope deferred, wended their way to the pond aforesaid."

"Grey-haired veterans, who, once on a time were deemed fast on gutters, were skipping along on flat bottoms with all the grace of parvenues."

VANITY (log.—to The Office Boy)—Here, JAMES, you want to be an Editor some day, take these three paragraphs and review them.

Office Boy—Review, s' ? Yes, s'. (Goes to a desk and writes.)

I wud lik to bee Down on the mill Pond Crismus. I love verry mutch fur too Skat. It must be So nice to Slid on the moonbeams.

(Lets himself down from the stool.) Mist' VANITY please, what does this mean aft' "Inne' man 'th good cap on, lined?"

VANITY—Why, JAMES! Let me see it. (Reads.) "As soon as the hour had"—um—"and those who"—um—"with others"—what? (editorial forehead is rubbed)—"wended their"—(editorial eyes pronouncedly open). Well, never mind, JAMES. Go on with the rest.

JAMES—Yes, s'. (Goes on.)

Sum ole men has ben verry smart wen he wus a boy. We ar verry spri on a gutter miself with 1 Skat on. But we cant skip lik them gra hared Vetteran. Sum-tims We slid down hill that wa. But —

(Log.) "With all the grace of"—p-a-r—par—v-e—ve—n-u-e-s—noos—"parvennoos." (Takes down Worcester.) Parvennoos—parvennoos—ah!—Parvennoo: an upstart. (Writes.)

And we allus cood jump Up easy to.

VANITY (looking over the Office Boy's shoulder.)—Very good, JAMES!

LEDGE. LEDGER. LEDGEREST.

The above degrees of comparison were suggested to us by the discovery of a pun made upon the word "Ledger," by the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, so long ago as October, 1858—which was a good while before he culminated his glory by becoming a contributor to the journal bearing that name. The curious prognostical priming referred to, flashed from the pan of the great orator on the occasion of the consecration of the new Light House upon Minot's Ledge, and the words, as given in a report of the period, run as follows:

"If Minot's Ledge could keep a Minot's Ledger, in which the value of every cargo that passes it could be entered"—etc.

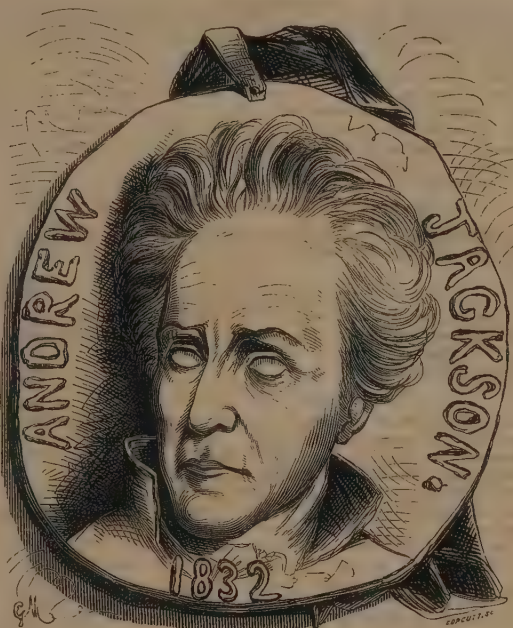
From some unexplained cause, perhaps on account of the Minot's Ledge Light not being a cheerful one in which to view things—this sally of the great orator had rather a depressing effect than otherwise, upon the grave Boston personages around the festive ledge, who gazed upon each other in a sad manner, and then upon the speaker in a sorrowful one. And yet it was a splendid burst of genius, unapproached in playful brilliancy, perhaps, save by a famous witticism of a well known Pilot, who, when beating up the lower bay, once, in a Jersey lighter, was heard to say:

"If Sandy Hook would light his Hookah with this here Lighter, what a high old smoke we should have—eh?"

The Muscles of War.

In the construction of the great fortifications at Cherbourg, the French engineers have availed themselves of a curious natural resource. The shell-fish known as the mussel, or muscle, binds itself to piers and rocks with a strong fibrous ligament with which it is provided, and hundreds of tons of these valvulars are now sown among the great loose boulders of the Cherbourg breakwaters, to serve as binders.

And in this what a beautiful division of forces is manifest! for if Emperor NAPOLEON has furnished the Sineu of war for the construction of his marine forts, so has King NEPTUNE supplied the Muscles.



This medal is presented by Vanity Fair to James Buchanan, President of the United States, as a testimonial of respect for his MANLY and PATRIOTIC stand in defence of the rights of the Union.

THE AESTHETICS OF BOOTS.

II.

O thou invisible spirit of VANITY! If in the circle of thy magic sphere, when souls are out taking an airing, thou meetest mine, be it in Centaureal Park or Irving Square or Hoboken, strike hands with him, as thou wouldst with a man on the swelling tide of prosperous fortune, and ask him up to drink.

I am not mad, most potent VANITY; nor drunk, though my horn is exalted; but—

Now By All My Hopes! (an exclamation I picked up from the walking gent. at the New Bowery), which are of the celestialest, rosiest red, I am the happiest man, VANITY, of all your joyous contributors.

I had been occupying my mind on the subject of Ladies' Boots, and was Prosing and Conning the several propositions in those lines by a true poet:

"There's magic in a pretty foot,
And well the ladies know it,
And she who has a pretty one
Is pretty sure to show it."

(The truth of the first of these said—or sung, as the reader or singer wishes—propositions, no one doubts; it is abundantly proved by the attraction which the little mice peeping in and out on a rainy day possess for the philosophic young Grimalkin, *sans purr et sans mus-tache*.) I approached the subject with all the palpitating awe of Celibascetic Middle-age. Tried to catch and individualize some of the myriad forms of Gaiter Boot tripping fantastically through my brain. It was useless though, and I yearned that the tuberoso Crinoline could be a bud again, and disclose to us the wished-for secret in Blooming Boots. But neither pet-p-Pedal nor petal would be curtailed or caught. So imagine my relief on receiving the following, from ARMINELLA, Angelliferous ARMINELLA!

LILY DALE, Dec.—

MY DEAR, dear MR. PHORNIOTICUS:—I am in a perfect flutter of excitement. My poor brain has been in such a *whirl*, a kind of

excitation, you know, that I could not get one wink of sleep all last night. And I thought I would just sit right down and tell you all about it. I've read this week's VANITY FAIR. But of course you knew I had, your *wonderful* man! as soon as you set eyes on my agitated handwriting. O, I do so long to see you! But I feel as if I had known you since I was—O, ever so little! The soul affinities are so *strong*—don't you think so, Mr. PHORNIOTICUS? What is the reason, I wonder? Can it be that your language awakened something sympathetic in my consciousness? Now don't judge my character by my *horrible* writing. But dear me! I know you will.

I had noticed that mysterious Something about Boots myself. I remember thinking at first that it was like what the *Saturday Press* said about Mr. WHITMAN's poems, "The meaning is subtle and well enveloped, eluding definition,"—I think that was it. O! those Boots of d'ORSAY's must have been so *nice*. I have seen something like them too. Ah! yes, it was at the Winter Garden, I think.

But why didn't you give us some more of the Representative Boots, Mr. PHORNIOTICUS? You must have so *many* stored up in the chambers of your soul! O! I am going to make a collection. I've hunted *all over* the house, and I've got two pairs of common gaiters, one pair of Balmorals—boots, you know—a pair of satin shoes, and one odd slipper. And they look just for all the world like me. Now I'm going to tell you *some* of the Representative Boots I've thought of; and you must let me know whether they are *right*. And first have you *ever* noticed the *nationality* in feet. There is the English Boot and the French Boot; I think the difference is just the same as between the nations in soldierly qualities: one steady and unflinching, but awkward and plodding; the other full of fire and dash—and the French always shining with lacquer, like their conversational brilliancy, you know. And just think how our theory is proved (mayn't I call it ours?) by reference to the Chinese. Can they be *anything* but the feeblest of nations, when the *natural* expression of their women's souls is cabined in a little hard box—(iron isn't it?) You might as well look for intelligence in a *manumitted oyster*. [ARMINELLA here instances the shapeless feet of our negro help as a type of their unformed minds; but I, being a D. D.,^o cannot entertain the argument, forcible as it is. At this Alarming Crisis, it is not well-judged.—A. B. F. P.] And in Manners, at the dinner-table, for instance, you see the Awkward Boots, heel-twiddling; the Business Boots, square-set and practical, lending poise to eat an American meal American fashion; and the Gentlemanly Boots, one knee-depending in well-bred *nonchalance* over its fellow. And then there are the Parrot-toed Boots, universally insidious, deceptive and cunning; our Indians are a good type. And the Splay-footed Boots, on the contrary, guileless, honest, and stolidly good-humored; type, Hob the Ploughman.

But I'm afraid you'll get tired of my scribbling, Mr. PHORNIOTICUS. Now do write me a line, and say what you think of my ideas. I should like it so much. Ever yours,

ARMINELLA.

ARMINELLA, I will! Ah! artless but appreciative ARMINELLA! if you but knew the gush of joy your sympathizing words have brought to this bosom—yesterday arid as my Croton-bereft cistern!

Ah! in those good old days of Scriptural simplicity, when a spade was a spade, and had no conventional covering; when each man's conceived thought was born to the world's view, without a dimming, swaddling cloud between; when the Venus and Danaë of nude art were seen in the religious light of nature's truth,—then the Aesthetic was not among the Lost Arts, but the wayfaring man, though a fool, might air his dusty perceptions therein. The works of the Old Masters—MOSES, PLATO, and the rest—how bare are they of all serpent-suggested figleaf covering! A hero is evoked; lo! a stripling with his sling and a smooth stone from the brook—

And whither tends all this, does the Reader ask? Here: Or ever the Buskin strode this earthly stage, when Spatterdashers were not, nor had Galoshes smothered in triple folds the life hidden within, was there not the Sandal, the earliest form of the Boot?

O! could we but return to those days of primitive honesty!

Then, and Now. As the brave old fireplace, with its cheery blaze, to the subterranean subtleties of the modern heating apparatus; as the open, beaming countenance of an Avenue belle, in habit, hat, and high feather, to the dark-eyed mystery beneath the Spanish mantilla.

Could we but return to the Sandal period, how visible would be the hopes and joys, and fears and sorrows, the levers which move the world of Society! How would we show the cloven foot! Be-

^oEvidently Doug. Dem. Which of course has nothing to do with Divinity.—V. F.

ware, ye Bulls of Wall-street, lest a thong from your side be then taken to scourge you withal.^a

I did intend to record the manifestations of the world's progress, as seen in Boots of the period, from the Sandal epoch to the present time. In England, the almost contemporary grafts in Architecture and in boots, of the Pointed Style—when on one occasion, the gallant cavaliers hacked off even the gracefully curved and dearly cherished integuments of the latter, and laid them on the hard-fought field, the shrine of their country's glory. The bourgeoning and blossoming of literature and art and enterprise in the Elizabethan era, the time of the founding of Virginia by RALEIGH, and of the circumnavigation of the globe by DRAKE, when SHAKESPEARE wrote, and when the fruitful mind of the age budded rosettes on the all-adaptive Boots. But as I intend publishing at an early date the result of many years' observation and study of the *Æsthetics* of Boots, I must invoke the anxious Reader's patience.

Beaming benevolently down on us from your "dim and tenuous effluence," VANITY, allow yr. ob. st. to say Adieu.

ALDI BORONDI FOSCA PHORNIOTICUS.

"ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH."



O the Editor of V. F.:—I have a crow to pick with the man who signs himself M. T. HEAD U. S. C. U. S. It is a black crow, a very black crow. In fact, I should not wonder if it turned out to be a crow

"—as black as black could be."

as saith the poet (in Goose, we believe, if not, J. G. B—N—TT.)

M. T. HEAD has called me the "Disagreeable man." Well, I have no objections to that title,

you know. People who speak the truth are often called disagreeable, and with reason. For instance if M. T. H. were to ask J. B. or BOOLE, or ENRIGHT, or the whole city government of New York, who was the most disagreeable person they knew, or, *who knew them*—why, with the velocity and eagerness of an urchin liberated from school, or of a Georgia pig rushing upon an unexpected shower of corn-cobs, they would reply—VANITY FAIR! But opinions differ. You, dear V. F., are personally aware of the greatness of my mind. You know that I am above being affected by the remarks of a personal nature, made by the young man of the name of HEAD. When he calls me "the Disagreeable man," I gaze upon him through the S. M. (not Sarcasm Man, as he blindly terms it, but smoke of my meerschauum) with indifference and magnanimity. But that the young man of the name of HEAD has angered me, I will confess. He has. I am amazed, indignant, and—and—and mad, I am!

Oh, V. F. I! Old boy! Do you know what this man "has been and gone and done?" Do you know the crime of which he has been guilty in sending to you a piece of composition, entitled, "Ward-room Wind"? (By the way, I've always thought a ward-room wind was a blow-up with the caterer. How is it?) He has done the most impudent and unpardonable thing on record.

It was kind of impudent in THESEUS—leaving ARIADNE, warn't it? It was slightly cool for BRUTUS to kill CÆSAR, and then try to justify himself, warn't it? It was decidedly brassy for RICHARD, Duke of Gloucester, to court King HENRY's widow, just after he had murdered her husband. Some people say it's impudent for BOCCACCART to produce plays in his peculiar way—about which the

less said the better. It was rather bold for J. B. to send out that ferocious message of his to "a excited populace;" warn't it! Yes it war. But when a man of the name of HEAD writes a piece for VANITY FAIR, commences it with a quotation (and poor at that) from the New York Ledger!!!

Oh! what shall I say? V. F., did you know that verse was from It? From IT! J. B. writes for it—yes. COBB writes for it—yes! J. G. B. writes for it—yes!! But, that VANITY FAIR should quote from it!!! Shades of—of! The subject is too umbrageous for me. I'll quit it, or I shall bust.

And, besides, it ain't true. Look, for instance, at this verse:

"The line we follow is not base, though we follow a base line."

Now, you know, they don't "follow a base line." They invariably leave the base line behind 'em, and proceed from it! Again he says:

"We are Surveyors of the coast, in weather dark or fine."

Now, that ain't so. For they can't survey in the dark. To survey implies seeing, and people can't see in the dark. Strictly speaking, every man in the dark is a sort of modern R. C. (Robinson Crusoe) and is, therefore,

"—monarch of all he surveys."

If M. T. H. surveys the coast in the dark, I pity him; and do not envy him his crown and dominion. Especially if that dominion happens to be Barnegat bearing W. S. W. distant ten miles, with the thermometer down to 40° Fahr., and a gale from E. N. E.

But beware, D. M. I! You are attempting to criticise a "Pome" from IT! Oh, horrors! Forgive me, VANITY, and I will offend no more.

To return to M. T. HEAD. I next call upon the P. P. (Professional Punster) of V. F. to vindicate the character of the paper, from the aspersions that will be cast upon it by those who see that awful pun "Cost Survey!" made by the Sarcasm Man, was it? O VANITY! I sadly fear the S. M. is yet young, and will not live long. Then why has he hid his candle under a bushel-basket, until now? Why, ah why? and—No, "echo" don't "answer why"—(you can't come that on me, reader), but we'll let the S. M. answer why—when we get through with him.

In the next place. See here, you fellow; you—you HEAD of the Coast Survey. You can't do this, you know; you really can't! It won't do! I know all about the C. S.—I do. My Aunt REBECCA ANN was intimately acquainted with the mother of a young C. S. O. (officer, you know.) It won't do for you to talk to me about staterooms in the wardroom of a Coast Survey Schr. That's really trespassing on good nature. There are chords, M. T. H. I! Do you take such beings as V. F. and the D. M. for Jollies, M. T. H.?—or for third class Boys, M. T. H.? STATEROOMS!! Gods of the Steeage! Why, from the aged female relative, above referred to, we received, this morning, a Dispatch, stating that there were no staterooms in any schr. in ye Coast Survey—nothin' but berths! Oh! go away, now! That's good, ain't it? The fact is, M. T. H., you've not done well. You've roused the D. M., thinking you had him, the moment you came the nautical. But it won't do. It distinctly will not jibe. You didn't haul that mainsail of your's soon enough, and the result is, you're in irons: or as old DOYLE used to say, (know old DOYLE, M. T. H.?) your "main-to-gallan'-s'l's gone over into your foretop!"

Do better next time, M. T. HEAD. And, above all things—Oh, beware! beware that you bring no more vain oblations from IT! For they are an abomination to VANITY; and an ill-savor in the nostrils of the

DISAGREEABLE MAN.

Not so bad for Brooklyn.

The N. Y. Correspondent of the Philadelphia Press writes that "the senior partner of a House in New York which recently failed, lived 'in a quiet way' in Brooklyn and spent \$167,000 in ten years." Will any gentlemen resident in the City of Churches favor us with a few statistics of the expenses of living in a fast way there? We have been for some time in the receipt of a magnificent income as Editor of VANITY FAIR, and although living at a slashing pace, we find a startling sum to our credit in bank at the expiration of the year, and have therefore had serious thoughts of dividing our stupendous balance among some of the needy rich men of New York. If we could get the figures we might be induced instead to remove to Brooklyn, in the hope of dissipating it luxuriously. No doubt we could get rid of a respectable sum by going in for the first choice of a pew in BEECHER'S Church, but what can we do with the six figure item which would still remain on the first of January?

Redpath.

The Path to Hayti.

*The reticent A. B. F. P. should reduce his puns more to the level of the average mind. Who but VANITY could discover that you must take a dip-thong from a Cressus to whip him to a Crisis?—V. F.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER III.

The two friends pitched down the staircase in the darkness, and rushed into the middle of the ten Cuban gentlemen who were making row enough for a hundred. "Casptas"—"Carambas"—and other expletives less consistent with the principles of sound morality were flying about like paper bullets and doing quite as harmless execution. Dark men now darker than ever were shaking invisible fists over the balusters, and consigning Mrs. McCrowder to a variety of unpleasant destinies in a diversity of incorrect English. Mr. Primpenny and Mr. Muffles wickedly fed the flame of patriot ire, by reminiscences addressed to unknown ears of the number of times which the same thing had happened to the gas during the last fortnight, references to the Croton, the table, the bell-pulls, and the character of Mrs. McCrowder's generally. While prosecuting this benevolent work, they were startled by the apparition of a candle at one of the doors in the same entry, and in a moment that dreadful character the landlady herself, who unbeknown to them had been paying a visit to a third-floor boarder, dawned on the tumultuous scene like a stern goddess frowning down the front of battle.

"Good Heavens!" whispered Mr. Muffles, "that's the old woman! And I've been promising her that little bill for a fortnight. Hurry, Old Boy, only one chance to save us!"

The stairs to Mr. Muffles' room being in plain sight of the outraged goddess, that one chance was confined to the room right at hand belonging to the Cuban Junta. Before Mr. Primpenny could say nay, Mr. Muffles had pulled him in through the open door, and thrust him by his side, under the bed belonging to a fierce patriot known as Don Alonzo Fernando Miguel Canastro de Basuras!

"Look here, Muffles!" said Mr. Primpenny, when a moment's reflection had awakened him to the inelegibility of his position, "this is absurd, I say! Let's get out of it! I'll pay Mrs. McCrowder and thank you for the chance. My nose is full of feathers."

"Stand it! Stand it a little while, Old Boy, if you love me!" whispered Mr. Muffles hoarsely. "Wait till she's gone! I can't look at her! I may be a coward, but I can't! Oh you don't know that terror-inspiring female! For Heaven's sake, stand it! We'll creep out just as soon as she goes down stairs."

Outside a rapid and voluble conversation commenced between Mrs. McCrowder and her boarders, consisting of mutual recriminations mutually unintelligible from the fact that the former was ignorant of the Spanish equivalent for "No gentleman," and the latter could not think of the English expressions for bad meat and scanty vegetables. Thus, though multitudinous weapons of offence lay in the mental armory of all the combatants, the battle came to a speedier conclusion than is usual in such cases, from the warriors not being able to lay their hand on them. Teague in the meantime was attending to the meter in the basement—and a strong savor of returning gas summoned back the Junta to its room, just as Mrs. McCrowder sailed majestically down the stairs in massive silence. Mr. Muffles was on the point of sticking out his head to get ready for a rush at the door—when a member of the Junta struck a match—light blazed forth again—and the doom of the two comrades in misfortune was sealed.

"Oh! Hang you, Muffles! We're done for! I'm an inch deep in dust! I swear I'm breathing solid chunks of scraped carpet!" Mr. Muffles' only reply was a groan of agony. The Junta locked the door and took their seats again. The business of the evening commenced, and as the two unwilling witnesses felt pretty sure that they would never have another opportunity of studying a Junta, also that this study was the only amusement offered by their present cramped circumstances, they propped themselves on their elbows and looked at the grave conclave through a couple of the holes in Mrs. McCrowder's bed-quilt.

In the first place, each of the patriots takes out a small paper receptacle of cigarettes, and with the solemn courtesy of an ambassador signing a treaty, offers it to his neighbor. Neighbor accepts, and reciprocates with his small paper bundle. Mr. Muffles whispers that exchange is no robbery—but also, perhaps no treat. Then follows a moment of breathless silence, during which everybody

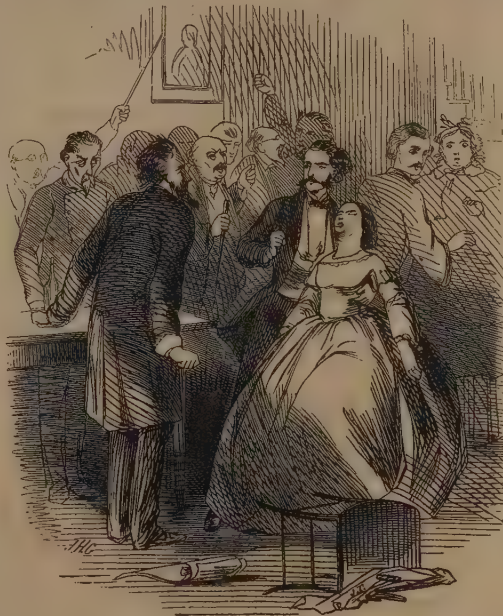
rolls his little tobacco in his little paper with the gravity of one conscious that the eyes of despotic Europe are upon him. The cigarettes are lighted. Glasses of thimble size are filled from a wicker flask—and a pleasant odor of maraschino floats through the room. Then a tall and thin man of the sombreast color and expression possible to a professedly white patriot, arises and reads a paper lasting through ten cigarettes. One word in every six is Libertad. When it isn't Libertad it's very likely to be Despotismo. And if it isn't Libertad or Despotismo, the chances are fair of its being Muerta. Liberty, Despotism and Death! the most magnificent things having been done about them on paper, there is a thunder of bravos. Immediately a fat man with voluptuous double-chin, twinkling, dinner-loving eyes, and a white mustache, which has just been dipped in the third glass of maraschino, leaps to his feet and begins reciting a poem upon the glories of Self-Denial for one's country. The Spanish patriotic poem is peculiarly interesting even to ears that cannot comprehend its precise meaning. It is so sonorous! It evidently expresses such terrible feats, such salvation and destruction to be done by somebody to somebody or something else. Mr. Primpenny and Mr. Muffles prick up their ears. They don't understand one word in fifty, but they like to hear it. This is the way a verse sounds to them:

Quando el relampago caramboluche RIMBOMBA
Libertad el Demonio Sacramentissimo lingo!
Del Despotismo splendor y Muerte Rataplangoel Tromba
Grande fulgor al Diavolo Viva Hi Jingo!

"That's really magnificent!" whispers Mr. Primpenny. "What a patriotic sound that 'rimbomba' is, Muffles!"

"There's always a 'rimbomba' in it somewhere. The old gentleman who's repeating the poem read it to me one day in the entry. 'Rimbomba' occurs fifteen times. They never make a patriotic poem in Cuba without putting in the Rimbomba—it's against the laws of composition."

When the poem was done, six gentlemen arose in succession and expressed their readiness to die for liberty. One of them went so far as to say he hoped to be garroted in the course of the next few



years, but refrained from specifying the time more particularly. Another offered to lead any small body of patriots who would like to spend an odd evening in taking Moro Castle and assassinating the Capitan General. And last of all, the fat gentleman who had done the Rimbomba, declared he was ready to retire to rags and starvation could he but rest his dying eyes on liberated Cuba. After which a collection was taken up to pay for supper at Maillard's. All might now have been well with the prisoners under the bed but for the fact that at the connection of starvation with Maillard's, Mr. Primpenny gave way to that evidence of existence

known as a snicker. In an instant the keen black eyes of all the patriots were aflame in the direction of the bed-quilt, and a simultaneous shout burst from their lips of "Espia! Espia!"

"Oh the devil!" groaned Mr. Muffles. "We're in for it."

The sombrest of the patriots drew near the fatal covert with a step like the Avenger in Bowery Melodramas. He lifted the quilt, and silently pointed at the wretched pair. One of them was instantly recognized.

"*Mi! Diablos!*" hissed the fat poet. "You are, zat accursed Muffel!"

"*Si Senores!*" said the sombre man with a smile of fiendish cruelty, "and ze accur-r-r-sed Muffel has one confederate. Yes sir! Come forth if you please. Ve vill kill you direct-e-ly."

With these encouraging words, the sombre man assisted Messrs. Muffles and Primpenny into the exterior world. The excited throng gathered around them, threatening immediate extinction. Several of the younger members of the Junta made bare their sword-canes, and threatened at the same time the life of miscreant and friend by making tragical lunges without any particular aim at anybody.

"Muffel," said the sombre man with that same cold sneer that meant horrible cruelties, "You are ze e-spy of Despotism. I have long in my mind zink zat zing, I am now secure of ze t-r-r-uth. Ze villain who be wit you, vot is his atr-r-r-ocious name?"

"Sir!" said Mr. Primpenny, picking the feathers out of his hair, "You are personal! No man dares to call me villain twice! Don't do it again!"

Ha!—to please you I call r-r-rascal! polt-rrrr-oon! zis time! Now sir, you declare to me vat ze infamous gover-na-ment of old Spain pay you to get under ze bed of Don Alonzo Fernando Miguel Canastoro de Bassuras?"

"By Heavens, Don Alonzo!" said Muffles, getting irritated. "What do you think Spain cares for your bed?"

"Care for my bed? Sir, it is a patriot's bed! And two villains are ze men who get under it! But you cannot assassinate me, Muffel! Nor ze other e-spy, your confederate! Confess it imme-di-at-e-ly! Or you two die on ze spot!"

At this instant the Junta closed in around their spok-es-man, some handling the sword-canes aforesaid and others suggestively feeling in the bosom of their waistcoats. Mr. Primpenny and Mr. Muffles advanced the right leg, and prepared to hit at least one straight left before they died.

A piercing scream came through the key-hole. "Fire! Murder! Thieves! Help!" shrieked a female voice outside. The youngest and most gallant patriot of the Junta forgot revenge in chivalrous regard for the weaker sex, and rushed forward and opened the door.

I do not say that Mrs. McCrowder's daughter, Ann Eliza, had been looking through the key-hole. Mrs. McCrowder would have scorned such an imputation with regard to any one in her house. But it is certain that by some method Ann Eliza had become acquainted with the peril which hung over that fascinating young man, Mr. Primpenny. The moment that a crack was sufficiently open for the passage of her fair but somewhat robust person, she rushed into the middle of the ferocious patriots, scattering their slender forms on all sides of her, and clasping Mr. Primpenny around the neck, exclaimed:

"You shall not—no! you shall not kill this noble youth!"

After which the new Pocahontas fainted dead away in the arms of the man to whom she had brought salvation. Vengeance was nonplussed. Malice could not stab through the lifeless form of Miss McCrowder. The Junta bit their nails, and said devil in Spanish a large number of times. But they permitted Mr. Primpenny to bear his unconscious burden unmolested into the entry, and unwilling to act on the principle that half a loaf is better than no bread, refrained for the present from immolating Mr. Muffles on the altar of Liberty. Don Alonzo Fernando Miguel Canastoro de Bassuras, taking that unfortunate youth by the coat sleeve, ejected him after Mr. Primpenny, hissing in his ear as he went, "*Tomor-r-r-row S-s-e-sim! Tomor-row!*"

"I suppose you mean good-night," said Mr. Muffles. "Well, Good-night, Junta."

When Mr. Primpenny stood in the entry, he realized for the first time what had happened to him. He had a young and lovely female on his hands! Her light brown curls were straying over his vest, on the watch-pocket side. Her eyes were closed, showing their long silken lashes to the greatest advantage against a cheek of pearly white. The color of the orbs beneath those fringes was fortunately not unknown to him; their dazzling blue had flashed with the lightning of woman's heroism as she stood amid the infuriated throng. Her small white hands were just disclosed at the bottom of those long flowing sleeves, which gracefully depended at her sides, in the abandon of unconsciousness, like limp-wet handkerchiefs from a summer clothes-line. Her right foot,

adorned with a neat bronze slipper and a stocking handsomely clocked, projected beyond the front breadth of her chiné silk, and suggested rather than disclosed its graceful continuation. The young and lovely female rather inclined to embonpoint—and as the first excitement of the occasion passed by, Mr. Primpenny realized this fact to the extent of about one hundred and forty pounds avertedupois. This amount of beauty was on his hands. Now the question was, what to do with it?

Fortune at this instant favored the escape of Mr. Muffles from patriotic fury. As he reached the head of the hall stairs, where Mr. Primpenny was holding up his lovely burden, braced against the wall, he half recoiled at the sight of Ann Eliza McCrowder—and seemed hesitating whether, after all, it might not be best to rush back and throw himself on the mercy of the Junta. But Mr. Primpenny whispered entreatingly, "For heaven's sake, catch hold, old fellow!" and with a sigh of fearfully tried friendship, Mr. Muffles assisted in bearing the insensible Ann Eliza down three pair of stairs, to her mother's parlor in the basement. Here he was about to beat a precipitate retreat, but at that instant Mrs. McCrowder opened her door. At first she cast a look of agony upon her offspring, and then she fell upon the shoulders of Mr. Muffles, bursting into tears. After exhausting this feminine means of relief, she dried her eyes, became composed, and invited the two gentlemen into the parlor. Mr. Muffles entered like a convict visiting Sing Sing for the first time. Mr. Primpenny followed him dreamily—both of them together forming a compound expression of feelings united by Ann Eliza as a hyphen. Depositing that lady on the sofa, they stood facing Mrs. McCrowder, in perfect uncertainty what to do next.

"Mr. Muffles, give your friend a chair, if you please," said Mrs. McCrowder, in broken accents.

"Oh, beg pardon!" replied Mr. Muffles; "Mr. Primpenny, Mrs. McCrowder."

"Happy to know Mr. Primpenny," returned Mrs. McCrowder. "Mr. Primpenny will you have the kindness to bathe Miss McCrowder's head? Slap her hands, too, if you please. Mr. Muffles, would you help me to bring some cushions and the smelling salts? Oh, thank you! sorry to give the trouble."

Mr. Muffles followed Mrs. McCrowder in a rapid incursion into the next room, uncertain whether she didn't mean some dreadful operation when she got him there—smothering him with pillows, like the babes in the Tower, for instance, and selling his clothes afterward. But there was no help for him, and thus he retired, leaving Mr. Primpenny and unconscious loveliness alone.

(To be Continued.)

A FEW NURSERY-RHYMES.

FOR GOVERNMENTAL INFANTS.

I.

Rockaby J. B., at Government's stop,
Howe'er you may blow, the State's "on a Rock":
When the banks break, and Cabinets fall,
Down comes Government, J. B. and all!

II.

GODARD B——, his father's son,
Stole some Bonds and away he run;
This job so neat could not be beat,
And bonds are selling on the street!

III.

Sing a song for sixpence, of matters all awry,
Three-and-thirty Sovereign States knocked on pi!
When the safe was opened the Indians had to sing . . .
Wasn't FLOYD a pretty man, to wink at such a thing?

IV.

FORNEY in the kitchen, eating bread and honey,
BAILEY in the Treasury, pocketing the money;
Luckily, BUCHANAN's reign is nearly at a close,
But what will happen next year, Goodness only knows!

Query.

PARIS, Dec. 21.—M. DE LAMARTINE's paternal estate of Milly had at length been sold.

Why does the sale of LAMARTINE's paternal estate make him a very rich man?

Because, having ne'er a Milly, he must now be a Milli'naire!

Sewerage at the South.

Talking of recruits for the army of South Carolina, a Southern paper says that the drainage in that way is greater on the tailors, perhaps, than upon any of the other trades.

Well, there is nothing surprising in that. Wherever Drainage is carried on to any extent, it is sure to result in a run upon the Sewers.

To The Hon. Joseph Lane.

You talk of fight and bayonets, O, unsuccessful Joe,
But your way to gain a peace is hardly my way, Man,
And really, I should think you might be old enough to know,
That a Common LANE should never be a Highway Man!

Remark, by a Student of Languages.

The terminations of words are often very significant. Thus, we see that the Ancients denominated all songs adapted to the Lyre, "Lyrical." Whatever partakes of Satire, we term "Satirical." And, if followed to its natural Termination, we should decide that Mayor Wood's proposed Empire, is Empirical.

The Diph.

It was once a favorite remark among the Romans, as our readers may possibly have heard, that "I am a Roman citizen." In Pittsburgh, however, they say, "Let us have another drink." It is the difference between Rome and Pittsburgh to which we would invite the careful attention of our readers.

By Our French Contributor.

New York Mud—B'ugh!

EXTRACT

From an Interesting Letter to The Tribune, from its Charleston Correspondent.

And much in the style of that Young Person.

*** The news here is of little consequence just now, but I am happy to state that The Correspondent Of The Tribune is quite well, and, as yet, unmolested. There was some excitement in the neighborhood of the Arsenal last night. Quite a crowd was assembled, and I went down to see what was the matter, when I found they were discussing The Correspondence Of The Tribune. Some thought that GREELEY was in Charleston, disguised in a black coat and hat. Others thought differently, and the matter was pretty well canvassed, but they little suspected that The Correspondent Of The Tribune was listening to them. *** The Correspondent Of The Tribune takes this opportunity to thank Col. JENKINS for the loan of a jacknife last week, and desires to know if Col. J. doesn't wish he may find out who the Correspondent Of The Tribune is. Affairs seem growing quiet, and it is not likely that any force will be resorted to immediately. If there is a rupture, however, the first move will be to hang The Correspondent Of The Tribune . . . if they can catch him! *** I regret to say that since writing the above, I have caught a severe cold, in the earnest and indefatigable prosecution of my duties as Correspondent Of The Tribune. I shall, however, continue my letters as usual, whenever anything of consequence occurs. At present, the only excitement worthy of note, is concerning the identity of The Correspondent Of The Tribune.

[Our only hope is, that the "first move" mentioned by "The Correspondent Of The Tribune," as likely to follow a rupture, may speedily be realized!—V. F.]

A Journalistic Mot.

"Sir," said the Young Divine, to X., "is there nothing that could tempt you to read a religious daily?"
"Nothing in The World, sir!" replied X.



"ANOTHER IMPORTANT SERVICE PERFORMED BY THE POLICE IS THAT OF THE EXAMINATION OF BOILERS."—Governor Morgan's Message.

Policeman.—"THAT 'ERE WATER BILIN, SAMMY?—WELL, MAKE ME A TOM-AND-JERRY, HOT AND STRONG."

THE GALLANT BUCCANEER.

Bold Don FERNANDO
Said to his crew;
Up with the black flag!
Down with the Blue!
Fire up the death light
Of treason aglow!
And on our own hook,
Off let us go!

Others when storms come
May stand to the wheel,
Then comes our time, boys,
To strike, rake and steal
Each for himself lads,
As all of you know,
So up with the black flag,
And off let us go!

See the fat merchants,
Rich as can be.
Wait till we get them,
Well out to sea!
Gad! but I'll teach 'em
A gay trick or so,
When under the black flag
Away we shall go.

Good-bye Columbia,
Good-bye to all!
Dance, lads, for Charleston
Has opened the ball.
Let Madness and Murder
Set blood aflow,
So up with the black flag,
And off let us go!

MISERRIMA.



It was a starving mother,
And she huddled a starving child,
In a garret bare, where the wintry air
Wailed through the cracks with a sound of despair;
Wild! wild! wild!

Against her ice-cold breast
She pillowed her infant's head;
And its moans grew fainter as if in rest—
Dead! dead! dead!

With a glassy eye she gazed
On its little wasted form,
As she gathered around her more closely the rags
That had helped to keep it warm.

Shivering there in the cold,
Where the very air seemed to freeze,
Thus she worded her stern complaints,
With her dead child on her knees:

"I've never a tear to give, darling,
For the loss of thy little life:
Better to die than to live, darling;
If thou and the world were at strife.

"The heartless world's decree, darling,
Was issued long ago,
Condemning thee and me, darling,
To a dreary life of woe.

"But shame on the legislation
That would force a mother's eye
To watch, from sheer starvation,
Her helpless infant die!

"And shame on the wedded mothers
Whose marble virtue stones
Their hearts against their sisters'
And a dying baby's groans!

"Their ostentatious pity
Is not for such as thee—
Banned for thy mother's trusting
And thy father's treachery.

"Tis easy for parsons to cheer one,
And prate of resignation:
They've never watched a dear one
Dying by slow starvation.

"Mammon pays for their teachings;
Their lives are in plenty led:
What care I for their preaching!
They never wanted bread!

"The curse of a childless mother—
The curse of a heart forlorn,
Fall on the pitiless world that has murdered—
Aye! murdered a child just born!"

With this curse did life forsake her—
From her garret cold and drear,
She went to seek from her Maker
The pity denied her here.

GOOD COMPANY.

When the mind has been condemned to dwell for a protracted period upon the severe classifications of science, or permitted to revel with too reckless an *abandon* in the trim gardens of elegant literature, there is a recuperating contrast to be found in such assorted catalogues as the following. It is an advertisement from a phrenologist, who, in describing his collection, says:

Where may be seen a cabinet of some thousands of skulls, busts, portraits, etc., from all parts of the world, including flat-headed Indians, Caribs, Chinamen, Esquimaux, Egyptian mummies, pirates, robbers, murderers, thieves, boxers, including HENRY, SAYERS, MORRISSET, etc.; soldiers, GARIBOLDI, VICTOR EMANUEL and others; clergymen, lawyers, physicians, Statesmen, and other leading men. Examinations, with charts and full written descriptions of character, daily.

The establishment referred to in the above appears to us to combine the advantages of HAMLET's soliloquy in the grave-yard, with those to be derived from an inspection of deceased gorillas. It is cheerful to know of a place where all conventional restrictions are left at the door on entering, hung up like overcoats, and ticketed for return to the owners as they go out. In that place we have a splendid categorical margin for our mental arrangements, as it seems to be quite a matter of taste whether the BERTHA BOT, GARIBOLDI, the King of Italy, HENRY WARD BEECHER, REV. CHEEVER, "and other leading men," are to be classified as flat-headed Indians or pirates. There is a terrible sense of retributive justice associated with that place, where "leading men" are recognized only as such, without any reference as to who they lead, and whither; and where they are compelled to go hand in hand for the public gaze, with their specialities as "leading men" fused in one splendid paragraph. Imagine, for example, some of the *Herald's* Leaders obliged to take their place beside a selection from the *Tribune's*; or a lot of our old fossils by whom the Prince's ball was arranged, propped up in the same rack with the Egyptian mummies. In the distribution of "charts and full written descriptions of character," it is quite possible, of course, that mistakes should now and then occur; and here it would be interesting to know whether such blunders, as giving the wrong paper to the wrong man, were of any consequence after all, or whether the chart of the leading politician would not generally answer for the leading pugilist, and *vice versa*.

Only Nineteen Years Old.

A correspondent of one of our city dailies has been among the bright Ofaratas on the Yaqui, which, as you all know, is mixed up with its tributaries, the Rios de Opaswra and Sahuaripa.

The Ofaratas, we are delighted to learn, not only oppose the Levantamientos of the other Indians, but are also great on the run—in fact, one may say Immense. As you may see by the following ex:

"I recollect one instance in which a servant of mine—an Ofrata of 19 years—ran after me a distance of 100 miles, and this in a single day, and while I was on the back of a magnificent horse."

That'll do, JOHN. No more pie at present. Let's see—first the horse went a century of miles in a day—then Our Special went his century on the horse's back—and then, Lo (the Poor Indian) kept up with both!

It isn't every day that three such get together. Give us a cigar.

New Words Wanted.

We must have a new nomenclature for immediate use in Washington. The pleasant little operations recently performed by Mr. GODARD BAILEY show that what we have heretofore been accustomed to call "Securities," and "Saves," may be exceedingly Insecure, and wretchedly Unsafe.

By Telegraph. Important if True!

Initials of the President Elect of the New Southern Confederacy:—N. R. K.

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 Henry VI., Act 1, Scene 1.

LETTER III.

HE FASHIONABLE LOBBYMAN.

Why do we hear so much of the hardness of the road which our young men have to travel in order to get on in the world? I declare, when I see a fond parent blindly condemning his boy, the pride of his heart, to the fierce competition of over-stocked professions or the drudgery of trade, I feel almost tempted to lay my hand upon his shoulder, after the traditional manner of the police, and say: "My dear sir, consider what you are about to do. Why should you subject your son to all this hardship? Do you choose a profession for him because it is respectable? Do you put him in business that he may make money? Here, sir, is a profession that is respectable, here is a trade that is money-making. Let him join the Lobby." And then it requires no capital. Only Brass.

Put your boy in the Lobby, then, if you wish him to achieve fortune. And let him set aside such childishness as modesty, and truth, and honesty, and manly worth, and the weed conscience; for these will be of no more use to him in his profession than an electric telegraph to a Flat-Head Indian in the prime of aboriginality. Mere useless lumber.

Of all the branches of trade carried on in the Third House, there is none that can be conducted so pleasantly and on so slender a brassy basis, as that of the Fashionable Lobbyman.

He is made of brass, and a latest agony, of kids, of back hair, of a moustache, and a smile, and a bow, and small-talk. Altogether he is a nice young man, for a small tea-party.

There is that fellow KIDDARS, whom you meet everywhere, and who knows all the latest particulars about everybody, who is intimate at all the houses where it is worth his while to be intimate. He came originally from no assignable place in Pennsylvania, and nobody knows who his father was, or indeed what he himself was, before one evening he emerged suddenly from nowhere in particular, and was on terms of violent *deux-tiens* and *redowa* with all the reigning young ladies—whom he returned to their mammas with such exquisite politeness—and had his impudence dashed (only they used a much naughtier word) by young MALMSEY and NED COBOURG, who glared at him fiercely as he whirled off with their princesses, hustling the indignant gentlemen back on the toes of their neighbors in the pleasant little way that dancers have.

"Dash his impudence, who is he?" says DICK MALMSEY (who sports a bar-sinister in delicate remembrance of the unfortunate Duke of Clarence from whom, they say, he is somehow descended) in the intervals of partridge, or *paté*, or the inevitable oysters in every style of indigestibility, with which mankind solaces its interior at parties, "after the ladies have been helped."

"How should I know?" says COBOURG; "I never saw the fellow before. Some dashed snob or other that old Mrs. BANGLES has picked up. One of old BANGLES' constituents, I suppose. Just dump some of that chicken salad on this plate, will you. They never do have enough clean plates at this house."

But JACK KIDDARS is not the man to be put down in this style. You have all heard somebody's version (if I knew the author I should take off my hat to him) of the questions they ask about a new man in society. In Boston, "what does he know?" In New York, "what is he worth?" In Philadelphia, "who is he?" But in Washington—O, grand climax! "What is He?" Is it not true? They do. Society in our grand metropolitan village doesn't care the removal of a postmaster to know JACK KIDDARS' mental and literary attainments, or the state of his finances, or who his papa was; for society is aware that he is a *protégé* of Mrs. BANGLES, and that GENERAL BANGLES is Senator from Arizona. And when young

MALMSEY goes, as he will, with his growl of respectability to his friend, Miss NIMBY, that charming young lady will reply, with a toss of her admired head, "You men! What nonsense! Why we met them at Mrs. BANGLES'!"

Why should KIDDARS care what the men say? It is not his department. He does the wives. Incidentally, he does the daughters. He knows that every ball-room has its ballot, as the Scotch proverb ought to have said. He is up to parliamentary snuff, I can tell you, and, as I once heard facetiously added, a pinch or two over.

He knows, too, that people will presently cease to ask who he is, and that, three weeks after he has made his appearance at Mrs. BANGLES', no party would be complete without him. And then he moves from WILLARD'S, where he has been staying, and takes "rooms," meaning one, at the old place, at the corner of Alabama Avenue and J. street, where so many good fellows have been before him; where he beguiles the young men that he thinks it best to cultivate; and where, after a while, even the aristocratic COBOURG and MALMSEY are persuaded to smoke the Havanas of peace and smack their gracious approval of his Chestnut Grove or Burnside's best.

And now JACK goes everywhere, and everybody is glad to see him, or says so, which to be sure is the same thing. If you go to Mrs. HAMMERCLOTH'S "Thursdays" you will meet him there doing the agreeable by the sickly light, made up of gas-glare and muffled sunlight and dark curtains, and opening of doors into the day without, and fitting of human shadows, that some people seem to consider indispensable to a well regulated "Thursday." And at Mrs. ROBINSON'S, whose husband is in the cabinet, he is a welcomed guest, and is the happy man who arranges the dancing list, with such an overwhelming majority in favor of the round dances on the evenings when Mrs. R. is "at home" to twice as many persons as the house will hold; much to the disgust of poor DICK MALMSEY who thinks dancing at "receptions" a low thing and a nuisance. "They never used to do it till the ROBINSON'S came," he says, despairingly.

JACK is just sufficiently attentive to half a dozen young ladies, whom he considers "good," not to be said to be attentive to any of them, and he has quite thrown off Mrs. BANGLES by this time, finding her protection needless now, and thinking there are better fish than the old General. He tells the NIMBY girls such funny stories, how the old lady used to run after him, and amiably ridicules her little differences from the doctrines held by the late Mr. MURRAY, and the low set in which she travels, as he expresses it.

And so the season rolls round, and with it the session, which indeed makes the season in Washington. Every now and then you may hear it asked in a general gossip way, "What's KIDDARS doing here?" "Spending the winter," says CARRAWAY LEE, the young fellow who wrote those queer lines about Mr. ADAMS and the angel. "Wants to get in the Marine Corps, I bet; all those fellows do," says COBOURG, who is as he himself states, a d—d clerk. "That's what I said," says CARRAWAY; "only KIDDARS is rather ancient for the Marines. He's getting to wear his head considerably balder than he used; and when a fellow's been knockin' around as he has, I tell you he gets no younger awful fast."

What do men do when they "spend the winter" in Washington? When nobody knows anything about them, when they go everywhere and do nothing, and live well and have plenty of money about them, and never seem to get any from anywhere? JACK KIDDARS has been "spending the winter."

Do you know it's a very singular thing, but I never could tell why JACK became all of a sudden so devoted to that scraggy Miss LOBB? It was just after Governor LOBB, her papa, who was in the House, was put on that committee. About three or four days before the end of the session, JACK was actually reported as engaged to the girl; but it turned out there was nothing in it after all, for JACK denied it flatly, was much hurt, would hold any man, &c., &c., wounding lady's feelings, &c., &c. I met him about that time talking with JOBBY in one of the parlors at WILLARD'S. JOBBY is one of the leaders in the Lobby. He smiled as I came up, and said JACK was a very promising young man, whereat the very promising young man blushed his only blush, so far as I have heard, and had an engagement. "How's times," says I, with a conversational disregard of grammar, when he had gone. "Pretty well, sir," says JOBBY; "pretty well, sir. Yes. I got a bill through yesterday, that'll put a right smart little pile into my pockets (at that time occupied by his hands). Yes, sir; old LOBB put it right through in no time. Monstrous smart man, Governor LOBB is. Know him, don't you?"

H'm? I thought. Ah! What's all this about? Is it a case of 2 + 2. Scraggy Miss LOBB, the old Governor, JOBBY, bill, pockets

JACK KIDDARS left Washington a few days after that. You see, he had "spent the winter" there.





A CHANCE FOR RAREY.

Rarey (reads) "HAVING UNDERSTOOD THAT YOU HAVE FOUND IT AN IMPOSSIBILITY TO PROCURE A SUFFICIENTLY INTRACTABLE CREATURE, ON WHICH TO DEMONSTRATE YOUR FAVORITE THEORY TO YOUR PERFECT SATISFACTION, I SEND YOU A MAYOR THAT YOU WILL FIND AS SELF-WILLED AND REFRACTORY AS YOU COULD WISH."—*Gen'l Public.*

MARE! MAN?—WHY THIS IS—

Ostler—A DONKEY, SIR!—WHO-O-A, FERNANDY!

THE RISING OF THE AFRITE.

A good old story always bears a new application. Few are better than that in "The Arabian Nights" of the Fisherman who netted from the deep sea "a bottle of brass" from which when opened flew a tremendous evil Afrite, "whose nostrils were as trumpets; his eyes like lamps, and he had dishevelled hair." He had been sealed up by SOLOMON.

Years ago the Wisdom of America sealed up a terrible Afrite—the devil of dissension and anarchy, and threw it into the ocean of the future. The fishers in troubled waters—the YANCEYS, TOOMBS and KEITTS of our day have found the bottle—they have opened it. . . .

Ha! what tremendous Fiend is it that bursts madly out! Furious, and devilish he threatens ruin—death! The fierce Afrite—the Awful Discord.

The fisherman of the old story had the wit, however, to conjure the Afrite back into the bottle. Have We the wisdom to do it? Can Our fishermen find the means of wiling him again into his old prison? Oh let them haste, for if there ever was "a time of storm and pressure," as the old knights called the day of the bitter threat, it is now.

The Language of Vegetables.

(As translated by recent authorities.)

In the Treasury. Leeks.—*Cobb on abstractions.*

In the Interior. Cabbage.—*Bailey on Bonds.*

In the War Department. Late Squash.—*Floyd on Failures and Frauds.*

In all of the above. Small potatoes.—*Peel on Facts.*

The worst kind of Tan for Curing dissension.

The Puri-tan.

Turn about, but not Fair play.

What Mr. THOMPSON turned. Pale.

What Mr. BAILEY turned. Tale.

What Mr. FLOYD turned. Tail.

What J. B. will soon turn. Re—to Wheatland.

What he ought to have turned the three first named parties long ago. Out.

The turn they are expecting next. Key.

Good from Nazareth.

To accept one's fate, the Christians say,

Is a very great virtue every way,

And rare in people of lofty station;

Our Ministers, then, should carry the day

In point of virtue, for surely, they

Are distinguished for Resignation!

A Chance for the Wide Awakes.

Mr. LINCOLN, it is hoped, will appoint none but Wide Awakes to his Cabinet. Since the Country can then hope that the guardians of its funds will not be liable to fits of abstraction.

To Senator Wigfall.

Since Cotton is King, will it seem very sinister
To nominate Hemp as a useful Prime Minister?

By our Double Entendrist.

"Ladies have tendered their services at the Fort."—*Charleston Telegram.*

Query: Beau-fort?



THE RISING OF THE AFRITE.



RAREY!



VANITY FAIR feels that he's the great master of a superb principle—an Idea which is applicable to higher animals than Horses. Meanwhile we conclude by observing that at NIBLO's, the usual order of things appear to be in a state of reverse during the lecture season of Mr. RAREY, who offers handsome premiums for the production of "ugly" animals, on the principle that the more vicious a horse is the more he is likely to Draw well.

A NEW CROTCHET.

"Music," saith the poet, "is the food of Love;" and as Love is rather an universal institution, it certainly ought to be provided with sufficient food.


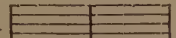
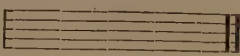








Now, in every hundred persons, there are about five musicians, among civilized nations, while every one of the hundred is capable of, and liable to, affections of the heart. The wretched inadequacy of the supply to the demand must strike every intelligent reader at once.

A simple system of learning music . . . of furnishing one's own love-food . . . then is one of the great desiderata of life. I have not as yet been able to perfect such a system, but I have gathered some valuable hints as to its construction, and have already mastered the rudiments of the gentle science, by my own method.

Of late years, the most popular and successful form for juvenile lessons, has been the narrative. An interest is given to the task, by the story contained therein, which, not to speak flippantly, pays as well as most other interest. And this narrative form, a fancy, may be given to music, as well as to mathematics, orthography, etc.

As a specimen, let me subjoin a brief exercise which I have prepared, to assist the pupil in learning to read notes. Of course, the story may be varied or continued to include all terms now used. That is, if the teacher is smart enough.

Lesson I.

wind was blowing from the  when JOHN and MARY climbed the  that crossed their path. JOHN, leaning on his , descended the hill, and managed  to reach the  erly, but MARY slipped, and came down by the  . Falling down  precipice, she hurt her arm, which began to  and JOHN cried from above, "You'd better not  that experiment!" He then procured a  and  drew her up the side of the precipice, where they both sat down to

AREY is here!

And we have seen Him and Cruiser and Bruiser, and the fore legs strapped, and the Canadian saw-dust, with little lecture pony, triumph mind, matter, kick out behind old mare, lie down, beat drum, light whisks, knock hoofs—jam cram—stupendous triumph—unprecedented—unop—paralled—Go it RAREY!

That's our verdict for the present. RAREY, however, is an Institution—and a grand one.

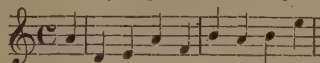


This lesson must be rendered into readable language by the pupil. As the system is new, however, I may as well give a translation for use at first, thus:

"A Sharp wind was blowing from the C, when JOHN and MARY climbed the Pair of Bars that crossed their path. JOHN leaning on his Staff, descended the hill, and managed to reach the Base Clef-veryly, but MARY slipped, and came down by the Run. Falling down A precipice, she hurt her arm, which began to Swell, and JOHN cried from above, "You'd better not Repeat that experiment!" He then procured a Common Chord, and drew her up the side of the precipice, where they both sat down to Rest."

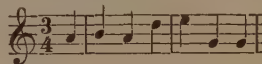
The insuperable advantages of my New Method have so firmly impressed me, that I believe the time will yet come when whole novels will be written in this manner, and will give the reader as much pleasure from their musical as from their literary character. Think of a romance, the heroine of which should always be introduced with a plaintive minor melody, while her lover . . . the hero . . . should make, with every word, a sweet and rotund base to her harmonious life! I have partially finished a book of musical fables, beginning with BLUEBEARD, set in the Key of B. The Key is, of course, the fated one, and B stands for the tyrant's name. I succeeded excellently in explaining the Sensitive Seventh, in this little book, by means of the story of the Old Man with Seven Sons, six of whom were bold, brazen fellows, and the other a timid, retiring youth. The work, however, fell through, in consequence of my inability to find a noble illustrative of the Tetra-chord.

Another kind of exercise, adapted to the study of orthography, is as follows:

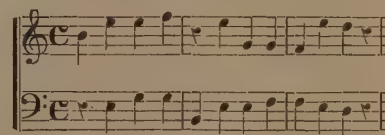


Who would think that this little melody, so touching and plaintive, possessed an inner meaning! Yet, read the notes, as they come. The first bar is A. The second, D E A F. The third, B A B E! A deaf Babe! No wonder the air is sad. But how infinitely more touching it becomes, by playing D, instead of F, at the close of the second bar!

Why is it that this simple score excites such disgust? Read it and see!

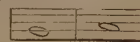


A B A D E G G. Enough, I faith, to disgust anybody. And here is an instance of combination, which I consider one of the finest pieces of culinary music ever composed. Try this air gently, on the piano, and see what a gusto it has!



The harmony of E G G and B E E F, changing from base to treble, is delicious, and the F E D, in unison at the end, comes in charmingly. How appropriate, too, is the Rest that terminates this exercise!

But enough, I am trespassing on your space already, and I can really do nothing until my new invention is patented. It consists of a type-setting machine, to play with keys, like the one already invented, but having, in addition, a set of strings and hammers, so that, in fingering the keys properly, one composes words and music together. With such an instrument, I shall be prepared to teach, to perfect my system, and even to compose an opera, with a libretto that . . . for the first time since operas were known . . . shall agree with the music!

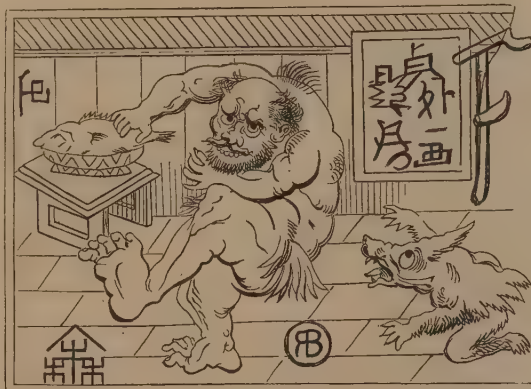


"Up Stairs and Down Stairs."

So complete is the mastery obtained by Mr. RAREY over the redoubtable horse Cruiser, that the animal follows him up Stairs. Connected with this, it is a curious coincidence, that the Tartar horses, tamed by the same renowned hippogogue while in Russia, were all brought down from the Steppes.

OUR CHINESE CORRESPONDENCE.

PEKIN, Nov. 7th, 1860.



ANKWI Vanity:—You all light topside up? Me makee leetle pigeon letter, you givee my sycce silvee; plenty more all same inside. Hi—yah! leetle man can do.

Ha! have I forgotten my mother tongue, talking this, (blood and murder, R-r-rang-bong-whoop! there go those tearing gongs again—) Pigeon English? Thunder! talk about crackers—R-rack cr-rack bing! there go boxes on boxes of 'em looted and fired off by those drunken English. (Boxes!—sho! they've fired a factory of 'em!) Here comes a victorious sojer with a green dragon on his head. What Will He Do With It? Yes, ask him Bedward Bitten Bullbig, just do!

Well, it was a high old time taking the city, think of fighting tom-cats, tea-chests and fire-crackers, with a chorus of gongs, mandarins and old women with pig-tails. You would have thought a New York Fourth of July, small peas to it. Very. And then when we got in the Emperor's palace wasn't there a seeking for silks, satins, crockery and all the articles of Confucius'd bigotry in particular. I am quartered up stairs in the palace in a small doggery, overlooking the Imperial Rattery, and amuse myself with a revolver picking off the fattest ones when they show a nose out of their pagodas. I copy, in great haste, a picture, worked in all sorts of silk on a piece of yellow satin, that I looted from the Emperor's private tea-chest; it gives me a night-mare in the middle of the morning. 'Tis a private view of their Heaven!

Supposing the general particulars of the number of JOHNNIES I killed won't interest your readers, I pass on to my bombardment of the Commissariat (leave out the rat-) department. Revolver in hand I jumped into the principal pantry, landing in a pile of birds' nests all ready to be made into soup. My 6-shooter went off, sending a ball into a bowl of parrots' eyes, which was standing on some puppy steaks, which were alongside some sharks' fins and silk-worm fritters. As I flew out of the pantry I stumbled over two figures, in my fall dropping both revolvers: there was not a moment to lose, I sprang into the pantry again; to Preserve myself seized two jars of ginger, fired them at the two Chinese, knocked one over and seriously damaged the other:—they were—oh, ye Gods!—Divinities. Not in Muslin!

I then flew to the Imperial Audience Chamber—was the first man in. Mounted the carved lattice work, and at the summit of my ambition pulled a copy of VANITY FAIR from my pocket and with a jack-knife nailed it to the throne! There's Enterprise for you. I am a Go-it-er, I am! I looted the Imperial crown, kissed the queen and stole a lantern which I send to you with this. Hang it!—out your office window. As for fans—give 'em away. I give you a Cart, Blanche, or any other woman, to take around all you want. Fire-crackers, to be sure I will, fire 'em at you all day, here take a box—with gloves on.

I shall discreetly say nothing about the fair Hi-fa-lou-ta I found concealed in an immense green jar, where I looked, expecting to see little pickles. Honor forbids, and her father the Emp—but mum! I may say this, a lady is teaching me Chinese without a master. She has a gridiron and two fish-hooks: by turning and twisting these simple tools she makes the whole Chinese alphabet. No pencils required. When I return to New York I will show you how it's done. Also how to ring a gong, and play the tam-tam. Supposed by antiquaries to be the *Tam-tu*, so long known by somebody.

We have just made peace with the Emperor's brother; the *ULTIMATUM* (English, All Tomatoe) of Shanghai has been accepted, we to take the chickens and leave them the egg-shells. The Missionaries who have ary a mission are crowding in—strikes me some of them had better not stay too long after we leave Peeking around here; however, they don't come out of Curiosity; they come out of England.

The lady who Tea Chests me, has just invited me to attend a *Paramandalang gellile*, or *Matinée* Concert, where two masculine cats are tied by the tails, slung over a bamboo between two coolies, and allowed to sing Chinese love-songs till the cows come home.

Further particulars when the concert's over.

MYDICK.

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

We find the following in a religious cotemporary:

"The 'Kirchenzeitung' (*Church Journal*) closes its account of the festival with thanks to the Lord of the Church and of science, that he had wrought so much for both in the last fifty years, and rejoiced in the confident hope that he will uphold, by the side of the evangelical church, a science which shall continually increase in self-consecration and clearness under the influence of the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom."

Now what sort of a festival do you suppose it was, oh reader, for which the *Kirchenzeitung* returns thanks to the Lord? A revival? No. A conventicle. No. A love-feast? Nary love. What was it then?

Why, we'll tell you what it was. It was a great big, tearing, tremendous, high pressure, old drunk, and awful bender. That's what it was, without defalcation or equivocodeviation. A festival at which three thousand German students got Above Par, Boozy, Cut, Dazzled, Elevated, Fuddled, Groggy, High and Happy, Intoxicated, Jagged, Kitey, Lushy, Muggy, and so on through the alphabet, to the tune of a big orchestra playing *Sauf aus Camerad!* 'Twas the Centennial Anniversary of Berlin Universitv—the town found the beer—the students, the mouths, and the *Kirchenzeitung* the pious thanks.

Vot a cuntry, vot a beeples!

Spiritual Intelligence.

A correspondent, in a New England State, inquires of us, what *medium* may be best consulted in regard to the present difficulties of the country?

VANITY FAIR replies, unequivocally, a *Circulating Medium!*

A believer at our elbow, however, suggests as a sovereign remedy, the sort of knuckle-rapping that the spirit of General JACKSON gave CALHOUN.

No, gentlemen. VANITY FAIR thinks that the Tables would be much better Turned by such a joining of hands as made the Circle of the Fathers of the Republic. Try it!

Tit for Tat.

There came a steed from the prairie,
Wild of eye and limb;
And he bit at RAREY,
And RAREY bit him.

The Smile.

Columbia looked down and wept,
She thought of battles lost and won,
But yet she smiled upon her child,
Her gallant Major And Her Son.

A Shred from the Side-walk.

The Rag-Picker can hardly be classed among self-supporting industrials, inasmuch as he lives, almost exclusively, upon the Rents of others.

A Poor Piece of Furniture.

The great difficulty with the Bureau of Indian Affairs, was that it had too many Drawers in it!

Good News for Abolitionists.

The Bonds of the Indian have fallen.

Botanico Physiology.

For *The Times*.

It is all very well to talk about Doubling Up the secession leaders; but the Palmetto, you know, is a Palm, and when a Palm is Doubled Up, it makes a Fist. Look out you don't run your nose against it; that's all! [*Opinion of a Southern Man*]

Epitaphic.

When Potts, the omnibus-driver, died, the poet touchingly wrote as follows:

He was very much respected wherever he went,
For he never was known to knock down a cent.

Alas! of how few members of Mr. BUCHANAN'S Cabinet can the above be said!

Thompson with a p.

THOMPSON of the Interior has gone and done it at last, and a pious public in the graceful language of Mr. TOODLES, very unanimously states, "d—n THOMPSON." As a moralanthropist we regret the expression, but if the Public Will swear we can only reprove it.

A Prophecy Fulfilled.

The memorable words of Old Hickory: "The Union, it Must and Shall be Preserved!" have been proven literally true... for in spite of all appearances, the Union is certainly in a fine Pickle!

Soporific Support.

From the amount of Bolstering that J. B. has needed, of late, we judge that what were formerly Pillars, should now be called Pillows of State!

WOKE UP THE WRONG PASSENGER.

Forbearance is a Christian virtue. Very few Christians possess it. VANITY, of course, has a much larger stock of it than other people—as evinced by our allowing J. B. to go on in his course for a week at a time, and not saying a word. But there are times, when forbearance ceases to be not only a Christian virtue, but any virtue whatsoever. Such is the case at present. VANITY is disgusted; VANITY is shocked; VANITY is amazed, astonished, angry, mad!

Disgusted at the shamelessness of H. C. (not Heidseck Champagne, but HOWELL COBB.)

Shocked at the mendacity of H. C.

Amazed at the assurance of H. C.

Astonished at the duplicity of H. C.

Angry at the dissimulation, hypocrisy, humbug, shuffling, and general bad conduct, of H. C.

We have let H. C. alone. We've allowed him to humbug; we've allowed him to display his ingenuity in begging the Treasury; we've allowed him to invent, fabricate, and, generally speaking, to stock the cards. But, we ain't a-going to do so no more.

There are chords, H. C. You are a Cabinet officer, but, there ARE chords. You will excuse us, but there ARE chords. You've struck 'em; and, now—!

After all, what does one get for forbearance, in this world? When we saw COBB shell out the twenty-five millions that he found in the Treasury, we were mum. When he bought up at sixteen per cent., debts which would not fall due for five years, we kept silence. When he developed an entirely new and original system of Political Economy, greatly to the increase of — loans, we lit our pipe and gave vent to our feelings in smoke. In short, when he had reduced, to a figurative straw per diem, all necessary expenses; had launched out into observed and utterly futile schemes; had, in fine, deliberately, knowingly and wilfully, put the United States of America up a tree, we only doubled our editorial fists, drank lager in undomestic quantities, and kept quiet. We put the lid on the kettle of our just wrath, and sat on it. But now; now when he had gladdened our hearts, brightened our eyes, rejoiced our whole body from the sole of our head to the crown of our foot,



SKATING AND THE PARK.

Young Gentleman with the mittens.—O, FELLERS, HERE'S A NICE THING, THE SLIDE WE MADE LAST NIGHT,—WELL, TOMMY JONES HAS BROUGHT UP ALL THEM GURLS AND SES—AS HOW IT'S THE LADY'S POND IN THE CENTRAL PARK—AND HE'S A PLEECUMAN—AND HE DON'T ALLOW NO INTRUDERS—AND WHAT ARE WE A GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

by announcing that he was going to resign INSTANT—

Then to be two weeks doing it! To keep us waiting fourteen days, three hundred and thirty-six hours, twenty thousand one hundred and sixty minutes, (and each minute an age of anxiety), while he figuratively scratched his head to aid him in making up—not his accounts, but—his mind! And we, every day, with a new wrinkle on our brow, eagerly expecting the news that he had done it! H. C., do you know what suspense is? Perhaps you will learn some day not far distant. Then think of us; of what we endured while you were making up your mind to resign; of the wailings and gnashings of teeth all over the country, at that eventful period; and perhaps you'll die easier for the reflection. We say, *perhaps*.

It was too much. VANITY was sold! We stood it calmly while he sold the country, and at a bargain; but to sell Us!! Hear it, ye Powers of Mirth and Jollity, hear it! O COBB! That was the time you did it—ah! Do you know, COBB, you—you—you Secretary of the Treasury, that in the joy of our soul at learning that the country was to be rid of an incubus under which it had groaned for four years—that we ordered a dinner for the whole C. C. at DELMONICO'S; that in the exuberance of our feelings, we executed upon the office-table, an entirely original version of the new Kan'ka War Dance? We did. So we lost our dinner, wasted our intellect (as in the above *pas de seul*) on the desert air, got laughed at; and all because you were two weeks resigning.

O COBB! COBB!! COBB!!! You've roused us now. You've gone in, and haven't won. You've stirred us up, thinking that our arm was shortened, and couldn't reach so far into the depths of Booleedom as to get into *your* hair! H. C., you never were more mistaken in your life! We're into you now, and though you are no more Secretary of Treasury, yet, we'll be into you as HOWELL COBB, from this time forward, continually and forever. So help us JUNIUS, JOHN BUNYAN, and General JACKSON! Amen.

However, our joy was not all in vain. You have done it at last; and, better late than never. So, in consideration of that, we'll bring this lecture, which we assure you is quite mild to what we sometimes do—to a close; and retire to our frugal supper of broiled bones and whiskey. Go, COBB. *Au revoir*, COBB

THE RENEGADES.



BLESS 'em—they have gone—FLOYD, COBB, and THOMPSON—gone off with more disgrace sticking to their skirts, more foul suspicion of base and cowardly trickery following them, and more explosions of discovered fraud sounding in the citadel from which they run, than ever signalled the retreat of any men occupying so high stations.

"Fraud" is a strong word. "Connivance

at Peculation"—that looks well, doesn't it? "Up to the elbows in loathsome trickery, in public robbery, in all the worst corruptions of the corruptest administration ever seen at Washington." Why We don't say this. 'Twould be repetition. Second hand. Every honest, high-minded cotemporary has said it all—strengthened it by facts—shown that Disunion has relied quite as much on Poison as on Powder to secure a triumph—as much on Stealing as on Steel to weaken the Enemy.

And so the Pilferers have sneaked out. These be your gallant cavaliers, your *point d'honneur* gentlemen who would quarrel on the ninth point of a hair! These be the sensitive, high-toned diplomatists whose ways are not as the ways of the Mud Sill!

And such was the foundation which they laid for *their* secession! VANITY FAIR is blinded by no party, by no prejudice. We strike at folly South or North. We have most impartially shot our arrows at All parties. But VANITY FAIR sees these retreating Secretaries marked down in future history with the seal of Baseness. South or North, gentlemen, East or West, 'twill be all the same. Woe unto those who are of you—who are near you—who have been defiled by your touch—for so surely as the Union shall live, and Truth triumph, your name will be blackened on the pages of the future.

It is spoken.

LITTLE JIMMEE.

In a big blue room at Washington
All in the dumps sat little Jimmee;
His heart was vexed, and his legs were crossed,
And his eyes he wiped with his handkerchee.
His voice he lifted, then dropped it low,
And he sorrowful sang, "Oh my, oh me!
Oh, where have they gone, and why did they go,
The friends of my age?" cried little Jimmee.

[CHORUS:—*Respecting the retreat of the friends of his age.*]

Jimmee, Jimmai, Jimmi, Jimmo, Jimmu,
Jim—(sometimes) w and y.

"Oh, how could you out, my cruellest Cobb?

Unkindest out!" said little Jimmee.

"I gave you all, and I could no more,
And you had your own way with the Treasure.
Oh! many a storm these last years three
I've weathered with ease, but this was a blow,

Too hard d'ye see," cried little Jimmee,
'Straight onto the beam-ends I had for to go!"

[CHORUS:—*As regards little Jimmee onto the beam-ends.*]

Jimmee, Jimmai, Jimmi, Jimmo, Jimmu,
Jim—(sometimes) w and y.

Then he walked to the window, did little Jimmee,
With a tottering step, and a sorrowful sigh,
And he broke out a pane of the very best glass,
And he hung out his handkerchee, soaked, for to dry.
Then he opened the door and feebly called
For a napkin or two, to hold his grief;
And then in his arm-chair once more installed,
The way he made faces is past belief.

[CHORUS:—*In consideration of the faces made by little Jimmee.*]

Jimmee, Jimmai, Jimmi, Jimmo, Jimmu,
Jim—(sometimes) w and y.

"And where is my Lewis, my ancient love?

Could nothing constrain him?" cried little Jimmee;

"In youth's soft years we together did rove,
I gave him his honors, oh why did he flee?"

Then suddenly turning, he rose in wrath,
And picked up a piece of choice Japanese ware,
And dashed it to splinters against the hearth,
And then lifting his head, he tore out a white hair.

[CHORUS:—*Concerning the Rape of the White Hair of little Jimmee.*]

Jimmee, Jimmai, Jimmi, Jimmo, Jimmu,
Jim—(sometimes) w and y.

"Oh, what do I care for a Japanese show,
Or a hob-nob with princes?" screamed little Jimmee,
"When companions forsake?" and he ran to and fro,
And fractured some pieces of rich propertee.
His passion thus vented, and wasted his strength,
He got mournfulness into him, more than before,
And he sobbed for his Cobb so hard that at length,
He couldn't sob for his Cobb any more.

[CHORUS:—*As to little Jimmee's inability to S. for his C. any more.*]

Jimmee, Jimmai, Jimmi, Jimmo, Jimmu,
Jim—(sometimes) w and y.

"Oh, hard is this fate," moaned little Jimmee,
For one who dealt justly by country and friends;
Had I ever wrought evil, my sorrows might be
But a stern retribution, as fate sometimes sends.
But history knows me, and history shall sing
That my way from all vice has been utterly free,
And history shall prove I'm an injured old thing,
That's what it shall do," gurgled little Jimmee.

[CHORUS:—*Relating to the hysterical gurgle of little Jimmee.*]

Jimmee, Jimmai, Jimmi, Jimmo, Jimmu,
Jim—(sometimes) w and y.

"The Ledger's my future," said little Jimmee,
And a smile of sad rapture illumined his brow;
"The Ledger shall tell men the true historee
Of all the vicissitudes hovering now.

Its columns have propped many a worse cause than mine,
For mine is the cause of obscured puritee,
My pen to the rescue, my name still shall shine!
See the Ledger, (four cents)" cried little Jimmee.

[CHORUS:—*In the matter of Little Jimmee's proposed purifying scheme of Ledger domain.*]

Jimmee, Jimmai, Jimmi, Jimmo, Jimmu,
Jim—(Sometimes) w and y.

Something New at last.

We had hardly recovered from our wild surprise at the announcement of white gunpowder—the principal ingredient of which is the best loaf sugar—when we were seized with a relapse, on reading that perfumed diamonds have lately been discovered in Ava. It is stated that these precious jewels exhale a most agreeable odor when under the influence of a high temperature. If this is true, a nose-ring set with a diamond of that description would be a very appropriate presentation to the magistrate whose duties compel him to sit for hours on a stretch in such aromatic localities as the Tombs. We believe we are right in stating that the perfume of these sweet diamonds is attributable to the fact of the "water" displayed by them being rose-water.

Beecher on the Horse.

Among the representative men who flocked to NIBLO's on the occasion of Mr. RAREY's opening lecture, one of the most conspicuous was the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER. While the wild Mustang was tearing about the arena, a friend of the Reverend pastor, who sat by him, was heard to say—"bad style of horse that for a parson, eh shepherd?" "Not at all," rejoined the Reverend pastor—"just the thing for a parson, my bo-woy; for what is a Mustang but a Prayer-y steed?"

A Fico for the Phrase.

An exchange paper, informing its readers how ABRAHAM LINCOLN was burnt in effigy at Pensacola, Florida, catalogues the circumstance among "the bitter fruits that ever drop from the deadly Upas dissension." We don't see it: we are partial to the F I G, and decline to recognize it as a "bitter fruit."

Shades of 1860.

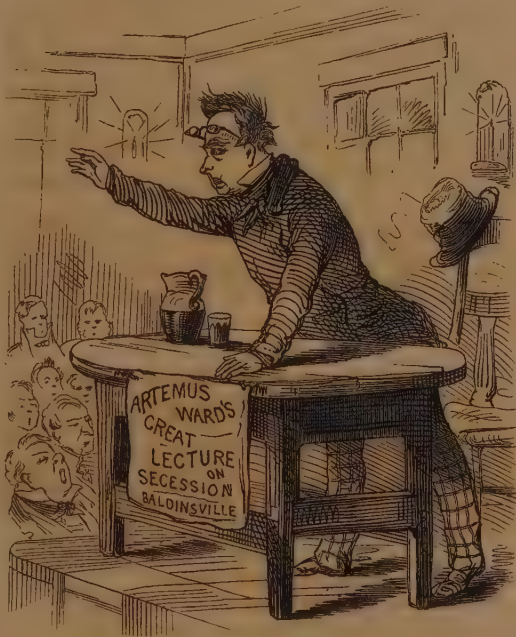
Orange Processions in Canada; and a Colored Exodus from Carolina.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY is postponed this week in consequence of the illness of the author. It will be resumed next week.

ARTEMUS WARD ON THE CRISIS.

On returnin to my humsted in Baldinsville, Injianny, resuntly, my feller sitters extended a invite for me to norate to 'em on the Krysis. I excepted & on larst Toosdy nite I peared be4 a C of upturned faces in the Red Skool House. I spoke neerly as follers:

Baldinsvillins: Hearto4, as I have numerously obsarved, I have abstained from havin any sentiments or principles, my pollictics, like my religion, bein of an exceedin accommodatin character. But the fack can't be no longer disiged that a Krysis is onto us, & I feel it's my dooty to except your invite for one consecutive nite only. I spose the inflammertory individuals who assisted in producing this Krysis know what good she will do, but I ain't 'shamed to state that I don't, scacely. But the Krysis is hear. She's bin hear for several weeks, & Goodness nose how long she'll stay. But I venter to assert that she's rippin things. She's knockt trade into a cockt up hat and chaned Bizniss of all kinds tighter nor I ever chaned any of my livin wild Beests. Allow me to hear dygress & stait that my Beests at present is as harmless as the new-born Babe. Ladys & gentlemen needn't hav no fears on that pint. To resoom—Altho I can't exackly see what good this Krysis can do, I can very quick say what the original cawz of her is. The original cawz is Our Afrikan Brother. I was into BARNIM's Moozeum down to New York the other day & saw that exsentric Etheopian, the What Is It. Sez I, "Mister What Is It, you folks air raisin thunder with this grate country. You're gettin to be ruther more numeris than interestin. It is a pity you coodent go orf sumwhares by yourselves, & be a nashun of What Is Its, tho' if you'll excoose me, I shooden't care about marryin among you.



No dowt you're exceedin charmin to hum, but your stile of luvliness isn't adapted to this cold climitt. He larfed into my face, which rather Biled me, as I had bin perfectly virtuous and respectable in my observashuns. So sez I, turnin a leetle red in the face I spect, "Do you have the unblushin impoedents to say you folks haven't raised a big mess of thunder in this brite land, Mister What Is It?" He larfed agin, wusser nor be4, whereupon I up and sez, "Go home, Sir, to Afriky's burnin shores & talk all the other What

Is Its along with you. Don't think we can't spair your interestin picters. You What Is Its air on the pint of smashin up the greatest Guv'ment ever erected by man, & you actooally hav the owdassity to larf about it. Go home, you low cuss!"

I was workt up to a high pitch & I proceeded to a Restorator & cooled orf with sum little fishes biled in ile—I b'leve thay call 'em sardeens.

Feller Sitterzens, the Afrikan may be Our Brother. Several hily respectyble gentlemen, and sum talentid females tell us so, & fur argyment's sake I mite be injoiced to grant it, tho' I don't b'leve it myself. But the Afrikan isn't our sister & our wife & our uncle. He isn't several of our brothers & all our fust wife's relashuns. He isn't our grandfarther, and our grate grandfarther and our Aunt in the country. Scacely, & yit numeris persons would hav us think so. It's troo he runs Congress & several other public groserys, but then he ain't everybody & everybody else likewise. [Notiss to bizniss-man of VANITY FAIR: Extry charg fur this larst remark. It's a goak.—A. W.]

But we've got the Afrikan, or ruther he's got us, & now what air we goin to do about it? He's a orful noosanse. Praps he isn't to blame fur it. Praps he was creatid fur sum wise purpuss, like the measles and New Englan Rum, but it's mity hard to see it. At any rate he's no good here, & as I staid to Mister What Is It, it's a pity he cooden't go orf sumwhares quietly by hisself, where he cood wear red weskit & speckled neckties, & gratefully his ambishun in varis interestin ware, without havin a eternal fuss kickt up about him.

Praps I'm bearin down too hard upon Cuffy. Cum to think on it, I am. He wooden't be sich a infernal noosanse if white peple would let him alone. He mite indeed be interestin. And now I think of it, why can't the white peple let him alone. What's the good of continnerly stirrin him up with a tenfoot pole? He isn't the sweetest kind of Perfoomery when in a natral stait.

Feller Sitterzens, the Union's in danger. The black devil disunion is trooly here, starein us all squarely in the face! We must drive him back. Shall we make a 2nd Mexico of ourselves? Shall we sell our birthrite for a mess of potash? Shall one brother put the knife to the throat of another brother? Shall we mix our whiskey with each others' blud? Shall the star spangled Banner be cut up into dishcloths? Standin here in this here Skoolhouse, upon my nativ shore so to speak, I anser—Nary!

Oh you fellers who air raisin this row, & who in the fust place staid it, I'm 'shamed of you. The Showman blushes for you, from his boots to the topmost har upon his venerable hed.

I say to the South don't sesesh! I say to the galyiant peple of that sunny land, jes lock up a few hundred of them tearin & roarin fellers of yourn in sum strong boxes, and send 'em over to Mexico. And we peple up North here will consine a ekal number of our addle braned rip snorters to the same lokallerty, & thar let 'em fite it out among theselves. No consenkents, not the slittist, which licks. Why shooden't the peple who got up this fite do the fite? Git these ornesy critters out of the way, & the sensible peple of the North & South, can fix the matter up very easy. And when 'tis firt let both secshuns resolve to mind their own bizniss.

Feller Sitterzens, I am in the Sheer & Yeller leaf. I shall peg out I of these dase. But while I do stop here I shall stay in the Union. I know not what the Supervizers of Baldinsville may conclude to do, but for one, I shall stand by the Stars & Stripes. Under no circumstances whatsoever will I sesesh. Let every Stait in the Union sesesh & let Palmeter flags flote thicker nor shirts on Square Baxter's close line, still will I stick to the good old flag. The country may go to the devil, but I won't! And next Summer when I start out on my campane with my Show, wherever I pitch my little tent, you shall see flotin proudly from the center pole thereof the Amerikan Flag, with nary a star wiped out, nary a stripe less, but the same old flag that has allers flotid thar! & the price of admishun will be the same it allers was—15 cents, children harf price.

Feller Sitterzens, I am dun. Accordinly I squatted.

Destitution at Fort Sumter.

The finest line as yet discovered by us in the correspondence extraordinary of the *Tribune* from Charleston is the following:—

"Some say that Major ANDERSON has no shells."

There is a fine Shakspearian ring in the above announcement that brings with it a reminiscence of the Concert Hall drama. But then it is said to think of Major ANDERSON, situated as he is. When that gallant officer ran up the American flag from Fort Sumter, he proved himself to be a Hoister of the right sort, and it sends a shiver through us to think that a downright good Hoister should not have even a half-shell to repose upon in these hard times. The bare idea of it comes upon us with a Clammy chill.

SANDFORD AGAIN.



O ho there! Oyez! Oyez!

CHARLES SANDFORD—CHARLES—General CHARLES—we didn't a-think you was a-going back on us of this here a-way. We thought we'd lectured, drilled and finished you—taught you decency, civilized you—burnished you—set you up again all right and brilliantly salubrious in good manners.

CHARLES—what's all this row we hear about you? Who told you to take Everything and all the Rest on yourself? You arn't Everybody—be you? You're not the only thinking and sentient military particle under the mighty circumstances, now existent in *Novo Eboraco*—in the town of Manhattan.

CHARLES—modesty is the ornament of soldiery, and of old age. You mayn't know it CHARLES—but men who ought to know say it is. There's a way of managing these sort of things—a spirit of consulting men when they have a social right to be consulted, a spirit of—

But sho! what do You know about it all? Anybody who'd stand the hints which you've had to retire—

Fol lol de rido. CHARLES you're incurable!

CHEAP LITERATURE.

Some one has asserted Cheap Literature to be the great blessing of the Nineteenth Century.

I invite that misguided Individual to observe me closely.

In my haggard mien let him detect the result of C. L. in the Blood-thirsty or Economical Periodical form.

In the wild expression of my once mild and peaceful eyes, he may discover the effect of C. L. in the Cobbonian or continued form.

In the look of utter unbelief overshadowing my once guileless countenance, let him tremble as he beholds the work of C. L. in the Sillianous or semi-miraculous form.

Before overwhelming him with rebutting testimony, let me explain my happy condition before falling an ignorant prey to the Juggernaut I have named.

I was once happy in the bosom of my family, or rather of my landlady, (figuratively of course.) Perhaps I had better say in the privacy of my home, to correct possible erroneous impressions, unjust to an estimable lady. Being an inmate of the House of Customs under the reign of BUCHANAN, (of the Ledger) I had but little to do. In fact merely to draw my salary quarterly, and with equal regularity subscribe a portion thereof to polit—that is Patriotic necessities. I found myself rapidly becoming as fossilized as my co-officials and determined to employ my faculties once again.

In an unlucky moment I saw and believed the theory promul-

gated by the misguided Individual before referred to, and acted forthwith upon it in the seclusion of my attic, fourth floor back, three flights up and a turn to the left, avoiding if possible the cat.

I subscribed to the *Ledger* and five sister weeklies. I assisted in the support of three decayed monthlies published either in Boston or Philadelphia. I invested in the dime editions of startling narratives, and made an occasional dash at comic publications.

Let me consider in regular form the results. I take a melancholy pleasure in detailed contemplation of my wreck.

1st.—A haggard mien,

I attribute this result to the *Ledger* and sister weeklies. To be more specific, as follows:

After a perusal of COBB's opening attack intensely illustrated, I found my nerves invariably unstrung. A mild dose of Prentice's "Wit and Wisdom" principally the latter, brought total prostration. I frequently attempted to connect with EDWARD EVERETT on Mount Vernon, but so frequently fell asleep after admiring the opening motto, that I resigned the undertaking. The motto I was informed signified "The end justifieth the means," alluding I suppose to the \$10,000—increase added thereby to the Mount Vernon Fund. (Whether it meant that EDWARD was thus justified in writing them, or BONNER in publishing, I don't know.) The Sister Weeklies completely finished me. I grew yellow, I became emaciated.

2d.—A wild expression dwelling in my eyes.

This was caused by weekly oblivion as to the progress of my six heroes, six villains, six heroines, and twelve distracted parents. It worked fearfully on my intellect. The effect was heightened by their unanimous cessations protem, at perilous moments on dispiriting epochs. In a short time I unconsciously regarded my landlady with such expression when she came at dusk with the laudable intent of furnishing coals, that she usually spilled half at first sight, and the remainder at the second shiver.

3d.—A look of utter unbelief. A universal villainy-detecting cast of countenance.

This I attribute to the conjoint action of the Dime Narratives, and the above mentioned sheets of imaginative information. From my experience in C. L. I invariably detect two villains, a broken hearted but repentant criminal, and one who bears the mark of mysterious wrong in every four individuals with whom I come in contact of the male gender. I discover ditto with slight additions in every female quartette. I have destroyed the peace of respectable families by seizing the female scions and requesting them to inform me of the circumstances attending their birth, whether they have ever heard of a rich uncle in India, who might have died of the yellow fever, or any other clue to portentous events. I have thus placed in a state of melancholy Brooding, no less than five orphans in the vicinity. I have become an object of suspicion to four policemen on the ground of kidnapping intent. I bear the pleasing reputation of a lunatic.

But enough of this barrowing theme! Nature can bear no more. Wretchedly.

BRIGGS.

P. S.—My landlady, fortified by two policemen, hinting at mental aberration, demands immediate removal. I will go. A thought strikes me. I will present my collected specimens of C. L. to her. She will read them! Aha! Briggs thou art avenged!!

GO IT!

We have treated the subject pictorially out of regard to its immense artistic and social value, but also out of respect to age, cheerfully call attention to the fact that Messrs. LAY & KACKLE, No. 94 Washington Market, announce that they have constantly on hand a large stock of Rotten Eggs, in convenient BEECHER or WENDELL PHILLIPS packages of from five hundred to a thousand each, down to HELPER or GERRIT SMITH parcels so small as a dozen each. Connoisseurs, and those interested are invited to call and examine.

Major Anderson's Policy.

Suaviter in modo, Fort-iter in re.

Scriptural Authority for Pawning.

Put up thy Sword.

The Best Man for taking a "Trial Balance."

BLONDIN.

Homely but True.

It seems an odd thing,
That the South will still sing,
In spite of their stomachs,
"That Cotton is King!"
For 'tis an old adage,
And frequently said,
"We can do without breeches,
But not without bread!"

After the Forty-eighth Call.

"Mr. TIGGLEWANKS, take a drop of gin
after your wine?"

"Dont'care if I'do, for I should like to
makesure that the liquor I'd got in me
is ginny-wine."

The Game of Brag.

South Carolina politicians are supposed to
be boastful, and yet they have among them
the monopoly of all the Rhett-i-sense there
is in the Union.

Rather.

There has been some discussion as to what
was the principal Feature of Mayor Wood's
Message. Of course, it is Check!

By our Quizzin' Contributor.

What dish would be the most savory at
the present crisis?
Union Savery.

Must it be so?

Raised above the fragments of a Union.
Toombs' tones.



A PARTIAL VIEW OF THE SUBJECT.

Miss Tabitha.—"O how I wish the ice would break!—it's so nice to have some-
body to cling to, and hold very tight, and all that!"

"SIMON SAYS DOWN."

When the *World* around the corner, wished the other day to
inform the world out of doors, that the original Wig-wag Simon
Pure CAMERON had secured something nice, it told us after its
own peculiar style that "Mr. CAMERON will take ce plain Mr. LIN-
coln's Cabinet."

Now all the world knows that SIMON would have no objection to
take the whole Cabinet, or anything else he could make money
out of, and Old ABE is as well aware of this fact as anybody. But
to be told it plainly, was a little too much. To have SIMON's
enormous acquisitiveness brandished triumphantly at the public
was decidedly Excessive.

And then to say that he would take the Cabinet of ce plain Mr.
LINCOLN! Ce plain Monsieur LINCOLN!! That—*mon Dieu!*—that
was a little too strong! Rough! We all know that Old ABE isn't
good-looking—but to have the fact slung round in this loose way
was cayenne pepper in the eyes of ABRAHAM. ABRAHAM was wroth.
And, in consequence, ABRAHAM snapped off the hopes of SIMON,
short as a slate pencil.

VANITY FAIR is authorized, and has been from the beginning,
by its Enormous Instinct, to state that SIMON will not have the
unlimited opportunity to come COBB over Uncle Sam, which was
at first too confidently anticipated. The Public knows SIMON, and
has its eye on that promising youth. SIMON is ventilated. The
Herald has told truth for once, in its wild way, about SIMON. "Set
a BENNETT to catch a CAMERON," you know.

Singular Anomaly.

It is a curious fact that, the time of all others when a man is
unable or unwilling to "contribute to the harmony of the even-
ing," is when he is *A Verse* to a song.

More Shades of Politics.

The Charlestonians are fond of color. Things look blue, they
have got a Pink knee, and if they ain't careful they will get a
black eye.

VANITY.

Centuries some score, or over, in their endless chain have run
Since the Hebrew preacher wrote, "There's nothing new beneath
the sun."

Yet all modern observation serves to show the present truth,
And undying application of the ancient poet's sooth.

Now, as then,

Silly men—

Vanitas Vanitatum—

Strut across life's busy stage;

Et omne Vanitas.

And of all their dreams and doings—all the lures our planet has,

Thus saith the sage:

"*Vanitas Vanitatum, et omne Vanitas!*"

Kings and Queens and mitred prelates hold their transitory sway,
Famous now—forgot to-morrow—gilded insects of a day;

Brawling politicians wrangle—mighty nations rise and fall—

Time rolls on—they pass away—But Vanity survives them all.

And again

Other men,

Vanitas Vanitatum,

Play the hackneyed farce anew;

Et omne Vanitas.

Though the actors ever change, their part is still humanity;

Said he not true?

"*Vanity of Vanities, and everything is Vanity!*"

Big Thing on Ice.

Wherein lies the difference between the centre stick in the fence
on the ladies' pond at Central Park, and the N. Y. P. O.? The
former is a post on ice, the latter a post off-ice.

Good Reason.

Why did Captain S. refuse to stop when his men got tired? Be-
cause he didn't care for the rest.

THE FRENCH FOR IT.

A melancholy joy pervades my mind,
When'er a sportive paragraph I find
By thoughtful Frenchman penned, to illustrate
The cheerful phases of our social state.

The French for this, likewise the French for that,
Exalts things in a way to wonder at:
Examples of which same if you would see,
Consult the *Courrier des Etats Unis*,

Which lauds our lovely youths who make the morn
Of the New Year melodious with the horn,
Describing them, in truthful epithet,
As—



"D'affreux gamins jouant de la trompette." "a

MR. EVERETT SPEAKS DECIDEDLY.

The telegraph announced that Mr. EVERETT would not have any allusion to politics in his lecture on Astronomy. At great expense VANITY FAIR has been able to secure the omitted passage for the perusal of its readers. Those who will study it attentively, will be delighted to find that Mr. EVERETT speaks so decidedly concerning our present difficulties, and will not be surprised that he omitted to utter such conservative opinions before a fanatical Boston audience.

After a scholarly and polished enunciation of the distance of the Earth from the Sun and the Moon, and how often each of these luminous bodies turns on its axis, Mr. EVERETT had intended to speak the following:

"Such is life: nor can the thoughtful man who gazes upon the mysterious majesty of the Heavenly Constellations, fail to be struck with the analogy they bear to the present distracted condition of our beloved Country!

"The Star of Washington, like the fervid Arcturus, sheds tears of blood over the brilliant but erratic course of the comet-like Palmetto State.

"Though the Pleiades may wring their hair with grief, and Orion cast off his belt in despair, yet the North Star will not lose its brilliancy, nor Jupiter and his moons cease in their mighty journeys through the realms of darkling space.

"Ninety-five millions of miles are not traversed in a day; nor can the discontent of a moment, wipe out the blood-stained glories of an age of peace.

"We who stand in the observatory of the present, may direct the telescope of hope towards the crowded constellation which declares our nationality to an admiring world; but the clouds of distrust, and the mists of despair, will blot out from our view the shining glories of that perfect whole."

Then and Now.

The jockeys of the old school were satisfied with preserving their equanimity. RAREY has changed all this, and declares that no cavalier can be regarded as perfect unless he secures equine-amity.

*Horrid street-boys playing on the trum-pet."

TREASON IN CARMINE STREET.

The spirit of Mayor Wood's recent message has taken violent possession of several Streets in this city, and we shall not be surprised—however deeply we may be grieved to learn, before many days have passed, that some six or seven of them have seceded from the civic confederation and forfeited entirely their allegiance to Broadway. Vague rumors to this effect have been wafted to us from various quarters of the town, so that we find it difficult to resist a conviction of impending danger to the United Metropolis of New York. A sadder state of things could not well be imagined, or one that should weigh down the public mind with a heavier feeling of despondency, than that which must inevitably result from such a course of conduct as may now be expected from several of these treasonable sections of the city. Where or when the blow will fall, we cannot positively state, nor are we certain as to which of the Streets in question will first assume a belligerent attitude.

Well-directed suspicion, however, points to Carmine Street as the most deeply disaffected of all. If this be so, it appears that the course of that misguided and unhappy section of the metropolitan union will fully justify its sanguinary title. We hope that wise counsels will prevail, and that Carmine Street will be saved to the city. It would be sad indeed to see a confederation so glorious, destroyed in a day by the wild and bloody treason of a Street so comparatively unimportant. We fear, however, that it is too late for compromise, and that it has been reserved for the men of our generation to behold, in the secession of Carmine Street, the beginning of the end of our civic unity. Great discontent prevades in the section. As yet there has been no overt act of treason; but we are credibly informed that the Undertakers in that vicinity, including several malcontents and factious disunionists from the Sixth Avenue, have met in secret session and agreed to furnish a large supply of coffins, gratuitously, for whatever representatives of the City Government may, in the event of an appeal to arms, arrive in Carmine Street with a view to the subversion of its independent sovereignty. That sundry of our Aldermen might avail themselves of this hospitable luxury, without greatly grieving the public mind, is certainly probable. At the same time, we can never consent to the treason of Carmine Street. If things come to such a pass as we anticipate, something ought to be done about it, and that speedily. We cannot see that Carmine Street has anything to complain of, nor how its condition will be improved by permitting its departure from the confederacy. That it is jealous of the popularity and influence of Broadway, and of the more generally travelled sections of the city, is natural enough, certainly, but can never be admitted as a sufficient ground for secession. In fact we doubt if Carmine Street has much ground for anything. Its position, therefore, as regards secession, is ludicrous in the extreme. With its peculiar institution of Solitude, nobody advocates, or has ever advocated the policy of interference. On the other hand, nobody desires that it shall be extended over the entire city. In any sensible view of the subject, the Mayor will be justified in taking prompt and decisive measures to suppress Carmine Street, should rebellion break out there. Our only fear is that his sympathy with the idea of Secession, as also his love of modest and graceful Solitude, may lead him to favor the treason as much as possible, and withhold till the last moment the assertion of that sovereignty which, under our glorious charter, resides in the United Metropolis.

Salt.

And Abimelech fought against the city . . . and took the city . . . and beat down the city, and sowed it with salt.—Book of Judges, ix. 45.

To the wanderer on the romantic banks of Broadway, during the pickle season, we are assured that this text will have a significance as deep as it is peculiar. The salt was scattered as above, we are told by the inquisitive commentators—they must have bored the ancients terribly—as a sign that the city should be forever waste, abased and desolate! As the salt that is scattered upon Broadway is not Attic salt it must of course be abasement salt. Waste Salt. One of the abominations of political and social desolation. Who would have thought that ABIMELECH should reappear as an omnibus owner.

We recommend the above text as very fine Sunday reading for the Mayor—it possesses an advantage, in this community, that we hope he will appreciate.

By our Maritime Man.

Which of Uncle Sam's steamers is of the lightest draught?
The Pawnee—for it can be run up a spout.

THE NORTH STAR.



ONVENTIONS are all the rage. We give a report of one of the latest and greatest.

The Mariners of Charleston, having met to consider the propriety of abolishing the use of the magnetic needle, because of its constancy to the North, the following Resolution was read by the chair :

Resolved, That notwithstanding there is a very praiseworthy variation in the magnetic needle from the due North, still, in view of its uniform tendency to that odious and detested point of the compass, we consider its use, at least during the present juncture, as incompatible with a true affiliation and fealty to the South.

Mr. PINE KNOTT said he did not consider the resolution sufficiently comprehensive.

Why not include the North Star? There were plenty of elegant Southern stars, that, as far as he could see, were just as good as the North Star; certainly they were brighter and larger. He had kept the "Ocracoke" full and by, for hours together by means of one or two Southern planets of his own discovery which he would make public if desired.

Mr. LEE SCUPPER didn't see no use in no stars n-o-way, nor no stripes neither. A man that couldn't sail his vessel without them scientific thingemagigs warn't no sailer. People might talk about the star spangled banner, and the bones of their aunt's sisters, in his opinion the star spangled banner was a rag. (*Sensation.*)

Mr. MARK TWAIN proposed to insert the words "Northern half," so as to make the resolution apply to the Northern half only of the needle. He did not see why the Southern half should not be retained. (*Applause.*)

Mr. ROBERT STAY didn't know much about the magnetic needle, as he had never used 'em, but he knew it was something like a sail needle with the eye out. He did have a compass once, but when he got outside, and the "Polly Ann" began to jump, the needle wiggled about so that he had to make it fast with a bit of spun-yarn. He generally steered for the fishing banks, and kept the lights abeam. He was in the Tar business himself, and was not ashamed of it. It was a fortunate thing that the South is a tar country, she had her tar and her tars, and the North might find they had caught Tartars. (*Shudders.*) He would advise abolition emissaries to haul their wind out o' this as soon as possible. In his opinion the Ship of State had missed stays and wouldn't go about, they were all "hard up" at the North, instead of being hard down and standing by the sheets and braces; and if Captain BUCHANAN didn't keep his weather eye skinned, they'd be on the banks. The Captain ought to send some one aloft as know'd a flash light from a sailor's pipe, and could tell an outer buoy from a porpoise.

Mr. RATTLIN was glad to hear that Mr. STAY was in the Tar business. He had heard that GERRIT SMITH and WENDELL PHILLIPS were coming South this winter, for the benefit of their health.

After a little further discussion the resolution was carried as amended.

China Ware vs. Domestic.
All are amazed, that John Bull razed
John Chinaman's Pekin,
We are not praised, though we have raised
The hull of John P. King.

Fruits of War.

When an army is about Raisin' a siege, do they always use Grape shot?

BEFORE THE RESTAURANT.

I stand at the corner of Chambers Street
With frozen hands and with frozen feet;
Like aërial diamonds the fine white snow
Wafts on the keen wind to and fro,
And the draught of the cheerless street strikes in
With its cutting fangs through my shivering skin,
Yet I brave the cold and the withering sky;
And stand at the corner—I'll tell you why.

Less than an hour since, down Broadway,
I saw him dash in his splendid sleigh,
With his slender form and his face so fair,
Wrapt in the skin of the Russian bear;
And gay companions were at his side,
Muffled and furred for the joyous ride—
The butterfly friend and the gorgeous swell,
Till they all pulled up at the gay hotel.

I watched the windows and saw the light
Up in the corner room shine bright;
And through dim frost over the glass,
Coming and going I saw him pass;
I couldn't mistake him, and I can swear
That I heard his voice on the frosty air,
Laughing and jesting with careless glee,
But he didn't see me—he didn't see me!

Though I'm almost blind with the thickening snow,
I can tell when the waiters come and go.
I know the thing—'tis the same old strain—
Claret and Burgundy and Champagne,
And delicate dishes to please the sense;
Who cares—not he—for the small expense!
The bill is nothing to him—but I
Am alone and starving—I'll tell you why.

But no—I will not, the tale is old,
And by thousands of quivering lips been told.
'Tis the same old tale, and the same old song
Of man's deception and woman's wrong.
Oh! you curve your lip, and you frown me down,
And you hunt me over the pitiless town,
But look at him—he is blithe and gay,
Which of the two has the best of it, pray?

Thicker and thicker the air becomes,
And the cold my every limb benumbs.
Oh for one deep and vital draught
Of that ruby wine which he just has quaffed!
Is life worth having when this is life?
My heart is crushed with the bitter strife—
So I'll wander down where the ferry-boats lie,
And the morning papers may tell you why!

SEASONABLE THOUGHTS.

How rich a material for costume is fur! how nice Mrs. MENDIP looked to-day in her squirrel cloak, martin boa, mink muff and chinchilla skating cap! But one must be reserved upon the subject of fur; you must not tell the whole truth about it in polite society. Suppose, for instance, that you were to say in some amber-lighted drawing-room—"I saw Mrs. MENDIP to-day, and she was dressed entirely in the skins of wild beasts." Try that once, and you will be socially branded with H for Hottentot and left to perish.

Did anybody ever yet see a man of fashion proceeding through the streets with a pair of boots in his hand? Certainly not, unless the thing was done for a wager; the man who kicked at society with his boots in such a way would find the recoil too much for him. But every day that the "ball is up," swells of the heaviest metal may be seen proceeding in the direction of Central Park, each with a pair of those winter shoes known as skates dangling from his wrist. Fashion then, it seems, forbids its votaries to carry about on any pretext whatever, foot-gear constructed exclusively of leather, while she decidedly encourages the hawking round of that kind into the composition of which steel and wood enter as well. Skate on, Fashion!—since boots are so vulgar, no longer let your children walk!

Our German Again.

I dinks Mishter RABBY soofers pooty bad as some vorse allaveil.
I sees in de bapers he catches a vresh colt moost avery day.



AN EGGSTRONGERY STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Housekeeper.—ARE THESE EGGS FRESH?

Market Woman.—WHY LOR BLESS YOUR LIFE, MA'AM, WE HAIN'T ANYTHING ELSE—MISTER BEECHER'S GOIN TO LECTURE TO-NIGHT, AND THERE AIN'T A STALE ONE TO BE HAD IN THE MARKET AT ANY PRICE.

AS OF OLD.

The old poets prophesied all things. SHAKESPEARE has a hint of every unfolding marvel of modern times. But go to the Greek if you would find clean, sharp-cut outlines of every great possibility.

So we went and found the grand *scena* where AGAMEMNON, grievously assaulted within the palace, calls for assistance while the Chorus, just without, endeavor to make up their minds what to do.

AGAMEMNON—(within the Palace) Woe's me! I'm stricken a mortal blow within!

Chorus 1.—(without) Hush! who is it that cries out "a blow," mortally wounded?

AGAM.—Woe's me again! struck with a second blow

Ch. 2.—To me it seems, from the cry of the King, that the deed hath been done.

Ch. 3.—But let us in some way concert unailing measures.

Ch. 4.—I tell you what is my resolve, to summon the townsmen hither to the Palace for a rescue.

Ch. 5.—But to me it seems best that we should, as quick as possible, burst in and detect the deed by the fresh dripping sword.

Ch. 6.—And I agreeing in such an opinion vote that we do something—and high time it is that we dally not.

Ch. 7.—We may see that plainly, for they are preludeing, as though displaying signs of a tyranny over the city.

Ch. 8.—Aye! for we are slow.

Ch. 9.—I know not what plan I have to tell you.

Ch. 10.—I too am in the same state, since I am unable to raise the dead again by my words.

Ch. 11.—What! shall we prolong our lives, thus submitting to these rulers that disgrace the house?

Ch. 12.—Nay, 'tis beyond endurance; to die is better; for 'tis a milder doom than tyranny.

By Our Curious Contributor.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1861.

Dear Vanity Fair:

A constant reader of V. F. yet not "one of the cūe sort," desires to be informed whether or not the "COBB" about whom there has been so much talk of late, who made such a "muss" with Uncle Sam's Cash Book, is the same COBB who writes for the *Ledger*; and, if yes, Have you read "COBB's new Story?" "The Confessions of a Traitor, or the Bankrupt Treasury?"

Can you inform me further as to whether or not there are two governors at present in South Carolina? Yours truly,

SHUTER.

Our Hostler's Reply to Mr. Hunter.

Two presidents could no more rule this country (or any other) than two men could drive one horse.

Very Likely.

Our agricultural contributor says he thinks that Mayor Wood will "see seed" long before New York does.

Not a Legal Tender.

Gen. SANDFORD's Tender of the First Division, N. Y. S. M., to Gov. MORGAN.

Military Advice.

Give your days and nights to ANDERSON.

Northerners' Reply to the Disunionists.

You be hanged.

Poor Pickens.

The Head of South Carolina.

Ch. 13.—Shall we augur as though the King has perished on proofs drawn from outcries?

Ch. 14.—We ought to speak of these things, having clear knowledge: for to guess is distinct from clearly knowing.

Ch. 15.—I am inclined on all accounts to recommend that we clearly learn how Attila fares.

So ends the Debate; And "Enter Clytemnestra," to tell them of his death.

Colloquy between Southern Medical Students.

First Student.—It has at length leaked out that the reason why the South Carolina Convention left Columbia on the appearance of the small-pox, was that Southern pride would not allow them to remain in a position where they would be sure to be *pitted*.

Second Student.—Ah,—I see they wished to avoid the pit that was prepared for them.

Joke, by a Philosopher and a Patriot.

UNIVERSAL POSTULATE.—The inconceivability of the negative will be taken as a proof of the positive.—*Westminster Review*.

By this argument, the greatness of the disunionists is proved; for their meanness is inconceivable.

Device for South Carolina.

Actum est de Republica. (It is all up with the Republic.)

Literary Warning.

The way of the Translator is hard.

Apropos de Botts.

Union-saving letters.

VANITY FAIR.



“LIKE MEETS LIKE.”

W. L. G.—N TO L. M. K.—TT.

“WELL FRIEND, AT LAST WE MEET IN UNITY TO DESTROY ‘THIS ACCURSED UNION.’ ’T WAS ONLY A MISUNDERSTANDING THIS MANY YEARS—
WE WERE ALWAYS ONE AT HEART.”

THE BACK TRAIL.

Following on the footsteps of those who have gone before us, obturarily speaking, would seem to be rather a difficult and uncertain process, considering that we have left them so far behind us. The figure of speech, indeed, which is probably of Milesian extraction, implies nothing short of retrogression; as the only way in which we could possibly follow the impressions of ancestral feet, whether bare, buskined, socked, shod or booted, would be by what men, addicted to hound and horn, call "running counter," in other words, taking the back trail. The foot of Fashion, which, like that of the omnipotent Congo by whom the stability of the Union is threatened with inevitable squash, seems to point aft as well as fore, is evidently constructed with a view to this reversed kind of running, for she sometimes backs down a generation or two on the hard road we travel, and anon returns to us with her reticule full of rubbish, with which she pelts us: and sometimes it sticks perseveringly, sometimes drops off when dry.

In these attempts at *renaissance*, however, Fashion has, sometimes great difficulties to contend with. For instance, her efforts to introduce the ancient Knickerbocker costume on Broadway have as yet succeeded to the extent only of one picturesque and venerable example, the "excellent constitution" of whose leg defies the scurrility of the street critics, who justly object to the combination of "shorts" with spindles.

Peg-top trousers have been brought up by her from a rag-shop, forty years back on the road; the original pair possessing the advantage over the imitation, however, of being plaited prominently over the hips and gathered in with a drawing-string round the ankles. They were called bellows trowsers in those days, from their form; and were, in all probability, worn as far back as the days of Martial, for that keen old blade of Billbo, in one of his lunges at a swell of the period says—

Bellus homo et magnus, vis idem, Cotta videri;

Sed qui bellus homo est, Cotta, pusillus homo est.

which may be done into English for modern use, with equal truth and freedom, as follows:

"How bellows-like my Tompkins blows—and yet, 'tis odd enough,
The more he like a bellows grows the more he's like a muff!"

The all-round collar is no more modern than peg-tops—the material being the only novelty in its adaptation to the throttle of liberty. Years ago, it was much in vogue with the Inquisition, by which tribunal of grace it was ordained of harder texture and tighter device than the present pattern; unlike the specimens we have seen of which, it was fastened with screws, and kept bright with sand-paper instead of soap.

But whither could Fashion have wandered for the stupendous watch-ribands growing so much in favor of late, with a particular division of the phalanx of "swell men?" Apostrophising Fashion on this subject, in nursery rhyme, we ask—

*Goosey, goosey gander
Where will you wander?*

for the length to which this piece of *renaissance* has already gone is over a foot, and will soon probably have no limit short of the instep. Some lately observed by us on the less distinguished side of Broadway, suggested the idea of a great strap of gutta percha machine-banding, with a fifty-six pound weight at one end, and probably an eight-day clock at the other, to test the toughness and time, and the durability of the fabric, respectively. Nothing less than a windlass could enable a man thus accoutred to disembarass himself of the time of day.

Perhaps Fashion had a large surplus of riband ends on hand, and took this method of getting them off: in connection with which conjecture we take the liberty of suggesting that the tendency of Fashion to "run counter" may be traced to the fact of her having so long stood before—or behind—one. But if the lady will take the back trail, let her bring in some better reminiscences of our forefathers and foremothers than the broad caricatures of their alarming watch-ribands and ultra-balloony skirts. Let her fetch up from "out of the depths," generous dividends of their simple, earnest faith; their strong old-time energy of the sound mind in the stalwart body; their stirring enterprise that walked hand-in-hand with stubborn honesty; their unostentatious hospitality that dispensed good cheer for the sake of good fellowship; their "pure old English undefiled," by WEBSTER and witless innovators, and last, not least, their imperturbable rock-built credit, that was as good as gold.

Bring these things to us, Fashion, by Easter Monday next, and save the Union—there's a good girl!

How are Sardines Cured?

According to Hoyle, says our Cockney.

THE TWIN DEVILS.

Let it not be forgotten at any time that there are two parties of traitors in this Union.

There are the cunning, false, dexterous politicians, who goad on the impetuous Southerners—goad them with false telegrams and false teachings, until they believe that the whole North is raging to crush them down. God knows it is a lie!

And there are the false and ferocious fanatics, who utter cry for cry with the others; who join with them in rejoicing over Secession; who curse the Union, who join hands with the ancient foe against the great conservative body of true Americans. And these be the very children of Evil, for they know better.

Read the following from a late Anti-Slavery Meeting, as reported in the *Liberator* of Jan. 11.

"Resolved, That the Union of these States was formed by a compromise of the rights of man, and was therefore self-evidently wrong in its inception, and could only be disastrous in its progress, and sure of an ignominious end.

"Resolved, That a union of slavery and liberty is impossible, and we rejoice in the prospect of a dissolution of that abortion called the American Union."

It is the old story this, of the extremes meeting. The despots of Naples and the lazzaroni against the middle class, the seigneurs fraternizing with the *canaille*—the ultra-Catholics and ultra-Puritans linked in Jacobite intrigue—none of this is new, but among them all there has been no unanimity so revolting as this of the Disunion which lit the flame, with the Disunion which is fanning it.

Fanaticism and Folly. Twin born—ye were diabolical in your lives, and in your death ye shall nor be divided!

OUR EAGLE AND OUR FLAG.

Where break Atlantic's waves in spray
And thunder-tones on rock-bound shore,
To where Pacific's breakers dash
On golden sands with murmuring roar:
From northern land white robed in snow,
To Southern land of sun and flower,
Fly eagles o'er our Freeman's Home,
Intrepid symbols of our power.

In the blue heaven of Hope there gleam
The stars our watchers in the night:—
In the red stripe the fire flames out
To guide us onward in the right;
But the pale white, an angel's hand,
Waves blessings, constant in increase
While in united ranks we stand,
Brothers in heart, firm sworn to Peace!

Our Eagle and our Flag on high
First Freedom's glorious sunrise see:
Last will their emblems grandly shine,
When sets the sun of Liberty.

A Studio Anecdote.

FORREST was sitting for his portrait, in the studio of an eminent painter. He was in character; dressed for CORIOLANUS, or SPARTACUS, or some other muscular heathen. HENRY WARD BEECHER entered the apartment, addressed a word of greeting to the artist, and was about passing by the tragedian without speaking, when the latter growled slightly and clutched at the air.

"Ha!" exclaimed the divine, "EDWIN FORREST, I believe? pardon me for not recognising you at first, my dear friend, but the fact is that I mistook you for the wooden man—the figure, you know."

"The most unkindest cut of all!" retorted the tragedian, with a blighting expression of chin; "a pet Parson trying to cut a Lay Figure!"

By our Military Contributor.

Q. Why do the Charlestonians hoist the Palmetto flags in place of those of the U. S.?

A. Because they go in for anything that's Trees on.

The worst kind of Tax on a man's temper.

Tacks left sticking up inside his boots.

Miss Dix's Land.

Sing-Sing.

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house 1837. 3 Henry VI., Act 1, Scene 1."

LETTER IV.

OF LOBBYMEN ALIMENTARY.



GOOD READER, if you are one of those deluded beings who imagine that a dinner consists of eating at a certain period of the day, I advise you to read no more of this chapter. You won't understand it, and had better turn to Mr. LUDLOW's new story, instead, if, indeed, you have not already done so.

To feed is not to dine.

By no means. The "grub," if I may be allowed to use that most expressive but inelegant term, is merely what physicians call a vehicle, just as rhubarb (pah!) is given to children in jelly, or salt to cattle by admixture with bran. A well regulated dinner should be a social syllogism: Major premise, our friends, Messieurs and Mesdames A, B and C, able to accomplish a certain result: minor, five courses and a desert: conclusion—the certain result to be accomplished, be it a favorable criticism, say on the great work before you, or a nomination for that little place which your friends are trying to force upon you, so much against your wishes, or a bill for the relief of the legal representatives of etcetera, etcetera. In the language of an eminent poet, whose coarseness of expression I am far from defending,

"To win the heart, or get the vote,
The quickest way is down the throat."

The dinner, the true and genuine dinner, is round the table; what is upon it is—I mean no disrespect to the worthy dealers in beef and breadstuffs and greens—"leather and prunella."

There are dinners and then, again there are dinners. There are the White House dinners, gloomy enough; dinners at which, indeed, the diners are glad to eat, and drink without being merry; at which nobody knows anybody else, unless, perhaps, his wife, except distantly and frigidly; arbitrary and rigid affairs. I wonder if anybody ever made a joke at one of them. How pleased our present worthy chief Magistrate must have been. He is so passionately fond of a quiet little joke! I have been trying to imagine the precise state of the man's mind who invented these state dinners, and can't. Once a week they have them. How well the company is selected! This week it is the Judges of the Supreme Court, all alone, who must be delighted to meet each other after having been deprived of that pleasure for a morning and a half; next the Foreign Ministers, in full uniform; then the Senators, A to M, all devotedly attached to each other, again the Representative B to Z (it would hardly be the thing for Messrs. Paxon and POTTER to "have it out before His Excellency; would it?) Sober citizens sprinkled, to their inward joy; always some such judicious and pleasing arrangement. I have been to many a one myself, in the old times, which I have heard were so much superior to our days (you have been less favored, I dare say;) and I remember how I used always to think, in the pauses, of the funeral baked meats in HAMLET, and how jolly those little affairs must have been in comparison. Everything is formally grand and gloomy, not to say peculiar. You are invited on immense cards, incontinently suggestive of "To Let, Enquire Within." His Excellency goes in first, and helps himself before any of the guests; an example which some public servants I could name have been known to carry into their official life. You are assigned to duty with some one of the stately ladies whom you don't know, by an edict promulgated confidentially through that young gentleman whom everybody takes at first for an assistant Butler, but who is in reality the

Private Secretary; and you are told to "take her in" (not the Butler Secretary but the lady.) I can't help sympathizing with the bewilderment of poor old MCGAUKER, the member from Dakota: "Take her in?" he bawled. "I don't want to take her in! why in thunder can't she go in alone!"

Then there are the Cabinet dinners, which are miniature editions of those at the White House, only slightly more so. Why do people have such things, when it's so much easier not to? And then there are the glorious VANITY FAIR dinners, (ah!) concerning which the less I say the better, lest the entire populace, fired with my description, should rush into immediate and furious contribution. And then there are the gorgeous dinners at the Far—

But is this a treatise on gastronomy, or is it not? I am losing sight of my subject.

What influence a dinner can have on legislation may be a puzzling question to you, but it's quite clear to me, who have lived so much more in the world and know all about it. Legislators have stomachs—some, very much so; also, legs; and when the former are filled at your board and the latter mingle with your own and your guests', *sub usdem trabibus*—under your mahogany or oak (I am glad to see the fashion for the latter wood gaining ground,) when you have shared together "the rat-tat-too of knives and forks, the clink-clink of glasses;" how is it possible for the sternest mind to feel other than a genial yielding to those valid arguments? I feel it myself. A very little does my business; and four fried and a glass of ale, in a friendly way, will convince me any day, quite as effectually as Mr. MILL's most masterly logic. Did not the great original Lobbyman go into the business with only an apple? The result of that little transaction has been before the public for some years, and I feel that comment is unnecessary. SPUDERS understands all this perfectly, and his dinners are really delightful. His assortments of goods—I mean guests—are so well made. You always know that you dove-tail with somebody, and that you won't be stuck, as they have done me at the White House, next to Judge TANNEY, of whom you stand in venerating awe, or to little TOM TITTS, whom you cordially despise, and who, knowing you are a funny man, makes a point of telling you the next to last joke (your own perhaps) in a shockingly mangled condition. I was at a little dinner that SPUDERS gave only last week, though I'm sure I don't know why I call it "little," except as a diminutive of endearment. What a nice time we had, to be sure. There were JOE GORMANDY, who is a splendid and very effective diner, and Major GUTTENSON; and Mr. SEWARD, and General LANE, and Dr. GIVIN, and JIMPMON, who, strange to say, has been a politician all his life without ever holding any office, except in the Lobby; and that fellow JOBBY. I forget who all the ladies were, but I remember my old friends FANNY EPLETTS, and that charming person, her mother, and Mrs. SPUDERS, of course, who tried to talk literature to me under the impression that it was the right thing to do. She asked me if I liked Rutledge, and I said I didn't; also, with a little exclamation of deprecating surprise, whether I had read it, and I told her I hadn't. Then I asked her, maliciously, whether she had seen my new farce, Among The Missing, or Accept These Bonds; whereat she said she had heard of it and it was very funny. It must be, if she had heard of it—for I hadn't. And oh! what a stupid fellow I am! There was Mrs. GORGESS, the splendid new widow, got up with a lavish disregard of expense, whose costume I could describe elegantly, if it were not indescribable of man. She impressed me with a vague floating belief that the dear departed was TIFFANY & Company, who had left her the heiress to Golconda in her own right, on condition of the perpetual exhibition of samples. I like to see a lady crowded with jewelry, especially of a very large and shiny kind. It's so "genteel," you know. The widow has such frank ways about her, too, and will tell you the price of her splendor, for the asking; sometimes, they do say, without that ceremony.

As I don't dine, habitually, at nominal six o'clock, but approximate seven, I took a plate of soup about an hour before starting, in order not to seem unduly hungry, and attired in my dress coat, (which I abhor) and the usual extras, presented myself, at the appointed time, before the radiant Mrs. SPUDERS and her urbane spouse. The company were nearly all there when I arrived (I make it a point of coming in late; it puts every one in a good humor with you,) and engaged in the subdued chat which precedes little dinners. As I looked around the room, and my glance fell upon the worthy magnates and minimates assembled, upon GORMANDY and GUTTENSON and JIMPMON and the great JOBBY, I saw, in a moment, with the eye of a *connoisseur* what the dinner was for. It was potash. You may not be aware of the fact, but it is nevertheless so, that the interests of manufactures require that something should

* Don't be the least alarmed, my dear sir, or Madam; of course you know, I never did actually dine with these three worthy Senators. But it gives an air of awful respectability, especially in the rural districts, to mention the names of such very great men.

He wants to know, you know.

Mr. JOHN SIDDL, we observe, wishes to know of the Senate, whether "JOHN B. FLOYD at present fills the office of Secretary of War." We presume the next thing he will be saying to J. B., will be something like the Irishman in the fight, to his adversary: "Ef yure not in ainess, JIMMY, let go yure Holt."

White Gunpowder.

The ship *Albino*—appropriate name—has just arrived at this port with a cargo of white gunpowder. It is described in the invoices as Salt for the Cure of Sedition.

We hope the federal bacon may be saved without it.

Rather Classical.

The difference between Fort Sumter and South Carolina is antithetical. Fort Sumter representing the Union, *multum in parvo*—Great in a Little: South Carolina is a little ingrate.

Newest Arithmetic.

Nullification is vexation,
Secession is as bad,
The Chivalry doth puzzle me
And Charleston makes me mad.

A Word to the Wise (H. A.)

Shut up.

The Best Liberty-Cap.

A Good Percussion.



THE UPPER TENDENCY.

BAWB—"AW DON'T LIKE GOING TO WAH TO FIGHT IN TWENCHES AND THINGS. AW THINK AW SHALL GO AS A VIVANDIERE, AND CAWWY A LITTLE KEG OF MAWASCHINO."

be done with potash; something about the tariff, I think. I believe they wanted to make it free of duty, or to raise the duty, or something of that sort, but am not certain. But I know that JONSSY has the interests of potash at heart, and this little dinner was for potash. I half expected the servant, when he slid the folding doors back, to remark that potash was on the table, but he only said dinner. I took in FANNY EPILETTS, to her evident disappointment. There was a time, Miss, when— But that's neither here nor there. A very nice dinner, indeed. Just the right number of people. We had a thin French soup made of little crisps of toasts, and brownish salt water; "three raw" all round; roast turkey, chops and green peas; sweet-breads and ditto; duck, questionably canvas-back, partridge or quail, whichever name you please, we had what CARRAWAY LEE facetiously calls "cold vittles," meaning ice-cream; we had *Charlotte Russe*, that vile lathery insult to the memory of the excellent lady in question, we had *blanc-mange* (why do they have *blanc-mange*? Does it taste? I deny it,) we had apples and oranges, which nobody was expected to eat, but of which Mrs. JONLEY proceeded to appropriate the finest specimens "for the children," and nuts and raisins, and oh! anything that they have at well regulated dinners. We were waited on by messengers from the Departments—colored gentlemen of unimpeachable dignity. "ALONZO," I said to one of them, in the middle of an awkward pause. "I'll try a little more of that potash."

"Sir!" says the puzzled but immovable ALONZO.

"What does he say?" cries Mrs. SPUYDERS.

"Oh, you wicked man," simpers FANNY. "Don't mind him, Mrs. SPUYDERS; it's only one of his awful jokes."

JONSSY glares befogged resentment. ("Must be a d-d fool," I overhear him remark afterwards, quite illogically, "what's he mean by taken that way? H'm?") I only asked for the claret," I explain innocently. "It reminds me of some wine I had one day in Constantinople. I was dining with my friend the Sultan, just *en famille*, you know; and says he 'MOTLEY, old boy'—he always called me by my first name—'MOTLEY, old boy, try some of this old Kiosk. Some of the very best in the country, Sir, made for my own private minaret'—"

"Kiosk. What in the world is that?" interposed SPUYDERS.

"Light wine of Turkey," says I, "pure juice of the jannissary grape; has a fez about it that is perfectly delicious and"—

"I thought Mussulmon didn't drink. How about the Koran?" says SEWARD.

(I never thought of that.)

I laid the forefinger of my right hand gently against the side of my nose, as if I were about to sneeze out of one nostril and wanted not to.

WILLIAM appeared to be pleased with the explanation.

Well, at the proper time there was a general moving of chairs and the ladies rustled into the parlor, leaving us men to our wine and cigars. Then as we settled easily down to smoke, and as I leisurely sipped that curious old brown sherry that SPUYDERS got so cheap at the Siberian Minister's sale (I never drink champagne, it fizzes up against the bridge of my nose and then headaches,) I know that the business of the evening was to be done. That little potash affair was to be fixed. How JONSSY glowed over it. He wasn't interested in it at all, himself; oh dear no! Not in the least, though he had a great many good friends in the business, he must confess, but then it was surely a sin and a shame to see how potash had been neglected. He must say that if our public men gave a little more attention to such subjects, it would be a great deal better for the country, etcetera, etcetera, etcetera. And the brown sherry was really capital.

The fact is, I didn't exactly understand all he said, but I knew that when the coffee came in I took mine with a reassuring conviction that potash was all right, at least, and the country safe for a few days, at all events.

"I wish you had been there," I said to CARRAWAY, when I got back to my room and found him waiting for me as usual; "it was such a nice little dinner."

As for Westphalia!

The bursting up of a Cincinnati Pork-House is your real West Failure.

BROOKLYNMENT FOR SORE CONSCIENCES.

"Now we go up, up, upsee,
And now we go down, down, downsee."

Old Song.



XCELLENT folks,
those across the
Ferry.

Queer people
those Brooklynites!
They have builded
unto themselves an
Academy of Music,
than which a better
does not stand, and
on a Tuesday even-
ing it was inaugu-
rated by a Grand
Operatic Concert.
In accordance with
a singularly and en-
tirely unexampled
habit of speech
making on all occa-
sions, one of the
Directors, who is
most prone to gable-
ment and eloqua-

city, gave utterance to an oratim. And the substance thereof was, that Brooklyn people abhorred the Drama, regarding it as vile, un-Christian, and that it therefore became his duty to guard carefully their doors and keep the monster out.

Whereupon the Christian Papas and the Christian Mamas clapped and slapped vociferously ye floore, endorsing the state-ment to a dot.

Instantly the cremonas were scraped—the brazen horns tooted, ye winde instruments together with ye mettaline did together make a joyful noise, and on came the Heavy Villain, who does "Leporello" in that eminently sanctimonious work entitled "Don Giovanni," and rattled off with great gusto the almost interminable list of his master's undone mistresses—a catalogue which elicited nary blush, but "Loud Applause." So far so good. Especially for Brooklyn.

On Thursday night there was a ball—a revellorious ball at which were all the Great and Good of Brooklyn—there was also a Bar, and around that Bar were symposiac meetings, the cost of each individual libation being "ONLY TEN CENTS," and this we call Funny No. Two.

"To night (Tuesday) the dear people who wouldn't look at CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN for a dollar, or at Booth for nine shillings, are enjoying (the charming Pharisces), the Opera of "La Traviata," the life of Camille, the "Great Moral Drama" of the XIX. Century. And that we call Funny No. Three.

NO LAW AND YET A GREAT DEAL OF IT.

Anybody who rides, as our Miserable Contributor has to, every day in GEORGE LAW's Eighth-avenue line of rickety horse-cars, feels like saying something unpleasant to somebody. Such a nasty mess! Such abominably over-crammed, hot, stifling, be-strapped and besaddled concerns! Such an utter absence of regard for decent Law, and so much affection for GEORGE LAW, nobody ever saw and nobody ever will see inside of this lawless town. If there could be no other punishment for GEORGE, here or hereafter, our Miserable Contributor suggests that, by penal enactment, he be confined forever in one of his own rolling prisons, in company with at least Ninety Laws, all staring him in the face and treading on his gouty toes.

VANITY FAIR proposes an amendment to this proposition. It is this: condemn GEORGE to be thrown, bound hand and foot, into a select company of his daily victims. Bless you, GEORGE! the "infuriated populace" would make such sharp and sudden work with you, that even "Live-oak" wouldn't save you.

Comparative.

They say a lioness fights sharper than a lion: a tigress is fiercer than a tiger. We now can understand that our Congress is more slippery than a conger.

By our German Contributor.

Q. Vot tid Alterman B—x do ven he cot hardt up?
A. He went and Sought Wood.

THE JOLLY MILLERS.

Mr. GARDNER, the Bristol jailer, has devised an improvement of the tread-mill. The prisoners, at every step they take, call up to view a letter or a word, and are thus taught the alphabet and reading, while they are at work "By degrees," says a cotemporary, "they become able to read a chapter in the Bible."

And delightful associations will they form of piety with punish-ment. In some institutions—that of the Sabbath for instance—the Bible has been identified with repose and peace. But in the tread-millitary system of Puritan GARDINER, he who has once been under arrest, is to know no rest either of body or mind, and texts are identified with torture. It is, however, curious to observe that in this GARDINER's system of culture the college idea of "grinding" or learning lessons is literally identified with its great molinary type and original.

A Nursery Rhyme, Newly Set.

When ANDREW JACKSON ruled this land,
He was a President,
Who always did the thing he said,
And said the thing he meant.
A proclamation he did make,
And stuffed it well with threats,
And put in pluck enough to stop
The bluster of two Rhett's.
The Nullifiers read thereof,
And all the South beside,
And never tried that game again,
Till ANDREW JACKSON died.

A General Row.

General SANDFORD is at it again. He has offered the whole First Division as a sacrifice. CHARLES is an uneasy old boy. He made a nice thing of the Prince's parade, and now he wants to make a nicer one of the corpses of the Seventh Regiment *et al*. If we didn't already pay our militia fine (\$0.75 per annum) with the most conscientious exactness, we should run off and do it at once, anything to get rid of the power of this dreadfully bloody-minded, foolish old man, who is always doing something absurd, and in this case, diabolical. Will somebody stop CHARLES?

Pickens and Stealings.

The "unkindest cut" was that of the Washington nabobs, (who pull the purse-strings, you know,) when they honored Governor PICKENS' draft for \$3000 by sending him an order on the Charleston Sub-Treasury.

Considering that the Governor had already got all he could out of the government chest, it was a mild sarcasm of the Treasury-man to ask him to "help himself." God is said to help those who help themselves, but we would not advise PICKENS to depend on such aid, not in this instance at least.

Three Blind Rats.

CONTEMPTUOUSLY INSCRIBED, WITHOUT PERMISSION, TO MESSRS. COBB, FLOYD, AND THOMPSON.

Rats leave a sinking ship, they say:
Would you the reason seek?
The rats know best how long to stay,
They helped to make the leak.

The vermin's flight let none dismay,
Let none from duty shrink;
All hands to work, the leak to stay!
THE GOOD SHIP SHALL NOT SINK!

Gag-Law.

The Mississippians have planted a battery under the Vicksburg hill, to bring boats to and prevent the navigation of the river. This is a new phase of the gag-law, stopping the mouth of the Father of Waters with a brass cannon.

The Head of the First Division.

General Dissatisfaction.

The first qualification for a Caricaturist.
An Etching Palm.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER IV.

Hardly had the melancholy Muffles been dragged away from the main-body on which he relied for moral support, like the forlornest of forlorn hopes to encounter Mrs. McCrowder and her possibly murderous pillows, when Ann Eliza began to show signs of returning consciousness. Mr. Primpenny was pursuing the usual means of resuscitation with the utmost assiduity. He not only bathed the forehead of the beautiful creature who lay lifeless before him, patted her hands and tickled her nose, but he had removed one of the fascinating little bronze slippers for the purpose of restoring circulation to the foot, and was regarding that very shapely pedestal with an interest only explicable on the ground of conscientious desire to become thoroughly acquainted with every symptom of the case. When Ann Eliza opened her eyes, he dropped the slipper and assumed a most deceptive look of innocence, but she was not yet sufficiently restored to chide him, and indeed made no sign of noticing him at all. Then she dropped her silken lashes, and murmured, "Am I alive? Am I really alive?" With a due regard to the facts of the case Mr. Primpenny replied in the affirmative, and at the same time altered the treatment slightly by squeezing one of the hands which he had patted before. He leaned over the prostrate form of the beauty, stroked the curls away from her forehead, and was surprised by suddenly feeling her arms once more about his neck.

"Oh darling, I am so glad, I'm not—dead!" said Ann Eliza faintly.

"I am very glad too, Miss McCrowder," replied Mr. Primpenny. For the first time she seemed to hear his voice. Her large blue eyes opened wide with an expression of terror, and hurriedly unclasping her arms she exclaimed: "Oh forgive me—do forgive me, I thought you were my mother!"

"Think so still, Miss McCrowder, keep thinking so," said Mr. Primpenny gallantly.

"Oh I am so ashamed! I never, *never* shall get over it!" murmured Ann Eliza. "Tell me you're sure I thought it was my mother—or—or—I'm getting very faint again. Ah!"

"Certainly you did!" replied Mr. Primpenny. "Now that you speak of it, I don't know but there's really quite a little resemblance between Mrs. McCrowder and me. Do you feel better?"

"Oh yes, so much better!" said Ann Eliza, casting from the languid blue eyes a look of infinite meaning. Mr. Primpenny felt himself in the receipt of a vote of thanks to the extent of several realms.

Just then a mountain of pillows appeared through the door at the head of the lounge, behind which Mrs. McCrowder and Mr. Muffles might be legitimately inferred, though as yet invisible. Mrs. McCrowder dropped her load on Miss McCrowder's head, and having thus effectually rendered her inaudible, exclaimed with admirable consistency: "Speak to me, Ann Eliza! Let me hear your voice once more, darling." Mr. Primpenny having arranged the pillows and thus saved the young lady from suffocation, the mother fell into the daughter's arms, and for a moment there occurred one of those scenes of family affection which remind the stoic that he is still human.

Mr. Muffles took advantage of Mrs. McCrowder's maternal occupation to whisper in Mr. Primpenny's ear that she had said nothing about the board bill. Mr. Primpenny waved him away with a look of sublime disgust. The idea of obtruding upon this moment of holiest sentiment such a base business consideration as a board bill! As soon as Mrs. McCrowder had arisen and wiped away the tears of motherly fondness, Mr. Primpenny pulled out his pocket-book.

"By the way, Muffles," said he, "(Ladies you must excuse me for speaking of these affairs at such a time, but Mr. Muffles is so generous that he has repeatedly refused to pay attention to them at any other) I want to settle up the balance I owe you on that bay trotter. Sixty-five I think it was, heh?" remarked Mr. Primpenny firmly, fixing on Mr. Muffles a look of stern command quite inexplicable on the ground of the usual relations between debtor and creditor.

"No, my dear boy, only fifty!" replied Mr. Muffles hesitatingly.

"Muffles! you'd better attend more strictly to your business affairs. I've told you so a dozen times already, and I tell you again! I've got a memorandum of it somewhere. I say it is sixty-five."

He accordingly deposited that sum in Mr. Muffles' palm. Mr. Muffles held it for a moment with an uncertain grasp as if he really didn't know what to do with so much ready money. Mrs. McCrowder looked steadily through the ventilator over the door, and was too deeply abstracted in the study of the entry ceiling to be suspected of the slightest idea that anything pecuniary was going on. As for Miss McCrowder, she had risen from the sofa and wandered away to read the *Express* by the light of the pier brackets, where she was absorbed beyond the possibility of knowing anything about dollars and cents. It was, therefore, with nothing short of a painful shock, that Mr. Muffles called the attention of the elder lady to the fact that he desired to place forty dollars of the amount just acquired by him, in her hands for safe keeping.

This delicate business being concluded, Mrs. McCrowder asked what was the cause of Ann Eliza's attack, for Ann Eliza, gentlemen, was not a girl who fainted easily. Ann Eliza replied excitement. That horrible Hoonta you know. Those Spanish gentlemen were enough to frighten anybody. Mr. Primpenny was about to make further explanations, but Ann Eliza cast on him such a beseeching look that he desisted, and denied himself the pleasure of paying a tribute to her in the form of epic narrative, which he had been forming in his mind upon the basis of this exordium, "She fell in the noble endeavor to save a human life!" Mrs. McCrowder said she meant to get out of the Spanish line of business as soon as possible. They were perfect gentlemen, those Cubans, but they would enjoy themselves in such a way that people thought they were angry, and pass the compliments in a style that actually made you believe that there were a set of firemen fighting in the house. They shouldn't hold the Hoonta there another night, *that* was flat, at any rate. And finally, said Mrs. McCrowder, "Wouldn't a very small wine-glass of hot rum make you feel a little stronger, my dear?"

"Why don't you make one of your nice punches for the gentlemen?" suggested Ann Eliza.

"To be sure!" said Mrs. McCrowder. "How thoughtless in me! Will Mr. Primpenny and Mr. Muffles try a little of my very mild hot rum?"



"Hot rum, Madam, is a weakness with me," answered Mr. Primpenny.

"On the contrary," replied Mr. Muffles, "it's *my* strong point."

Mrs. McCrowder laughed heartily at this sally of her lodger's,

as the first evidence of light-heartedness which that unfortunate man had been emboldened to make within the last month—at the commencement of which period he descended into the Financial Valley of Humiliation; and then, leaving Ann Eliza, in spite of a shrinking manner caused by the uneffaced memory of late events, to entertain the gentlemen very nicely, she departed to brew the punch.

In the course of fifteen minutes she returned, accompanied by Teague and a waiter, whereon stood a generous bowl of gilt china smothered in its own fragrant incense, goblets, and a plate of macaroons, éclairs and sponge cake.

"You may set the punch down, Teague," said Mrs. McCrowder. "Faix and it's much rather putting it down, I'd be," replied Teague, obeying the order. "Oh! don't I wish I was yer-selves!" (This last with one amorous wink at the punch and another of the utmost sapience at Mr. Primpenney.)

"You may leave the room, Teague," added Mrs. McCrowder majestically.

"An' so I will, Mim, with a pain in me hear-r-rt too. If there's too little sugar, or too few spoons, or *too much poonch*," spoke Teague patronizingly, "all yew have to do is to ring. I'm at me usual place o' bizness, in the back cellar clainin' knives. To be found at all hours o' the day and night. Orderhers respect-fully solicited."

"He's only a blundering Irishman," said Mrs. McCrowder, with an excited effort at calmness, as Teague went out of the door with a selected fragment of his native jig, "and I keep him for pity more than anything. Mr. Muffles knows the trouble I have with him, and he can tell you how to make allowances."

Mr. Muffles thus appealed to, was on the good-natured point of suggesting at least one advantage in Teague, to wit, that he was cheap at four dollars a month, but refrained upon reflecting that this might not be a palatable piece of consolation. So he silently held out his tumbler in the direction of the ladle, which in Mrs. McCrowder's hand was making advances towards it.

With the circulating punch the different members of the party carried grew much better acquainted with each other. Mrs. McCrowder was with difficulty prevailed on to taste any of her own brew. Ann Eliza could hardly be persuaded that it would really do her any good. Both the ladies expressed a fear in regard to the effects of the potable. Not that it would inebriate. That is a male effect solely. But because it would go to their head. That is something which by the remotest contingency may happen to ladies. This perhaps you have observed. Nevertheless the ladies were at last entreated. They took their thimbles full in time to the gentlemen's tumblers, and so, after their piquant canary-bird manner, hob-nobbed very pleasantly over their macaroons.

Mrs. McCrowder at length felt compelled to go and give out things for the morning. The servants were so unreliable. They were forever scanting the coffee, or taking the cooking butter for the table, or cutting the bread overnight and leaving it to be dry at breakfast. She positively could not let them go on in their own way. Mr. Muffles now discovered, for the first time, why his coffee had hitherto been occasionally weak, his bread like a newly discovered form of leather chemically made edible, and his butter a variety of superior wagon-grease adapted to bread. Accordingly, as she departed he rose to his feet and toasted her in the third tumbler. The manner was original, being the following:—

"Mrs. McCrowder—the noblest of her sex—may she thrive!"

Everybody assented to this convivial proposition. Ann Eliza kissed her mother with an innocent freshness, tantalizing as usual to the male guests, and Mrs. McCrowder departed, enjoining the gentlemen to enjoy themselves.

"Since toasts are in order," remarked Mr. Primpenney, with a degree of enthusiasm he had not permitted himself to feel since he became complicit with the murder of a muleteer in Spain, by discovering his body inanimate from extreme old age, in the house of a peasant on the Sierras; "let us remember the lovely woman who still remains with us. Blessings brighten as they take their flight. The blessing still left us is Miss McCrowder. Miss McCrowder then! The Pochohontas of a degenerate age. Though living in the atmosphere of the nineteenth century—an atmosphere which has not been generally considered as conducive to the development of heroism—she nobly rushed into the fray, and from the savage hordes of still more savage men (for so the poets tell us) saved the heart of a noble youth—at least I would say a youth—from the steel of the assassin. That youth, I frankly acknowledge to have been myself. I may not have made the expression thoroughly terse and scientifically correct, but my feelings are the same, Miss McCrowder!"

The young lady modestly dropped her serried array of curls in acknowledgement of the honor.

"The sentiment is just, and supported by facts," concisely

answered Mr. Muffles, corroborating his assent by a draught which revealed the bottom of his tumbler.

"Mr. Primpenney," said Miss McCrowder, "I don't know but I ought to apologize for saying it, yet you are flattering me, I'm sure. I happened to be at the door of Mr. Bassuras' room. He always has a great noise there when the Hoonas meets. That I shouldn't have been surprised at, but to-night I heard the words: 'I'll kill you!' I know I'm a foolish girl, and I gave way to my feelings. I rushed in, and did what I know has everlastingly lost me your respect. Do forgive me!"

Just at this instant Teague knocked at the door, and then naturally perceiving that there would be no time to answer "come in" in that fraction of a second which he cared to pass outside, entered without the useless formality.

"Twenty-four," remarked he, rapidly, "wants three bottles o' claret, spoons, sugar, ice and toombles. Sorra the wine ye'll git at the expinse o' this house. say I, till ye pay the six waxes back ye're owin', and that's orderhers. So he told me to go to the devil an' shyed a boot-jack at me head, which was natherally intinded for the other extremities, if I know onything of jommethry, an' I've come straight to Mrs. McCrowder. Purty doin's, *thim!*" said Teague, with a look of injured dignity at the gentlemen.

"Mrs. McCrowder is not here!" answered the young lady of that name, reddening to the temples, and speaking with a marked degree of asperity.

"No more she isn't," continued Teague, "but that isn't the thing I wanted to know. It's where is she?"

"Teague! leave the room sir!" said Miss McCrowder,

And Teague left. Mr. Primpenney's sympathy in the mortifying position of Miss McCrowder, led him to take another tumbler of punch. It seemed to fill up a gap and give him time to think what he had been saying.

"Ah, yes!" said he after a moment, "I owe my life to you. Shall I ask *how* you saved me? Shall the fainting warrior blame the gleaming sword which dazzles his eyes as it is interposed between him and the murderous foe? Shall I think when Miss McCrowder's golden curls fell on my cheek, and her snow-white arms encircle my neck, to shield me from the malice of the assassin, that these curls, these arms, were not in accordance with the relentless mandates of a cold and heartless society—No! The great glory of woman is that in emergency she forgets herself—the world—all but her own noble heart! It is in peril that the woman shines out. Miss McCrowder you have been heroic! I respect—and still more, (with all reverence I say it) I adore you!"

"She's a noble woman. That's a fact, no denying it," said Mr. Muffles, with the Spartan brevity of sentences and Roman dignity of manner. "For instance, last Sunday I looked sad. It was Sunday evening. We have tea on Sunday evening. Consists of biscuits—cold meat—and the herb which cheers—but not intoxicates. The saying is Cowper's. Cowper is slow. But my favorite poet. I like poetry. Have written myself. Chiefly in Albums. Can't say I like Albums. Have to write in them for young ladies. Something of a bore. Where was I?"

"You were speaking about last Sunday evening," said Mr. Primpenney on nettles, because he wanted to go on with his little speech.

"To be sure. Looked sad on Sunday evening. Know I looked sad. Felt I was looking sad. Strangers around me suspected melancholy news. Lost near relation. Something of that kind. No such thing. Under a cloud. You know what cloud, Primpenney. Cloud financial description. Very bad cloud, financial. Anybody tell me take my pick, say almost any other kind. Miss McCrowder looked at me. Asked me to have cup of tea. Miss McCrowder pours tea. Sunday night. Thought do my headache good. Didn't have headache. But said take tea. Miss McCrowder gave me cup. Own fair hands. Didn't put any hot water in it. Stronger than usual. Mark of sympathy. Havn't forgot little kindness. Heroic woman Miss McCrowder. 'Nother tumbler punch."

Mr. Primpenney leaned over to Mr. Muffles' ear and whispered, "Don't you think you've taken too much punch, Old Boy?"

"Shouldn't be surprised," replied Muffles frankly.

"Suppose you go over to yonder window and read the *Express* till you feel better," said Mr. Primpenney, with an air of benignant patronage.

"Good idea. Do it directly. Not taken too much punch yourself?" Seem excited. Talk brilliantly, but fast. Come along too. Read *Express*."

"You'r very drunk, Muffles. I am only overcome by my feelings."

"Well. Stay where you are. Only don't do anything foolish." After all this conversation which had gone on *sotto voce*, Mr. Muffles arose and walked steadily away to the window, and began reading the paper at the rate of one line every five minutes, and

with such a dogged determination to get some kind of meaning out of it that persons not acquainted with his spirituous phases of character, might have supposed him asleep sitting up straight. Mr. Muffles was one of those gentlemen who never give any outward signs of their punch, except in the manifest desire not to show it. Being uncertain where they will land if they let themselves out, they refrain so hard that their sentences assume an oracular brevity and judicial solemnity. They are like a very small horse stepping short because they are aware that a long stride will tumble them on their noses.

Mr. Primpenny on the other hand became under the effects of punch, a winged steed. He increased with every tumbler in a sense of gigantic power which made him eventually quite dramatic. He was wont to think that if he could stay at the third tumbler, he would conquer the world in one year, or with the greatest ease become the poet of the nineteenth century. He acquired from punch a happy facility of doing bold things gracefully, which, notwithstanding his thorough cultivation in social arts, was many times his envy in less elevated hours. Accordingly, on Mr. Muffles' departure from the little table, he sat himself down on the same sofa with Miss McCrowder, and with gallant straightforwardness took her hand.

(To be continued.)

By our Pious Contributor.

Why should a gentleman who is in a hurry be enslaved (according to Southern views)? Because he is An Eager Man.

Military Mechanics.

Drills are bores!

Rarey-ty.

A horse that RAREY can't tame.



HARD TIMES.

Retired Four Cent Man.—WHY I THOUGHT YOU WERE DOING FIRST RATE IN THE MAP BUSINESS, JIMMY?

Jimmy.—YES! BUT WOT'S MAPS? THE FOLKS SES TO ME "WHAT DO WE WANT WITH MAPS—WE LOOK AT A PLACE ON THE MAP TO-DAY—BUT WHAT WILL WE FIND THERE TO-MORROW?"

Four Cent Man.—WELL, JIMMY, I SYMPATHISES WITH YOU.

ÆSTHETICS OF HANGING.

PARSON BROWNLOW'S paper contains the following:—

"A fellow recently passed through Roane Co., (Tenn.) talking disunion talk and cutting up considerably, as we have been told. The Union men laid hold of him and hung him with a grape-vine, and so choked him that he *had liked not to recover*. They made his swear to support the Constitution, and fight for the general Government, as well as to talk in future on the side of the Union."

Rather a refreshing item that! Patriots of Tennessee, you are undoubtedly bricks and men of extra humane tendencies! Old PIERRE LYONNET was'n't a circumstance to you! He Clarence'd his insects in wine, before pursuing his scientific investigations: but you enwreath your victim with the living bloom. Should any obnoxious remarks of ours offend that delicate organ (not the N. Y. Herald but) the public ear, we respectfully desire (*ascensionem expectans*) to be consigned to you. We respect men who appreciate æsthetics and apply 'em to private life—in fact, we may say, we adore them—and this is certainly one great proof of the æsthetic development of the age.

Gentlemen of the Seventh Regiment, attention! The Big Thing, the "What Is It?" will not go up, and Senator CRITTENDEN'S resolution will, for the age, the wonderful, revived, fragrant age, recognizes the existence of poetry, art, A. S. F.—and so forth, you know—even in its pendant executions! Hurra for the world, any how, and for Tennessee in very particular! "Hung with a grape-vine?" Can't you guess it? That's what we call a criminal conundrum of the most fragrant odor, piquant and terrible. Look out for a revolution of the woollack there! Judge LYNN delivering his charge with a *thyrsus* in his hand! If this thing progresses where will it end! Directly every Hottentot will have his Madonna straight from the Vatican, and BAMES JORDEN GENNETT, in pastures new, will employ his surly old age in reading fresh FIELDS, bound elegantly and rurally with half-calf; while the TOOMBS, skipping radiantly about the greensward, will entertain him with no more doleful sounds than Adagios in B. (Big, you know) flat, scientifically evolved from a pipe of Arcadian reeds!

Oh, happy disunionist! What visions unutterable were his! What perfume of vinous cataracts delectated, delighted and demented him! what melodies he heard! what Bacchantes he saw! Oh Maraschino! oh Justice! oh Euthanasia! Go on, gentlemen! we commend our be-be- (excuse these tears) loved country to you. *Facilis est decensus Averni*. Let us sing with Vergniaud and other—patriots, "*Am Rein, am Rhein dort wachsen unsere Reben!*"

Seriously though, since those who have tried hanging, and have been cut down, tell us that 'tis the delightfulest of deaths, full of visions, bees, delicious delirium, hasheesh-fantasie—just imagine what a vinic luxury it must have been, to be thus pendent. Blessed Lady of the Flags, wert thou not near to bear the parting soul to the Mecca of Babelais? Would not all the Dyonisiacs of Nonnus whirl through the raptured brain!

Jacche! O Jacche, Lord of Horns,
Father of the circling course of ages,
Tremendous Bacchus!

Moon wearing god of land and sea,
Father and Mother and Light

Oh, Tennessee! It must have been so, You Know, for does not the Parson tell us that the one thus pendulated "had Liked not to recover."

The Long of it and the Short of it.

The Thirty-two-pounder and the Twelve-pounder discharged at the "Star of the West" from Morris Island.

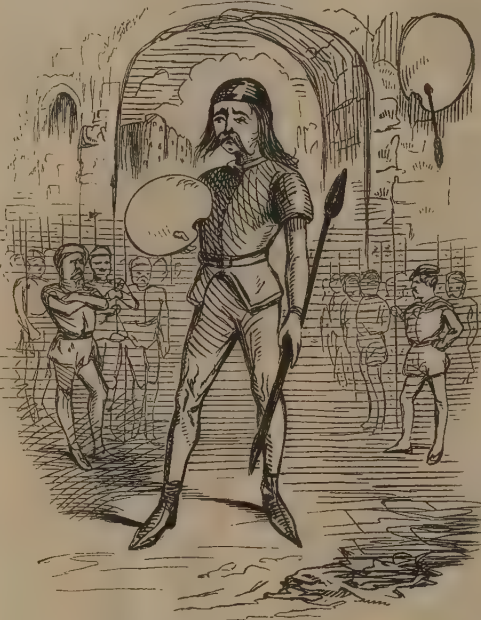
The Ground South Carolina wishes to Take.

That on which Fort Sumter now stands.

How to keep the Wolf from the Door.

Board it out.

THE GREAT LUNACY.



F all the stuff!

Of all the follies in this puffed up, fond, foolish, squealing, blustering, stickling, quibbling, great in small and small in great affair of Vanity Fair which men call the world, there is none so piquantly relishing to the Mephistofeeling man, as that whereby Humanity goads itself into madness, heroism and other immensely Big Things, when it knows all the while—clearly and nearly as can be—that the pretence is all Bosh.

Now here is Disunion. Friend of the Western Land, man of the Border, you of the Decent division of the Yankees, and you oh Cosmopolite New Yorker—yes, and you—upright and honest Southern friend—is there an everlasting one of you who believes that there's the faintest speck of a cause of complaint in all the present difficulty which cannot be reached by amending the Constitution and remedied by Concession?

You Know there isn't. The only real obstacles are Folly on the one side and Rule or Ruin on the other. And a great majority of the people know this—those by Jove, who have the Power!—yet for all this the trouble isn't put down.

Ah—it's delightful to consider.

But still more lovely is it, (oh Sophronius) when we see ferocious lunatics—ultras—at either end of the great see-saw beam of the Union, dashing it ferociously up and down, trying to break it to infinite smash—while the good souls who sit in the middle and are awfully jolted keep crying out sadly "Oh don't! please don't now." Confound your pudding-headism, brothers of the South and North, why can't you Act? Southerner—you needn't talk Blague to us—we know that king or cavalier, when the pocket pinches and the Dire Need comes, feels badly. You haven't much love for these ultra-lunatics—you'll have less before you're done with them.

Our friend At the Corner—we mean Lieutenant RAYMOND of the Times, has punctured this thing acutely. Permit an extract!

"Devil with devil damned, firm concord holds!" "For ourselves," says the Charleston Mercury of Thursday last, "we look to the Abolitionists for the deliverance of the South." When the Mercury reads the speech of WENDELL PHILLIPS, which we publish this morning, it will see that it has substantial ground for its reliance. There is not a Disunionist in Charleston so eager for the overthrow of the Constitution, and the destruction of the American Union, as this man,—the head and front of Abolitionism in the Northern States.

E vero RAIMUNDO!

Truly it is delightful to see Wendevil PHILLIPS and the Mercurial friend smiting hands, rejoicing one with another, cheering each other on—making common cause against the Union!

"Oh don't—please, good gentlemen—do—o—on't!"

IL GIURAMENTO.

VANITY FAIR goes to the Opera. VANITY FAIR is Musical. So with his lorgnette and cap, VANITY went to see *Il Giuramento*. It was a great many years since that wonderful mass of jealousy, vengeance, poison, and other Agrigentian and Taorminian ingredients had come in his way, and he wanted to revive the souvenirs of innocent and pious youth, when with HORTENSE and LISETTE he was wont to wander from the *rue de la Harpe* even unto the Opera Comique.

And he was duly fascinated by COLSON, for whom by, the way, VANITY secretly cherishes an U. P.—unrequited passion, you know—and was charmed by PHILLIPINA, and was very glad to see Old BRIG on his pins again as whaley as ever, and split his glove applauding FERRI, (the other one was demolished in welcoming COLSON)—and all went merry as a M. B.—when suddenly all peace of mind was destroyed by the reflex—"what in fulmination is the plot anyhow?"

VANITY went to work. First he read the argument. Somebody Female loves and is loved by Somebody Male. Then another male is engaged to another female, loving female No. 1. Female No. 1 loves one or two of three males all of whom love round on the edges and among the details. Then the complications begin and somebody is Julietted. After this VANITY did the Italian and then the English, seeking more light. It wasn't easy but he did it. Whether, like the schoolboy who mastered the alphabet, it was worth going through so much to learn so little, Deponent sayeth not. More or less as the case may be.

The plot isn't much worse than the modern average, in fact it isn't half as hopeless as the *Zauberflöte* with the big tin horns, nor is it any sappier than *Trovatore* or *Favorita*.

But it is a grief to see good musical composition wedded to an average libretto—and grievous still to hear good singers, true artists, throwing away life and fire on this everlasting old poison and dagger business. 'Tisn't their fault—'tisn't the manager's. They all do their best.

O Dio! Some day there will come along a brave, hearty natural school, which will put as vigorous plots into operas as the Greeks of old did into their dramas—which were really operas too by the way—for they sung them. Then the flagree tags and tinsel of a shabby old romance will be intolerated—excuse the word—and there will be fresh beautiful LIFE in every story—and the COLSONS and BRIGNOLIS and all other good artists will be encouraged to become great and good dramatists—in *saccula saculorum*.—Amen!

CALL THE ROLL.

Who are our great men?

JEAN PAUL RICHTER says "that in times of popular commotion, the strongest men rise to the surface, just as when you shake a bowl of sugar the biggest lumps go to the top," and who are our strong men? Who are they in our present Congress, with minds broad enough to rise above the dirty sea of politics, and speak boldly for the Union? Call the Roll!

ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, of Georgia.

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN, of Kentucky.

SERRARD CLEMENS, of Virginia.

EMERSON ETHEREDGE, of Tennessee.

Are there any Northern men upon a level with these in the eye of the nation?

And there is a murmur and a buzz among the booths and through the streets of Vanity Fair—and the people crowd together in bunches on the great plates of public places—and they are amazed—but they answer: "Nary one—far as last heard from."

Among our brothers of the press there be many who have spoken good, sound, round words of reason. In the Third Estate there have been and are brave champions who strike manfully for the good cause of Right.

But our Northern statesmen?

Ahem! That's the popular verdict as held by the multitude, at any rate.

The Catawba Band.

It is stated that the Catawba Indians have organized themselves into a regiment for the service of South Carolina. We have no doubt that these allies will be equally an advantage to their friends and a terror to their foes; but considering the practice of removing an enemy's scalp, invariably resorted to by the red warrior, we should suppose that the Indians referred to must be rather of the Heidsick than of the Catawba brand.

"Buffalo Gals."

A Buffalo paper informs us that the ladies of that airy young place have taken to "wearing the Balmoral without any dress over it." Now—with all due delicacy and hesitation, and with awful feelings—there's the Balmoral skirt, and there's the Balmoral boot, and we are in a terrible state of mind to know—but we *must* say it—which of those articles is the one referred to by the Buffalo paper. There—we've fainted!

What could He Expect.

BRECHER certainly has no cause to complain of his reception at New Haven, a while ago. His audience did not disturb him while he was off the rostrum, but, indeed, they were inclined to Egg him On!

Pillage.

MR. BRANDRETH complains to us that having sent a pill to Charleston, the Secessionists "took it."

Conundro-Infection.

By our Singular Contributor.

What is skating? A big thing on ice.

Query.

If a Minute-man should fight a duel, would he necessarily have sixty Seconds?

What Rarey does to Horses.

Teaches them to "heed another's Woe."

The Chasm that Swallows up Wit.
Sar-casm.

HOLY SEE-CESSION.

Misther VANITY, *cushla machree*,

I must tell ye av somethin' that's new,
That I got off a man from Loughrea,
Wan MAGEE—

Him that's marrid on Shelee Carew.

Now be aisy an' listen to me,
That is honest, sir, if I am poor—
(We have tin mouths to fill, d'ye see,
Her an' me—

That's my wife I mane, CATHERINE MOORE).

Oul' Cock-eye, on the corner below,
Wrote an article wance—that's oul' BINNET—
On the Pope—och thin how long ago

I don't know;
An' I don't mind the half that was in it.

But on wan part I'm still purty clear—
He invited His Holiness over:
Och it's money himself 'd give here,
Never fear,

An' His Holiness he'd live in clover.

So betune all his thrubles out by,
An' BINNET a deavin' and dhrummin',
Troth he's go'n' to lave Rome high an' dhry,
By-an'-by,

An' himself an JOHN MITCHELL is comin'.

But he sez, sez he, "*Mhonna mon dhoul!*"
It's not long that I'll stop in New York, or in
Yer oul' Black North at all; it's too cowl'—
But yer sowl!

I'll dhrop in on bould Curnel O'CORCORAN.

"With the brave Sixty-Ninth thin behind



THE "PHOTOPASTBOARDOGRAPH," OR NEW VISITING-CARD.

Morning Caller.... "MRS. FITZ DULCIMER NOT AT HOME?—WELL, JUST TAKE MY CARD UP, WILL YOU!"

In a stamer, the good yatt Rebacky
Will fetch me an' all thim that's inclined,
D'ye mind,
To the place where we'll get chape tibacky."

An' wance fairly His Holiness lands
At Carlina, they'll sind delegates
From thim parts till ask what's his commands—
How he stands
Forninst formin' the New Roman States.

An' JOHN MITCHELL an' him, sure they say,
Is to sind us a great Allecution,
For to curse thim by night an' by day.

Land or say,
That'll meddle the Black Instityution.

An' there's more nor that too, I might tell;
But the Pope 'll soon be to the fore,
An' might sind me—But troth I can't dwell,

Very well,
I'm yer sarvent, *acushla*.

TIM MOORE.

"FOOTY."

It is really too bad now, when we are doing all we can to hold the venerable but fearfully agile SANFORD, to have FOOTY of the Navy Yard to take care of at the same time. On the strength of a mere street rumor, started no doubt by apple women and venders of stale peanuts, this Capt. FOOTY calls out the Brooklyn troops to protect the Navy Yard from the seceders—the seceders, as all the little children and every body else except FOOTY, very well know, having about the same idea of taking said yard as they have of carrying the White Mountains to Mississippi. It is too much—SANFORD and FOOTY. We could get along with the first party, but must acknowledge an inability to "go" both. VANITY FAIR don't know what measures are on Foot about this, but are certain the measures on FOOTY should be severe and summary.



DANGEROUS ANIMALS.

Hibernian (anxious to sell)—ARRAH! YE BLAGGARD, WOULD YE RUN AWAY AGIN AND KILL ANOTHER MAN, BEFORE I CAN GIT YE UP TO MISTHER RAREY.

ALL HAIL! MONTGOMERY.

Mr. MONTGOMERY, of Pennsylvania, said he had a proposition to make. As an adjustment of the present difficulties was impossible with the present members, owing to their various views, and from the opinions expressed it was apparent that some were not disposed to yield, he therefore proposed that every member resign his place, and let the people have another election before the fourth of March. [Cries of "Agreed."]

Give us your hand, Mr. MONTGOMERY. That is the most sensible thing we have heard from Congress lately. Go back to the people, Mis-Representatives, and they will tell you in a voice of thunder what is your duty now. Old Pennsylvania, sturdy and honest are your sons, and upon this question they will not fear to speak, so that the whole Country may hear them. Are there not ten righteous men in Sod—we mean Congress, who do not fear to go back to their constituents, and with clean hands and patriotic hearts, ask them to say what is their duty now? Speak out old Dominion! Answer back Empire State! Roll out your approval ye broad prairie States, and from rock-bound New England say, Aye! to the people! let them tell time-servers and traitors to their teeth, that they must decide this question soon without fear or favor, and that the band that binds this great Empire now, shall not be broken.

"DOWN."

A correspondent who has clipped the following from the *World* of Jan. 23, sends it to us with the remark appended:

"Mr. WILLIAM MULLIGAN.—This dreadful personage, who habitually promenade Broadway solely for the purpose of shaving off noses, and removing ears in the most approved manner, now fills, we are informed, the responsible position of waiter at Sing Sing prison, in which capacity he is, if possible, more accomplished than in his former calling. His urbanity in passing a plate of bean soup to a burglar, sent up for thirty years, is only surpassed by his contemptuous manner towards a petty thief, sentenced for twelve months. In this connection, it is impossible to conceive how lenient Mr. MULLIGAN might have been to Mr. FLOYD, ex-Secretary of War, had he been sent to Sing Sing."

The Funniest Thing Out.

MESSES. BARNWELL, ADAMS & ORR, in their letter to the President, say:—

"Your Secretary of War had resigned his seat in the Cabinet, upon the publicly avowed ground that Major ANDERSON had violated the pledged faith of the government, and that unless the pledge was instantly redeemed he was dishonored."

This confusion of terms to a plain man is peculiarly distressing. Why use the term "pledge" at all? Why not speak out frankly, unless the 'Bonds' were instantly redeemed! we all know they were the "pledged faith" of the Government.

The New Quadrilateral.

RAYMOND'S FOUR Letters to YANCEY.
(Which show him to be A Man for the Times.)

Inscription found on the Money-Bags at Washington.

After us the FLOYD.

Conflicting Politics.

J. B.'s Doubt. Gen. S.'s Redoubt.

Inscription for Fort Sumter.

When taken to be well shaken.

Motto for the Palmetto Republic.
Secedere est se cedere.

A Job for Rarey.

To tame the "Cruisers" in Broadway.

"Now, Mr. Editor, is it fair to strike a man this way when he's down?"

Down do you say? We don't see where the "down" comes in. Waiting on "convix" is not to be sure an aristocratic employment, but compared to bullying and shooting, gambling and Coming the Rough in general, it rises to immense respectability. No Sir—the *World* strikes fairly.

FERNANDO FIRST.

Oh FERNANDY's made a proclamashun,
That needs the divil an explanashun;
Hooray byes we'll all of us sing,
For FERNANDY 'll make an illegant king,
Erin E pluribus, unum go braugh,
Hoorah for FERNANDY the One—

Hoorra—a—a—h.

From a dale of power in the worlds,
FERNANDY 'll be king, and all of us lords,
Our ancistors in the auld canthurry,
Were kings and lords of high degree,
Erin E pluribus, unum go braugh,
Hoorah for FERNANDY the One—

Hoorra—a—a—h.

Beautiful fraydom thin there will be,
All of us lords and some jukes do ye see,
And if a Black Republican impades us
We'll sell him for a nagur to the sesaders,
Erin E pluribus, unum go braugh,
Hoorah for FERNANDY the One—

Hoorra—a—a—h.

Pedagogue's Maxim.

A switch in time saves nine.

VANITY FAIR.



ALARMING APPEARANCE OF THE WINNEBAGO CHIEF
CAMERON AT SPRINGFIELD.

CAMERON.—"YOU'VE SENT FOR ME, AND I'VE COME. IF YOU DON'T WANT ME, I'LL GO BACK TO MY WIGWAM."

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 Henry VI., Act 1, Scene 1.

LETTER V.

OF LOBBYWOMEN.

Do you know anything about women? If so, you have the advantage of me, and had, perhaps, better write this chapter yourself, for I don't. Of course, you understand, I know a woman when I see her; but, so far as regards comprehending her character and the inward workings of her mind, I know no more of that wonderful and mysterious being than a Camanche does about Sanscrit dialects or a Member of Congress about patriotism. Did you ever convince one? I will bet two copies of VANITY FAIR against the last President's Message (the fearful odds shows how confident I am), that when you had cemented uncontradicted facts and unimpeachable logic into the distasteful conclusion, she blew down your card house with a toss of the head and a little exclamation of "Oh! I dare say it's all very true; but I don't agree with you!" [No takers.] Does anybody understand a woman, except women? Do they? Here is an angelic, gentle looking, altogether loveable creature, and *presto!* allow me to introduce Miss BORGIA: be careful how you flirt with her, my boy, unless you have a stomach-pump handy. There is that plain, practical looking woman yonder, and presently the great human heart, weeping for Scutari, thrills with the name of FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. That slender girl there doesn't look much as if she would stand being fried, does she? Looks as if she'd turn sick at the sight of blood and faint outright at a naked sword? My friend, that is JOAN OF ARC. You see, my dear Miss or Madam, I am not a professed misogynist, after all: I don't hate your whole sex because one of the best of you made a fool of herself by declining to become Mrs. MOTLEY WARE; and if I don't understand your hidden littlenesses much, I frankly confess that I comprehend your secret greatnesses far less. I love you very much ladies, but you frighten me sometimes; you do, indeed.

All this has nothing to do with the subject, you say? Ah! But it has though. For how else than by showing them the utter incomprehensibility of the sex, can I induce my rural readers and admirers (pardon the tautology) to believe in the existence of that greatest of all female contradictions, the Lobbywoman? She is a *brevet man*. Her whole life is devoted, like that of some politicians in a certain little State—say Ireland, that is at an inoffensive distance—to a repeal of her organic act. I sincerely believe she would adopt the unmentionable peculiarities of the male costume (indeed she does sometimes, in affairs matrimonial, but that, I am given to understand, is a feat not strictly confined to the trade), if the business could not be conducted so much better in pet—well, then! in skirts.

For instance, I remember there was, in my day, that miserable Mrs. DOLER, of the weeping widow school. Who would have listened to her absurd demands, if presented by a person capable of appreciating the depth of meaning conveyed by an extended boot—especially when occupied by its excited proprietor? And yet I tell you that wretched bill of hers was *snivelled* through, at last: I voted for it myself, as I would have voted for a mosquito, if that beastly little buzzer had had half the Widow DOLER's pertinacity. Day after day, she used to come with the same greasy papers, and the same seedy, weedy, dusty, fusty garments, and the same pitiful amount of sobbing, and the same stifled blowing of the nose to relieve her anguish, and the same SNIVELLING (nothing but the very largest type will suffice to express my feelings), until my whole life was pervaded with a nervous dread of her. In the nightmare line, she was worse even than pork; oh! infinitely than Welsh rabbit (I insist upon spelling it in that way though I know it's wrong). I got, at last, to entertain the same feelings towards her that MACBETH may be supposed to have held respecting the late BANQUO's impolite intrusion; I felt at her approach much as the same gentleman did when his servants imparted to him the agreeable news that Birnam Wood was coming round the corner. Ah! what a relief it was when she got that pension! Preserve me from the weeping widow; oh! save me from the snivellers.

Quite another style of Lobbywoman, and equally beloved, is—or rather was, for I suppose she must be dead now, and am unwilling to suspect nature of repeating the experiment—the invincible Miss MACKHAGG; scrawny, skimp, hard-featured, harsh-voiced (odds! cymbals and saw-flings, how harsh!), old and ugly as the superannuated umbrella with which she illustrated her remarks, only not so baggy; but still invincible; veteran, and inveterate. Never came down coon more readily at sight of the late Captain SCOTT, than we poor, unhappy representatives of the dear people used to for the MACKHAGG, after our first bitter experience of her.

She would see us; she would present the inevitable greasy papers; she would like to know how long this was agoan to last, she would. That was what she would like to know. She would like to know whether pore lone women was agoan to be kep out of their rights by sich as we. What was we HIREd for (violent and sardonic umbrella illustrations), she would like to know. Not to sit there in the House doon nothen but foolen away the people's time, let alone every now and then maken a speech—as if anybody wanted to hear our old speeches, or read them, what's more. Was we agoan to give her her rights? That was all she asked, and little enough, goodness knows. Or did we mean to let it alone? That was all she wanted to know. Was we goan to do it to-morrow? Well, then, the next day? Yes, and see it was the next day, too, or we'd find she wasn't one of the kind that puts up with triflen; she could tell us that. Yow, wow! Yap, Yap, Yap! That and very much more to the same amiable and pleasing purport, she could and did tell us; until we came at length to seek refuge in immediate and unconditional surrender. I don't wonder that SOCRATES took to his henbane cocktails so kindly, when I remember XANTIPPE waiting for him at home.

But these estimable ladies are the negative poles of the great Lobby battery, they attract by repulsion. Equally effective and far more agreeable is the positive pole, of which my friend Mrs. JOBLEY (whose name was a little Miss-printed the other day—ha! ha! elegant "goak" on the word Female compositor) is a highly attractive specimen. If you have read these papers carefully, as, of course, everybody has done, you know my opinion about Mrs. J.; that she is a dear, charming woman. Everybody who knows her thinks her a dear, charming woman; everybody, that is, except her own sex, who are "down on her," to use an entirely new expression, "like a thousand of brick." Why is it that none of the women can bear her, and yet all the men like her so? For my part, I don't see how anybody can help liking her. She has such pleasant ways about her and always makes it a point to say something agreeable. You wouldn't take her for a young woman, and yet she certainly don't look like an old one. How am I to settle that interesting point, her age? I can't say "she was a woman grown when I first learnt to read and must be at least 84;" I am unable to assert that her "FANNY was a great big girl, going to dancing school, before I was married, and I don't think she can be under 70;" nor can I declare that "all I know is she was SALLY JONES's bridesmaid and everybody remarked how young she was, and SALLY was married the year that bonnets with double illusion scallops and *rose de chine* longway puffs first came in fashion, and oh my dear I know she can't be a day over 35 at the outside," etcetera, etcetera. Alas! All these ingenious little computative devices in which her own sex are wont to indulge, with what wonderful and sometimes startling results we all know, are denied to me. I can only say that she is a little worn, but not at all faded. The bloom hasn't gone from her cheeks, but a line or two has come, she doesn't "gush" as she used to do when I first knew her, having latterly abandoned that department to her daughter FANNY, in whose hands it does not suffer. Mrs. JOBLEY is a widow; one of that large and respectable class, who although the term is generally supposed to infer a matrimonial connection at some prior date, never seem to suggest or even admit the idea of a tangible, actually existing husband. There is the widow, and there is the stern fact of FANNY, and yet I solemnly declare to you that the idea of a real, live, male, pater-familias JOBLEY has never, until this moment, entered my brain. I incline to the opinion that he must have lived as a matter of form, and surprised by his death a world that had suspected rather than realized his existence. Nobody knows whether he left her anything beyond her widowhood and FANNY, but, inasmuch as he certainly had nothing else to leave, it seems, to say the least, improbable, and yet she lives in a fine house and in the best style. Happy is the man who is in her good graces, for good dinners are his share. She is what they call in the English language a clever, and in the American a smart woman. She reads everything from *Homeri Opera* to VANITY FAIR, and I dare say will read this and not recognize herself. She is a managing woman, they say, and fortunate is the owner of the pie in which she has so much as a little finger. She is on the best of terms with JOBBY, and swears by him as the best of men. I believe General BANGLES would marry her to-morrow if Mrs. B. were not, and it wouldn't deprive him of such a nice place to spend his evenings. GORMANDY is loud in his praises of her wit and her dinners. JACK KIDDARS was FANNY's right-hand man, and looked upon Mrs. J., so he said, as a mother, though I will do JACK the credit of adding that he was far too sensible a person to have carried the idea into practice even if Captain EPLETTS were not still in a high state of Old Rye, somewhere within the peaceful limits of Texas. Governor LOBB is devoted, and thinks her a monstrous fine woman. Her magic in-

fluence with all sorts and conditions of useful men is truly wonderful; they wilt before her, and it is a singular thing that each of the wilters is sure to think himself the one aim and object of her existence, and much enjoy, from that pleasing stand-point, the silly pretensions of his rivals. I cannot say that her hair it is of golden hue; I do not assert that what she says it is, is not true; but the remainder of Mr. LONGFELLOW's remark—

"Beware! Beware!
Trust her not;
She is fooling thee!"

I am happy to be able to endorse as expressing my sentiments with a correctness truly wonderful when you consider the difference in our styles.

Malicious people do say that those pleasant little dinners of hers are paid for by some railway company or other; that her dresses, which I would dearly like to describe but can't—witness my miserable failure in the matter of the bonnets, just now—are the proceeds of swamp lands; that FANNY's pin money comes from the pickings of a mail contract: but then, you know, it's so easy to say such things. And after all who minds them? You remember what I told you about that little affair of the Gracchus Harbor Bill; don't you? That was a pretty good thing, and any woman might well be proud of it.

I'm not so intimate at the widow's as I used to be when I had such a powerful influence with Mr. TYLER, but I still drop in occasionally in a quiet way. I dropped in the other evening, a little late for tea; a beverage for which I, in common with other great men, (need I mention the late Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON?) cherish a strong weakness after a very pleasant half-hour or so of social chat on the topics of the day, and several cups (I shan't tell you how many) of the cheering draught which is said to soothe but not inebriate. I was about to depart, when Mrs. JOBLEY besought me, in her blandest manner, to "do go up into the library" and partake of a cigar and a *chasse* of the cup which combines the two processes just mentioned: the cigars were genuine *principes*, made for the Prince himself, and the aforesaid cup of the very best, she said, and would take no refusal. I do like a quiet weed, and in the moderation of wise men, am rather partial to the cup, and, moreover, I never could resist the widow; so I gave no refusal, but march up. Do you know it is a very remarkable thing, but there sat old BANGLES over his weed and his cup! Gracious goodness! I thought (and, if I had been a popular farce, would have added "Goodness Gracious!"; she couldn't have sent me up here just to show him, could she? I am afraid she could, though. I don't admire the General particularly; his grammar is appalling; but he grins at my oldest jokes—it is delightful to be on joking terms with a Senator—and I like him for doing it; so we had a pleasant cigar together. But I couldn't help wondering how the poor Prince (I did wonder *what one, too*, but was much too sharp to confess my ignorance) came to be done out of his pipes, and whether she really did want just to show me the General, after all.

MORE PAP FOR GOVERNMENT BABIES.

In' good old Government Times,
When we were under J. B.,
Three Roguish Scamps fell out, on their tramps,
Because they couldn't see—see—!

The first he was a Traitor—
The second likewise, only greater:
The third thought to plunder
The Union asunder,
Three Scamps for our special wonder.

Scamp COBB he "acknowledged the corn;"
Scamp FLOYD—fled—flay'd—flaw'd forlorn,
While a well-scent shot
From that old coon SCOTT,
Brought THOMPSON with a P. to a squat.

A Domestic View of the Question.

The confederate States of the South doubtless consider themselves well rid of a President at Washington; for accustomed as they are to having their household economies regulated by colored dependents, the maintenance of a White House Keeper must have been galling to them in the extreme. The Florida Keys would never have been safe in the hands of such a person.

A Rarey Avis.

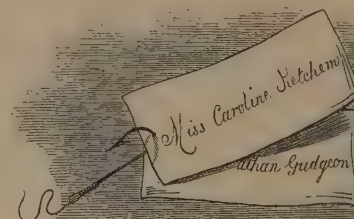
Peacock, the horse.

CARDIAC AFFECTIONS.

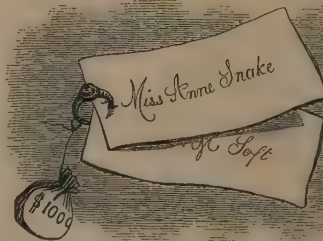
The Silken T which binds two Willing Hearts. Not twilling, observe—though that also is possible within the limits of feminine fancy work.



The silken Tie, if you please, is really that which connects wedding cards. Sometimes in the antique or Gothic manner set forth in the cut, and sometimes gracefully and orientally surrounding the mighty envelope enclosing the stupendous pasteboard. It looks very delicate and very bride-y and orange blossom-y and cake-y and wine-y, does that slender satin tie. Very. It's nice to get married. S'wp!



But in this great Vanity Fair of a wicked world, my dears, the silken tie is too often a symbol for something else. Those last cards on our table! *Silk*—'sho! "Wethinks we see" a patent fish-hook—slyly penetrating and barbed—doing duty *there*. No silk—only blue, insinuating steel. Hooked in. How the poor fish will flap when jerked out of the element of single blessedness into double misery.



And those other cards. Silk—oh no—gold should hold them together. 'Tis the only link, Madame, between the human originals, and it should be reflected in a corresponding manner in this symbolic bond of union.

We might have added divers others—but space forbade the picture. There was SAM DANCER, who fell in love with KATE, and all for her pretty weeny feet. A shoe-string—she wears Balmorals—should have linked their cards.

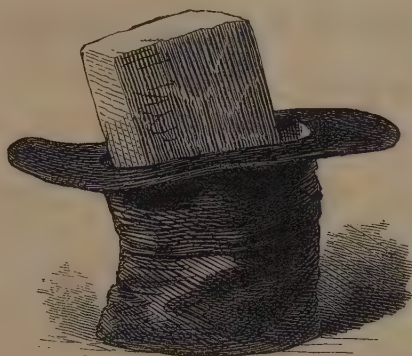
And CLARA BELLEMAIN, who was wooed and won for her perfect No. 5½ hand. Glove tirecttes would have been just the thing *there*.

And DORA ACKER married for her law-suit and her lands—Red Tape, of course.

And black lasting and machine, and grocery twine, and each and all kinds of ligaments, fibres, strings, threads, thongs, and filaments might be used—and all be appropriate to somebody.

But thou, oh VIOLET, whom I learned to adore for thy fawn-eyes and doe-like graceful gestures, and chamois *pose* of the head! Would that I dared to suggest strips of deer—leather. Let us meditate!

SCHNURBART.



OUR FASHION PLATE.

SPRING STYLE.

POSTHUMOUS PATRIOTISM.

To serve one's country, or a section of one's country, with one's whole life . . . to battle even to the death, for fireside and family, for church and state . . . to devote one's existence to the demands or needs of the Fatherland . . . these are considered chivalrous and laurel-worthy acts of patriotism, be they performed by Northerners, Southerners, Hoosiers, Jersey-men, or Gorillas.

But there is a higher, loftier act of devotion . . . a bigger thing on patriotism . . . than these, even.

One may (in South Carolina) serve his country after death!

The *Herald*, that truthful and scrupulous journal! contained recently among other Foreign Correspondence, a letter from Charleston, Republic of South Carolina. That letter contained among other extraordinary statements . . . all of which we would "rather believe than hunt proof" . . . the following:

"The writer is a volunteer, and has three sons with their rifles on their backs. A distinguished citizen and ex-judge has five noble boys in the field. Four brothers, one of whom met his death by accident lately, are side by side in the ranks. These are but few examples."

So we should imagine. Especially the one who, after having "met his death by accident," still remains in the ranks scorning to allow so slight an excuse to keep him away when his (half of the) country calls! What is death, that it should prevent a fellow from seizing decayed forts and ancient vessels? Why should a simple "accident" subvert the patriotic determination of a youthful cockade-wearer? We heartily greet the gentleman who has thus heroically conquered the hitherto all-conqueror. If each of South Carolina's soldiers possesses the same contempt for mortuary hindrances, what an army she will have, eh? "Killing" will be "no murder" indeed, and an annihilation will have no effect whatever upon the gallant youths who will doubtless persist in remaining "side by side, in the ranks," despite all the accidents of shot, shell, sabre, rifle and bayonet.

In a word, if patriotism of a sectional nature, is so excellent a salve, so potent a cure for the accidental deaths that flesh is heir to, we mean to go in for patriotism too; and we earnestly commend the attention of the Life Insurance Companies to the case above cited.

Dust to dust.

Mr. CLAY, the Senator from Alabama, in announcing his retirement from the Senate concluded his valedictory, which was more than an average, specimen of the bombast which passes in Buncombe for oratory, with the following sentence: "I withdraw from this body, intending to return to the bosom of my mother." Does Mr. CLAY mean that he is about to return to the bosom of his mother earth? If that is so, and the gentleman's name as well as his words would seem to justify that consolatory belief, the country may well rejoice that secession has already produced such happy results. If Mr. CLAY will only induce his fellow blusterers to accompany him in his maternal retirement, VANITY FAIR hereby promises to erect a monument to his memory with the following inscription—

This Earth consists of 'wretched plotter's, CLAY,
And others waiting for the judgment day.

A VOICE FROM THE PIT.

Vanity Fair.

MISTER:—Me and SPINKY is into the literatoor line. We sells papers, me and SPINKY does, and we earns our little vittles as honest as anybody. We wants our recreations, me and SPINKY does, arter our day's labors is over, an' natrally we go to that Temple of the Musses, the Bowery Theater, particaly as we lives into Chatham street. But for a spell, afore the Seeseeders kindly cum to our rescue (my eye! Perhaps us news boys don't want 'em to keep it up!) papers didn't sell much, and me and SPINKY was forced, by circumstances over which we didn't hav no immejit control (as the big buffers say) to quit on the Bowery, and go it on the cheap. But one evenin, since the times got flush, I sez to SPINKY, as we wos sittin in a free concert seller, "SPINKY, this here's low," and to giv emphasis to the remark I shied a donut at Old SWOTTLES the comic singer, who was on at the time. "Same here," sez SPINKY, and the next night we visited the Bowery. Payin our little shillins *like a man*, we went into the pit with the other fellers. Mister, me and SPINKY went into that there theater as we'd gone and bin into it in former times, as Amerycan citizens and not as slaves. Does men willinly pay shillins to put themselves into Bondage? So seein One Eyed Beans (who is into literatoor same as me and SPINKY) up in the galry, and wonderin where he got the money to put on so much stile, I gently hollered to him thus: "BEANSY—say, BEANSY, how'd you git in?" "Roped a guy," he softly showtid, whereupon I anserd back, "Bully boy with the glass eye!" (us newsboys hav a peecoler way of interchangin compliments as well as other folks has.) Well, while I was standin up on my seat lookin up tords BEANSY, SPINKY ceased me by the coat-tails and pulled me wilently down, observin that the orkestry fellers was comin out o' their hole. SPINKY giv me one of his penny whistles (you know he is on the whistle) and hollers to the leader, "Say Dutchy, jerk suthin lively, now!" when a man with a Rat Ann cane cum up and hit me and SPINKY over the hed with it, and sed he'd put us out if we didn't shut up. "Yer will, will ye," says me and SPINKY. "Is your parents livin'?" We didn't think he'd put us out, but we found he would. Me and SPINKY, who has done so much to sustain the dramy in the Bowery, was actooally shuvd out of that there theater by a low usher, hired to quell us boys with a Rat Ann cane! Is me and SPINKY to be trifled with thus, Say! What sgerifies the Bowery if Amerycan citizens can't enjoy theirselves into the Pit?

No wonder there is Secession an' things a goin on when Amerycan citizens liberty is trifled with in this here way. The Boon of Liberty is a humbug. There *ain't* no Boon of Liberty no wheres—leastways if there 'ar, she has left the Bowery, and a tyronical Die Nasty rains there in her stid. When us boys in the pit can't holler and hav our little recreations, then indeed is the dramy onto the decline. Me and SPINKY will not submit to this outrage. The other fellers may, but me and SPINKY won't.

Jo TOTTERS, News Boy.
His Peace.

POLITICAL MOTHER-GOOSERIES.

TELEGRAPHIC FROM BOSTON.

Rub-a-dub-dub,
There's news from the Hub,
And who do you think is there?
There's PHILLIPS, the raver; Fax, Union-saver,
With ANDREWS, and also the Mayor.

A NURSERY RHYME, NEWLY SET.

Hickory JACKSON's dead!
The rebels are going ahead!
Hang up but one,
The others will run;
Hickory JACKSON's dead!

WISE-DOM JUSTIFIED BY HIS CHILDREN.

There was a man in Richmond Town,
His name was H. A. WISE.
He howled for Union, till he lusted
All favor in men's eyes.
And when he found all favor gone,
With all his might and main
He howled Secession, hoping thus
To get it back again.

SECESSION CHILDREN'S SONG.

Treason, Rebellion and Insult grows,
If we keep on will come to blows,
You, nor I, nor nobody knows
Why Treason, Rebellion and Insult grows.

THE PROFESSOR OF THE TEA-TABLE.



beginning by rendering him insane, and winding up by taking away his reputation.

"Professor," said Miss DOOLITTLE to me on entering the drawing-room, "you have come just at the right moment to settle a disputed point. What is a woman's proper sphere?"

Thus suddenly called on, I answered, bowing gallantly to Miss SAYMUCH who was seated behind a smoking tea-urn, "The sphere over which she presides with grace is that of Tea-Things." To my astonishment the lady questioner frowned, the lady complimented blushed, and a red-checked girl of sixteen hiding her face in her handkerchief shook with convulsed laughter. What had I said? Fortunately the servant at this moment brought me a cup of tea, and recollecting CICERO's advice *Nulla Te-Meritis sed ordo* (you don't deserve any tea, but go ahead?) I bowed to Miss DOOLITTLE, and asked her if MINERVA was not the goddess of tea—Sage tea? Miss SAYMUCH answered for her, that she had always understood that tea was unknown to the ancients, and that therefore she really pitied them.

"Tea," said I, smiling betimely, "I must have been known to the Romans? its botanical name *Thea* points directly to the Latin *Theatrum*, (observe our Theatre) as a place devoted to tea drinking, proved by CICERO who says: '*Te-ipse plaris feci in theatrum*,' Topsy, (overcome with tea!) I have done many things in the Theatre.

That the Greeks knew all about tea we have it in proof that they went so far as to call *THEA* a goddess, whereas the Romans with less gallantry considered it a *Te-deus* piece of business.

"How many kinds of Tea do you think there are?" asked I, smiling at the pretty girl of sixteen.

"You ask me those hard questions to tease," said she.

"Right! Two Teas, but good Fortune, an Englishman, has shown that both black and green teas can be made from the same plant."

"But professor, do tell, does tea make a body thin," asked Miss SAYMUCH.

"On the contrary, I am of the opinion that the waste——"

"Sirr!" said Miss DOOLITTLE.

"That the waste of the human economy is prevented by the use of tea. It adds much to the celerity of the lingual muscles, and its fumes ascending to the brain cause a corresponding increased action of the censorious view." Being fairly aroused, I was about to quote the Emperor KHAM-LOUNG's Tea Poem, and had, in fact, commenced and was reciting,

Take an old three-legged pot,
Put it o'er a slow fire,
Then fill up with snow
And let it perspire.
In a P'we cup of china,
Put in your fine tea,
Pour on your hot water,
Then TEEAO—THEREOU you'll see!—

when I was interrupted by the ladies.

ANITY OF VANITIES.—Will tea kill you? I am induced to ask you in a singular manner, for in the plural, I am convinced that Teas will be the death of you. Having lately had the satisfaction of proving to a large audience, that you could kill a dog at ten feet with coffee, (in a shot gun) I shall now proceed to show that you can totally demolish a human being in a series of Tea Fights,

"Oh now, Professor, don't!" So I at once subsided into a spectator.

"And did you see those GREENE girls this morning?" Lingual muscles excited! "What bonnets, what shawls, and they say one is engaged; so ugly and old! How do you know she's engaged? So I was told. To be married next month. And why not to-morrow? The man must be crazy, he'll soon die of sorrow."

Fortunately, at this moment the unmarried clergyman, tea and talk proof, arrived and under the excitement of the moment I escaped from the house and from the first symptoms of Tea destruction—Insanity.

As it was early in the evening I called on my Austrian friend the German Professor, who was seated in his bachelorhood and dressing gown, before a large wood fire; smoking Havanas, and reading the Destination of Man. Said I to him—what is his destination? "Ubiquity!" answered the Austrian, and ringing a small bell he ordered the servant to bring in tea.

I was about to decline, when my friend raising some abstruse question in metaphysics I forgot everything external, and was only interrupted by the servant, who brought in a very small tea urn, but a very large bottle of brandy, several lemons, and a sugar bowl. "You see," said the Austrian, waving his hand over the tea-tools; "I am accustomed to Croatian Tea, from a long residence among those dear cut-throats; and I think you will find it very palatable. You put it in the sugar, thus! here he held open the sugar tong, and let the lumps fall in; you pour on a few drops of tea—thus! You take a slice of lemon and put it in, thus! You pour in brandy, thus! And to conclude you pour on hot tea, so! Now my dear friend bibe!"

We both imbibed. We smoked Havanas We poured out, and drank more Croatian Tea. We had the tea-urn re-filled, but the brandy held out remarkably well. More tea. Ye tea deities watch over me, for this night I feel that in this fight, I shall indeed lose my reputation for a strong head, and perchance prove that a human being in Tea fights, may be first driven nearly crazy, and conclude by losing a reputation for sobriety.

Farewell! Let this your motto be:

"NOT THAT I CAN'T, BUT WILL NOT COME TO TEA!"

P. P. C.

In these days people are learning facts at a great rate, and among these facts are the political and moral values of divers and sundry politicians. Such as P. P. C.

VANITY FAIR, like other respectable papers, limits itself to law and propriety. Therefore VANITY cannot in the wild manner of the two central dailies, give rumors for facts. And consequently VANITY FAIR in speaking of P. P. C. limits itself to Mere Report. For instance: *On dit* that P. P. C. is "Poor PHIL CLAYTON."

On dit that P. P. C. has been known in Washington, and among the business men of New York, as the "Cerberus of the treasury;" *on dit* much more of the poodle. He has *on dit* played the part of jackal to Cobb's lion. He is *on dit* directly responsible for the seizure of the Revenue Cutter in Charleston harbor, being the head of the Revenue Cutter service, and *on dit* he goes out of office, entering DIX, with a dispute with the Comptroller, who refuses to sign a warrant for a fraudulent claim amounting to \$60,000! "Like Master, like Man!" *Adieu!* quoth VANTY FAIR!

Pour Prendre congé, in French we say,

When parting, our friends we wait on;

But, *angloé*, in our funny way,

Mean only Poor P. CLAYTON.

Bless them! they've gone, both man and master, whose sins we dilate on:

The faithless watch-dog, the snarling "fice"

Companion whelps, whom men despise:—

HOWELL COBB and his long-eared assistant Secretary CLAYTON.

One of a Hundred.

Why is BARNUM like a Century Plant? Because whenever he Blows, everybody rushes to see a great curiosity.

The Head of the Virginia Rebellion.

PATE.

A Minister of War.

An Army Chaplain.

Rather "Bad to Take."

Fort Sumter.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER V.

For the last three chapters we have been in a basement in Blecker Street! I confess it with shame and confusion of face. At the rate we are getting on, this biography of a highly respectable private family will outlast the annals of the public Government, and our young friends who began it with so much cheerfulness about the time of their debut in society will sleep with their fathers before they get to the middle of the first third, previously, however, assembling their grandchildren around them to leave valedictory directions about erecting a house for the preservation of the back numbers, and injunctions to see Mr. Primpenny through if it takes ten more generations. The fact is that the grandeur of the theme originally stretched itself into Infinity before the biographer's mind, and in attempting to daguerreotype this impression upon the pages of *VANITY FAIR*, he forgot that two per week of those pleasant surfaces were an inadequate number for the purpose. To be sure, there is not a doubt in the mind of any sensible man that *VANITY FAIR* will be eternal—it is an equally established fact that the beloved proprietors thereof are extremely obliging—fact the third is a permanent intention on the part of this biographer to contribute thereto from his modest repertory, but the question whether a permanent contributor be also an eternal and infinite contributor is one which the courts have yet to settle. At any rate—(I mean at the rate we have been going) some of us will be called off by other engagements before Mr. Primpenny comes to a conclusion at the commencement of the 22d century, A.D.

We must therefore be concise hereafter. This porpoise of a biographer who has been accustomed heretofore to flounder hugely through the mighty sheets of the daily and the monthly, must henceforth condense his bulk into that delicate animalcule which can disport itself in a drop of *VANITY*'s exquisitely pungent and aromatic vinegar.

We left Mr. Primpenny holding the tender hand of Miss Ann Eliza McCrowder. What happened directly after that he has never been able to recollect with anything approaching mathematical accuracy. He knows that he awoke beneath the paternal roof at eleven o'clock of the next morning. That he perceived the remarkable sensation of a piece of hoop-iron nicely secured around his forehead. That he dressed himself, put his hand into the pocket of his paletot to get a handkerchief, and brought with that a curl of soft brown hair. That he rushed to the glass and found a decidedly uneven place among the locks on his own right temple. That an indistinct apparition of scissors—the sound of a kiss—and the odor of spiced Jamaica, blended all at once before his confused memory. That he came finally to the distinct conclusion that he had gone and done it.

He had scarcely completed his toilette when the waiter knocked at his door and told him that a person was below insisting on an interview with him.

"Any body you've ever seen before, George?" asked Mr. Primpenny.

"No sir."

"Haven't the least idea who he is, hey?"

"E's Irish, that's hall I know, sir."

"Show him up."

The next moment Teague entered. He had shed the dirty canvass cocoon in which Stuyvesant last saw him, and was out in the complete butterfly—the Irishman of fair and holiday occasions, glorious in a scarf of plaided red and green, waistcoat of the same colors appropriately varied a shade or two from the scarf, yellow corduroys, a mulberry coat of the time and size of Brian Boru, and a pair of immense brogans, blacked to such a degree that Stuyvesant felt a return of vertigo in looking at their vast shiny surface. Teague had evidently been getting himself up for inspection, and the modest way in which he carried his antique beaver before him was so deprecatory of all unkind criticism, that Stuyvesant, in spite of himself, immediately felt prepossessed in his favor.

"Well, Teague—how did you get away from Mrs. McCrowder at this hour of the morning?" began Mr. Primpenny.

"It was like pullin' tathe," replied Teague, "I'd have brought the dare craychure along with me, sir, but she was too busy to

come out for an airin'. A gentleman couldn't compel her, you know sir."

"But what did you come for?"

"The lady axed me, Misher Primpenny. I niver refuse the swate ladies, God bliss 'em!"

"Oh! An errand from Mrs. McCrowder!" said Stuyvesant, trying not to appear startled as he thought of the curl.

"Well, not that jist. It's an errand from meself I came on. It's a bizness I've just tuk up fur a thrial, this runnin' on errands for meself, and it's aisy, so it is, and ye has yer time to yerself an' gets lave the whole o' Sundays, an' it's nate althegither, barrin' that it doesn't pay well."

"You don't mean to say you've lost your place?"

"No sir—it isn't lost—it's right where it was in Blaker-strate, but there's another bye in it. An' two byes is one too many for a single bed. (bad look to the wasteful scoundrel that thrashed the straw and didn't get the swate lumps o' whate out o' it!) so, ses I to meself, it's a hint that! An' I always was delicate about takin' hints."

"The long and short of it is that Mrs. McCrowder's dispensed with you?"

"That's the short o' it, Misher Primpenny. On me faith it was mighty short too. Divil a bit longer than it tuk me to put me things in a clane pocket-handkerchief. And the long of it is that if ye'll only spake the word I'll serve ye till the day o' me death, chaper, an' better than any bye in me own line o' bizness that ye'll find in the city of New York!"

Stuyvesant lit a pipe and walked the length of his room with his hands in his pockets. Returning, he faced Teague, who still stood wearing an inviting smile on his countenance, and asked him why he had quarrelled with Mrs. McCrowder. Wasn't she a good, generous mistress?

"Ginerous? So she was!" replied Teague. "She'd divide her last crust with the poor—and ate the croomb by herself. An' as to quarrelin' with the lady—it's a thing I couldn't do an' keep me own self-respect. But she said I talked too much. Tare an ages! Wasn't she angry when she heard that I'd been spakin' about the gentleman's back board-bill before the like o' yes last night? But it was ordhers—an' suppose I'd carried up the claret without askin'? As to talkin', I always was an orator. When I wint to the praste's school in Killmedaddy, didn't Father Murphy tell me I ought to inter the church? So he did! At tin months I talked as well as I do now, and seegin' I larned it so young I niver forgot it."

"Can you black boots, Teague?" said Mr. Primpenny.

"Look at me own!" replied Mr. Ryan, proudly advancing one of the brogans.

"And brush hata?"

"So I can! Me own bayver's not a pattern be any means, for I'm lift-handed, and whin I put the bristles to it the nap goes the wrong way before I know it. But whin I take a throe gentleman's into me fist, like yer honor's, the brush makes a nathral turn in the right direction."

"And how about coats?"

"Whin ye find a spack o' lint on yer broadcloth, call Teague Ryan a beggar!"

"Did you ever take care of horses?"

"Horses is it? An' perhaps I niver tindred the darlints? An' wasn't it meself that was sint away from the Bishop o' Clonmel's for givin' his favorite racer sich a shiny coat that the saddle wouldn't stay on him, an' his Riverence wint tumblin' down among the dogs by the dyke at Whishywillagh? Horses! Wasn't it me father had the best sate in all Ireland, an' me thray sicond brothers nixt to meself that lost him his property by the expinse o' kapin' whole backs to their throusers? The swate craychures! Don't I remember how I was cryin' one day at the age o' eighteen months, an' me mother handed me a potato to stop me mouth, an' I crawled away to the stables to give it to a big black hoonter that the groom had chated o' his oats! That's what I was cryin' for! An' me mother said I should jine the dhragoons, an' me father broke his neck in a ditch while he was savin' money to buy me a commission? Horses, is it? Faith an' I don't know whether I'd like to take care o' yer honor's. The bayste has such a nathral affliction for me that whin I've been kind to him a bit, he mightn't let anybody else drive him."

Before Mr. Primpenny could speak, a servant knocked again, bringing a letter. Mr. Primpenny opened it, and read the following contents.

PRIMPENNY & SAVAELL, No. — Greenwich-street, New-York.

Coal-scuttles, { Country orders promptly attended to.

{ Liberal discounts given to the trade.

STUYVESANT PRIMPENNY, Esq.

My Son—

As per agreement have concluded contract for house to be occupied by you. Abominable habit of wasting early morn'g hours in bed prevented conference with you on subject before. (Vide Watts—excellent rem's to the point

"Voice of Sluggard, heard him complain.") Edifice situated at No. — 34th St., Freestone front, all modern improvements, English basement, three stories and attic, furnished by family who will let reasonable, on acc't of going abroad. You will now be beyond the healthful restraints of home roof. Cellar contains five baskets green seal Madeira—3 do. same brand champagne. Remember that virtue is the foundation of solid happiness. You may send your butcher's bills to undersigned. Go and look at the premises to-day. If you ever experience compunctions for unfilial conduct, return and the reception of prodigal shall be yours. Am informed that gas is all right. If the carpets do not suit, can supply new ones. Visit frequently the parents who love you. Allowance goes on as before and will be paid semi-monthly by applying to y'r

Afflicted Father,

ISAIAH PRIMPENNY.

BUSINESS NOTICE.

Coal-scuttles of every pattern for hotel and household use. Celebrated exhaust-feed and back-action manufactured by this firm alone.

P.S. I had forgotten to say that your mother wishes you to wear woolen stockings and send them home to be darned.

A tear stole down from the inner angle of Stuyvesant's left eye, as he read the missive indited on one of Primpenney & Co.'s business sheets, and enclosed in the envelope of the firm. But he naturally enough reflected that his father, like his father's umbrella, was so far behind the age that only the extreme tip of its chronological coat-tail was visible to him, and thus he made allowances for the dear old Governor. What was wealth if not the sub-



stratum of luxury? He would honor the creator of his being by keeping the finest bachelor establishment in the city of New York! And to those who knew what was what—a knowledge of the nature of the interrogative pronoun only acquired through long acquaintance with fashionable society—would not this display of elegance be a far nobler advertisement for the paternal name, than any connection of his own initials with the tedious and obscure business of coal-scuttle manufacture? Of course!

But Teague was still standing as another kind of interrogative pronoun, without any answer in the remotest degree relative.

"I will take you, Teague," said he. "You may come along with me now, and help to put my house in order. What do you say to twelve dollars a month?"

"Let her spake to me," replied Teague, "an' I'll be doomb for smilin'! Say to twilve dollars a month, is it? Perhaps the beauty won't be after onderstandin' me though, for I niver talked to the like o' her before. An' isn't there any knives I kin clane fur ye dhirectly?"

"Never mind the knives, Teague," said Mr. Primpenney. "You'll have enough to do in that way when I give my oyster parties. I'll take my breakfast now. You may wait on me and I'll give you instructions. After that we'll go over to my house

in 34th St., and you may help me in getting it ready for my reception."

Thus Teague Ryan completed his invaluable connection with the Primpenney Family.

It happened to Isaiah Primpenney that the same afternoon, not far from four o'clock, he had business in Park Row. This being finished it struck him that he might as well return home on foot through the Bowery. That old promenade had been a fashionable one in his early years—the day was fine, and what was the use of taking the cars? They were always such close stuffed-up affairs, and exercise was so necessary to a middle-aged gentleman, that he eventually concluded to walk.

Near the corner of Houston-street he was startled by the apparition of a face familiar to him. Could that red, round face, so different from his pale, thin and wrinkled visage, those pepper and salt locks at least fifteen shades darker than his own scanty hair, be the evidences of Reuben Kineboy? Yes—it must be! He had not seen Reuben since they separated at the threshold of life, himself to leave the Yankee village school for an apprenticeship in the New York hardware business, and his next neighbor on the spelling bench to take employment with a farmer in Vermont. Isaiah Primpenney had changed. There was the stoop—there were the wrinkles—there the glasses bought of Pike. Without knowing it, he had slightly altered the fashion of his clothes also. Not that he meant to—but the tailors have a sly way of making things fashionable, even for weasel-eyed old gentlemen, before they know it, of bagging the pantaloons which ought to be narrow, and giving an artistic lappel to the waistcoat which was once straight-breasted.

But Reuben Kineboy had not altered a particle. When I say that, I expect the license of the poet to be granted me. The poet knows nothing of time, d'ye see? Time, merely in his toughening, grizzling, and corrugating tendencies. If a man has been worked hard, or vicious, or a great sufferer—then the poet knows it, and sees the difference between him and a cloudless young lad. But other changes the poet knows nothing of, and when there's the same expression of goodness, and truth, and unworlly simplicity on a man's face that marked him when he sat on the district school benches, then the poet remembers him as the same everlasting old youth, and just as Isaiah Primpenney did, says to him,

"Bless my soul! How are you? How do you do, Reuben Kineboy!"

"Who are you, any-heow?" replied Mr. Kineboy.

"Don't you know me? Isaiah Primpenney?" replied the coal-scuttle dealer.

"Isaiah Primpenney?" Honest naow? Air you Isaiah?"

"To be sure I am! Don't you know me? I'd have known you any where!"

"Wal! Isaiah—I was jist a comin' down Broadway to see ye. Broadway's a mighty purty street. That's the City Hall up yonder—jan't it?"

"What? Oh! Yes—the Cooper Institute! This isn't Broadway, you know—this is the Bowery."

"Now raly! Ain't yew mistaken? A man told me this was Broadway. I put up at the Everett House last night. He's from New England, Everett is, and he writ the papers in the Ledger. I thought I'd stop at his haouse, because I like the papers. We read 'em on Saturday nights to hum, and there isn't a time when I read them papers that I daon't feel the country's safe enough to go to sleep in. So I asked for the Everett jist the first moment I came tew town. I had toast and biled eggs for breakfast—to be sure the eggs isn't quite as fresh as I'd like—and then I put straight for your store. After breakfast I kept straight down town from the eatin' house, 'cause they said that went down Broadway. Well, 'Saiah, how d'ye do?"

"I want you to come right up to my house!" said the father of the Primpenneys. "I'll talk to you there. I don't know a man I'd rather see, just this minute, than you. Send for your baggage to the Everett House, and spend the rest of your time in New York with me."

So Mr. Primpenney thrust his arm through that of Mr. Kineboy's, and began walking up the Bowery with him. It was at first difficult to persuade him that this street was not Broadway. Mr. Kineboy, though exceedingly fond of the acquisition of new knowledge, was a man exceedingly tenacious of his opinions, and he had become so thoroughly convinced that the magnificent thoroughfare on which he traveled from the Everett House was really the principal street of the metropolis, that it required elaborate argument on the senior Mr. Primpenney's part to persuade him that it was not Broadway but the Bowery.

The two old schoolmates of forty years ago reached the yellow building dedicated to Washington's filial biographer on Union Square, and the baggage of Mr. Kineboy was sent to Mr. Primpenney's residence on the Avenue.

The senior Mr. Primpenney then hailed a stage passing up the

Hurry Up.

SILENUS says that if the Secessionists are going to break into the U. S. Treasury, they must hurry up, for after the Fourth of March they won't have any Jimmy to help 'em.

Mortuary.

X. says that there are so many Laws now that are merely Dead Letters, one can hardly tell the difference between a Law Office and a Dead Letter Office!

By an Outsider.

What are the premium articles in VANITY FAIR?

Those which are given as A. WARD's, to be sure.

Congress Water.

The "tears" that the *Herald* says "were shed when the Secession Congressmen bade farewell to the Senate."

By our Handsome Contributor.

What the late Governor of South Carolina feels since the forced loan—An AIKEN VOID.

The Very Slowest Yet.

Why is our Future like a Drunken Teamster? Because it Teems with difficulty!



CENTRAL PARK.

RATHER AN IDEA FOR STOUT, ELDERLY PARTIES WHO WISH TO ENJOY THE SKATING AT CENTRAL PARK, BUT WHO ARE A LITTLE UNCERTAIN ON THEIR LEGS.

true Broadway, Mr. Kineboy remarking at the time that he'd have taken the same thing down street before, only he thought it was a yellor soda-water or cigar wagon, and in fifteen minutes more they were in front of that architecturally magnificent residence which had been purchased by half a century of carefully regulated coal-scuttles.

"Now come in," said Mr. Primpenney, pulling the strap, "and I'll introduce you to Jerusha, the old lady, that is to say Mrs. Primpenney."

He had wandered back to the old school days when a wife was called by her christian name. In a moment he fled through all his after years, and at least became the gentleman he now was!

And with a feeling of exhilaration he had not known since he sat on the bench beside that chubby-cheeked fellow who wore the white country overcoat, a little larger than had fitted him in those days, and felt his hands tingle for the snow-ball which would fill it at recess. Isalah Primpenney went up the front steps to his sonless house of freestone.

At this same moment Stuyvesant, with Teague, was examining the separate bachelor establishment in 34th Street.

(To be Continued.)

BELLA HINKLEY.

VANITY FAIR is grimly opposed to puffery. Especially of Pretty Women. And of *Prime Donne*. It being well known that such dames are generally very sufficiently Blown about so as to require no extra puffing.

But having been defied to find a rhyme for the new Assoluta, and never "taking a stump," VANITY FAIR after duly listening to her nightingalings has produced the following. After reading which all small rhymesters to such easy words as "Silver," "Mouth" and "Porringer" are respectfully requested to retire.

Who comes here with star-step twink'ly?
Shrinking, trembling, BELLA HINKLEY!
Comes with cheeks that blush so pink'ly?
Rosy, roguish BELLA HINKLEY!—
Comes with hair done up so krink'ly?
Graceful, tasteful BELLA HINKLEY!
Thrills and trills and frills so prink'ly?
Lively, laughing, lovely HINKLEY?
Showered with smiles and rose-leaves sprink'ly?
Pretty Prima Donna HINKLEY!
Here embalmed with pen and ink'ly?
Who but ISABELLA HINKLEY!

HÆC FABULA DOCET.

I.

A slender vine on an old oak hung,
And clasped its scaly rind;
From trunk to top its pennons flung,
And laughed to scorn, the wind.

II.

And men who passed the way along,
Admired, and oft would speak,
Of the kindly law that gave the strong
To aid and shield the weak.

III.

Indeed it was as fair a sight,
As any in the land—
To see the puny parasite,
Upborne by tree so grand.

IV.

One day the vine in anger said,
"My tendrils I'll untie—
Alone, aloft I'll rear my head,
And leave the oak to die."

V.

The winds were out; and strong they grew,
And hustled through the air;
They whistled and blew, the old oak through,
And laid its branches bare.

VI.

The tempest ceased; its rage was o'er;
The sunbeams gaily shine;
The sturdy oak stood as before—
Low lay the lifeless vine.

Con: for Modistes.

Why is a dress-skirt of the latest style, like the boiled bass at dinner?
Because it is Set On in Wide Plaits!

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

BRICBAT, Jan. 8th, 1861.



RIEND VANITY:
I have not written you for a long time, owing to a severe attack of the tooth-ache. *N'importe*; it is something we are all liable to.

Said CAVOUR to me, the other day—"what will you and GARIBALDI do in the Spring?"

"March upon Rome, with twenty million of men, and reduce the city, the walls, and pope, to impalpable powder!"

"Bully for you!" said CAVOUR.

"In point of fact, that is our intention. With the aid of my faithful GARIBALDI, I intend to make Italy a visit. Under the supreme control of VICTOR EMANUEL I shall be the power behind the

throne. Not a bad idea, eh?

They talk about Disaffection among the Italians here. Nonsense! there is nothing but Affection. They say the unification of Italy is Played Out. Nonsense! it is soon to be Worked Up.

... Wait. You shall see. The idea of March will show whether the Italians are or are not patriots to the death; and whether they have or have not a McARONE to lead them...

For myself, I think they have.

... I took a run down to Caprera, the other day. GARIBALDI was hoeing in a peanut-patch with the same easy grace and dignified hauteur that he displays at the head of an army.

"My dear Mac!" cried he.

"My dear Joe!" cried I.

We wept in each other's arms some minutes.

I told him that his hoe, which he still held, hurt the back of my neck. He relinquished his embrace, and gathered a handful of peanuts.

"Eat," said the Dictator; "they are poor things, but mine own!"

There, on that barren and lonely isle, with the eternal heavens above me, the eternal waters slashing at my feet, and the man who helped me to liberate Italy by my side, I ate the simple fruits of the soil.

... How vividly the mysterious past came back to me! My happy boyhood's hours! I saw, through the haze of memory, the copious stage and awful pit of the Old Bowery. The crackling of peanut-shells, the noise of the policeman's rattle, the whistlings, cat-calls, and shouts of the b'boys resounded in my ears. The ambiguous perfume of the East-Side populace, more stalwart than cleanly, saluted my nostrils. My brain whirled; the air grew dark...

"H'ist that rag!" I cried aloud.

"What?" asked the Dictator, astonished.

I returned to consciousness. It was awkward. I could not explain satisfactorily...

"I desire, simply," said I, "that the flag of Italy shall be hoisted here, during my visit."

A moment afterward, the banner of United Italy was flung proudly to the breeze from the end of GARIBALDI's barn.

"Let me go to the house," said the Dictator; "I am dry."

... The Dictator mixes excellent juleps.

Returning to Bricbat, I learned that FRANCIS II. has still some friends in the mountains, and at Galivanti, near Picannini, they had raised the Bourbon flag.

I don't like the way in which FRANCIS II. has looked at me, when we have met, of late. Though partially crippled by my many severe injuries received on the battle-field, I shall take no nonsense from him, and if he doesn't look out, he will get a bat in the eye.

Next week, I am going up to Galivanti, to put down the Bourbonist demonstrations there. I understood that there are some irregular troops encamped in the place, but I fancy that with a few of my favorite Zouaves, I can rout them completely.

I told CAVOUR of my intentions...

"I will penetrate their mountain fastness," I said, "and scatter them to the four winds!"

"Look out you don't become dissipated," he replied.

"How, dissipated?"

"O, you are not accustomed to their Fastness up there!" said he.

I reproved him for his levity, and he promised to joke no more on such subjects.

Next time I write, you shall hear the particulars of my expedition to Galivanti.

Viva la Liberta!

McARONE.

"SNAIX."

Our English half and half brothers are becoming interested in our politics, and *Once a Week* informs its readers that in his early youth, Uncle ABE LINCOLN—

"Went to work to hew hickory and gum trees, to grapple with remonstrating bears, and to look out for the too frequent rattlesnake."

And the old work is still before him. The country expects you, oh ABRAHAM, to hew another Old Hickory tree, it asks you to grapple with Bears which are doing their best to bear down all national stock below par, and last, not least, it ardently desires that you will keep a special look out for the Rattlesnakes which adorn the flags of secession. So mote it be!

Improvement of Nassau Street.

"The perpetual jam of vehicles and foot passengers in Nassau street, makes it, during the business hours of the day, a nuisance, as it, at present, is allowed to remain. We would suggest to our city authorities the expediency of flagging it from one side to the other, excluding carts, carriages and horses, and turning it into a promenade, similar to the courts which abound in the cities of London and Paris."—*Herald* 29th.

VANITY FAIR, as a cheaper and more thorough manner of improving Nassau street, suggests the removal of the *Herald* office.

A Hint to South Carolina—The Cause of the Oppressed.

Our fathers, declaring their independence, threw off the oppression of the mother country, and summed up their grievances as "Taxation without Representation." We suggest to the nascent revolutionists of the impatient republic of South Carolina, who seem to be in a dilemma as to the nature of their "cause," that they state it to the puzzled world as "Representation without Taxation."

A Short Ultimatum for Secessionists by a Doctor of the Laws.

General JACKSON's Latin Oration at Cambridge, when he received their Academic Honors, as reported by Major JACK DOWNING, viz:—"E. Pluribus Unum. Sine qua non."

By Our Vulgar Contributor.

JONES.—I say BROWN, why is General SANDFORD the best man to get up a Draft in the State militia?
BROWN (disgustingly).—Because he is a Blower.

Conundrum by a Senator's Lady.

Why is the Union like a quince? Because it must be preserved.

How S. C. may surprise Major Anderson

Treat him like a gentleman.

South Carolina Argument.

Purely Rhett-Orr-ical.

SPURIOUS DRUGS—CAUTION!

Vanity Fair.

SIR:—This is to caution the Publick against spewrious drugs sold everywhere by Hawkers, which they are many of them poizens. Self am Patentee of a Fructifire for the Hare, large loads of base imitations of which is now vended by unprincipal Charletons. Look out for them Charletons! My Hare stuff is the grice of a fur-clad animal, name of which kept secret. The grice pammed off by the Charletons is frequently that of the "fretfull Porkyoupine." I send herewith a scech of a young man affickted with that Counter Feet, supposing it to be my grice.

Try my Grice for the Hare. None genuine unless signed—
A. BLOBS on the rapper.



PORTRAIT OF THE AFFLICTED INDIVIDUAL.

BLOOD-MONEY.

MR. TENNYSON tells us that the "lust of gain in the spirit of CAIN" is worse than the horrors of war.

We agree with MR. TENNYSON.

And we think that the most fearful, the bitterest, the most indelible sarcasm ever uttered at our Yankee "smartness" and cupidity, has just now been uttered, and by ourselves.

In a word, we have, with the utmost nonchalance, entered upon a brisk and thriving . . . and doubtless a remunerative . . . trade in muskets, sabres, cartridges, etc., to be used . . . O, monstrous conclusion! . . . by the Southern disunionists against our fathers, our brothers, and our sons!

Arms incite to warfare.

He who bears a sword is prone to use it. If the South is filled with muskets and sabres, so much greater is the probability of war. But what matters that, if our Yankee smartness makes money out of the trade? After war is well inaugurated, and the blood of our near and dear relatives and friends (if anything save money can be near and dear to us!) is pouring plentifully from the wounds made by these sabres and muskets that we have made such a good thing of, let us invent some new turpentine-balls, some Greek fire, that cannot be quenched, and sell it to the enemy at fancy prices. Our hearth-stone may crack with the heat of our blazing roof-trees, but then, think what fortunes might be made! A neat and effective method of torturing women and children, without trouble or expense, would also be a good card, and ought to pay at least a hundred per cent. on investment. Awake, smart Yankee inventors, there is a smell of blood-money in the air! Why content yourselves with the vulgar shipping of vulgar arms? Cannot your genius aspire to loftier flights . . . and greater profits?

Fortunately, there is a high crime denominated *misprision of treason*, with a high penalty attached thereto, and this sending off of weapons to a rebellious people comes under that denomination. It chances sometimes, that our laws are enforced, and in this case, we hope to see many wholesome imprisonings, with hard labor and low diet, bestowed upon the few smart Yankees who are enterprising enough to barter their brothers' blood for gold, and to dabble in hideous carnage as one dabbles in stocks!

PECULATIVE CHIVALRY.

Shades of departed cucumbers! A portion of your coolness is yet vouchsafed unto us. ROBERT MAGAIRE is nowhere: FLOYD—Fort Snelling, Willett's Point, New Bedford, Mule contract, DE GRORR swindle, Illegal acceptances, Stolen bonds, and General Gouging FLOYD—has spoken. In nearly every late fraud and swindle (not in every one, that would be impossible) he has been an aider and abettor—or rather, no better. Whatever cause it may suit him to assign for his desertion in the hour of discovery, it is VANITY FAIR's decided belief that the real reason was T—reason. And now he has spoken! Several misguided persons gave a "splendid banquet" in Richmond, the other day, to the great pecu—and absquatulator, "in token of the high admiration in which the course of Gov. FLOYD is held in leaving the Cabinet." The chivalric speculator entertained the banqueters with a speech only three hours long, composed chiefly of the following pleasant features.

1st. Blackguardism.

2d. Blasphemy.

The speculator has turned pious, and after the example of his great Masters, quotes largely from the scriptures. An accurate computation enables us to state that the pious speculator's little speech contained among other beauties of diction, 17 "last drops of his blood," and 183 allusions to the Deity. Here is a specimen, quite at random, of the pious speculator's remarks:

"I said and felt it, and, as God is my judge, I would have given the blood of my life as soon as a chew of tobacco to a stranger in the wilderness, to make that good." (Tremendous applause.)

Classical mind, the pious speculator's, isn't it? Neat, but not the least gaudy. But the following, referring to the resignation of General Cass, a grand close of the long public life of a statesman and patriot, to whom he refers as that "glorious old premier," is yet greater and still less gaudy:

"Then gentlemen, I clapped my hands again. I was sorry to part from him, God knows, . . . but when he left I could not help cocking my eye and saying, 'God speed you old man to the North.' (Laughter and applause.)

"Laughter and applause!" How comic and appropriate!

How refreshing it is to think that we have had in the Cabinet of the United States, for nearly four years, the author of language so strikingly chaste and beautiful!

One word more, O Pious Speculator! and then we have done with you, for the present. We used to think that a person who would repeat a confidential conversation was No Gentleman. We take it all back; we sit corrected. You have shown us that to violate official confidence and private faith by publishing to the world, not only what was said in such conversations, but also what was Not said (we don't mean to say you fibbed; oh! dear, no) is entirely consistent with—chivalry! Some people won't seem to see it in that way, P. P., but then, you see, they don't know anything about chivalry! Go on, O Pious Speculator; tell us some more. Don't stop on our account, but go Right Ahead, even if honor and decency are Left Behind.

On the Gaff.

"The people of this city should be informed that there was no session of the Board of Aldermen on Monday because Ald. GENE, the President of the Board, with several of his colleagues, had gone to a cock-fight."—*N. Y. Tribune*, Jan. 23, 1861.

And that's just what they did. Ah—"twas a Nice Party—Sports and prize-fighters, councilmen, garroters, city dignitaries, burglars, aldermen, thieves and all that sort of people. Ten thousand dollars were up on this main; and the grand council of New York—of the city which is so uncommonly good that it imprisons and fines men for Sabbath breaking—suspended action in order that the thieves, aldermen, sports and prize-fighters might colloque together at a cock-fight!

We beg the Historian of the future who centuries hence will be turning over these volumes of VANITY FAIR for social pictures of the age, not to forget this pleasing and amusing incident. Should he wish to illustrate it, he will find many of the faces in that rare and antique work "Engravings of all the portraits formerly kept in the Rogue's Gallery. New York, A. D. 1864."

A Word for Brigham Young.

You cannot serve God and Mormon.

Salesman's Idea of Liberty.

Liberty of the Yard.



YE MERRIE ANDREW OF BOSTON AND HIS BLVNDERBYSS.

SHEWYNKE YE MANNERE IN WHYCH HE DID PRESENTE YE PARKERIAN ARMS, AFFECTYNGE YE AVDIENCE EVEN VNTO TEARES.

The President of the United States. December, 1860.

ECC. xix.

"Woe to that land whose ruler is a child,
Far more, where Age with wisdom's empty show,
When storming blasts of bold-voiced treason blow,
And loud rebellions waves are dashing wild,
Clings to the swaying helm with nerveless hand,
Hugging a wretched mockery of command,
Worthless, though peace through sky and ocean smiled.
When "horror of great darkness" clouds the land,
Must little souls in this our greatest need,
Sway with uncertain hand the pastoral rod,
Ungraced with foresight, boldness, loyal heed
To Truths' unclouded star, assume to lead
The state along her doubtful way untrod?
How long! Rise thou, and judge the earth, O God.

Don't seek for it.

The bubble Reputation in BUCHANAN'S mouth.

A New Ladder to Learning.

The Readers of VANITY FAIR have been told of Puritan GARDNER who proposes to combine the Bible with the Tread Mill.

Another philanthropic cooler in England has devised a method of making the machine subservient to the purposes of education. His plan is to inscribe the letters of the alphabet upon the steps of the wheel, by each revolution of which the illiterate convict has the rudiments of learning, if not exactly at his fingers' ends, certainly at the tops of his toes. The combinations of the letters into words of one syllable or more are subsequently acquired, according as the convict has been sentenced for a shorter or longer Spell.

Preserves vs. Pickles.

In the intervals between frosts, it is common to hear the remark "What a pickle our streets are in!" Now to our way of thinking, the palpitating glow of mud to which Broadway is subject at such times, might better be compared to Currant Jelly than to any Pickle; particularly since FERNANDO WOOD has prohibited the use of salt as an ingredient in the Street Commissioner's Preserves.

To Our Short-Sighted Readers.

The best place to see small bills.
In the contribution-box.

A Broker's Duty.

Taking Notes.
And yet, "He takes no note on time—To save from loss."

Wanted—A Pair of very Old Ladies' Dresses.

For Capt. Foote of the Navy Yard, and SANFORD of the Militia.

Calf's Foote Jelly.

Foote's feat.

One of the "Hamlet Bells."

OPHELIA.

Strapping Fellows.

RAREY and his pupils.

The Best Bred Man in England.

The "Master of the Rolls."

"This Gentle Concord in the World."

Ex-Pres. PIERCE has lately sold out all his bank and other stocks, taking the hard money and making a special deposit of it in the Concord bank.

There is no truth in the rumor that this was done through jealousy of EMERSON'S Conduct of Life, for the philosopher has always been in Concord with the by no means purse-proud politician, and we all remember how our Ex-Pres. once gave assent to a—but

Hold, sir, there's my Purse.

Exohange in Sicily.

JAN. 5.—The shells thrown by the Sardinians at Gaeta, have penetrated to the room over that occupied by the King. His Ministers insist that he shall Change his Quarters.

JAN. 6.—The Sardinians have nobly offered to Change his Quarters and are still Shelling Out.

How to treat the Guns of Fort Sumpter when they become offensive to Secessionists.

Discharge them.

VANITY FAIR.



RICHELIEU, ADAPTED TO THE TIMES.

RICHELIEU, (*his first appearance in the character,*) - - - - -
 KING LOUIS, (*his farewell engagement,*) - - - - -

WINFIELD SCOTT.
 JAS. BUCHANAN.

RICHELIEU.—REMEMBER MY GRAND MAXIMS!—FIRST EMPLOY ALL METHODS TO CONCILIATE.
 LOUIS.—FAILING THESE?
 RICHELIEU.—ALL MEANS TO CRUSH!

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 Henry VI., Act I, Scene 1.

LETTER VI.

More about Lobbywomen.



OLD BANGLES was a sensible man, after all. When a man gets to that time of life which lies beyond the darkness of the Middle Ages; when he begins to wish *all* his hair would turn gray instead of being grizzly in spots; when he looks forward to being known, at no distant day, as the venerable SMITH, or our universally respected fellow-townsmen BROWN; when riotous living, being chiefly associated with

dyspepsia, ceases to have for him its pristine charms, when purple and fine linen come to be regarded as youthful and expensive luxuries; when he begins to philosophize upon the apparently incontrovertible statement that Boys will be Boys; then, happy he who hath made friends with the *Lares* and *Penates*, and whom, especially, the God of comfort has taken under his protection. If he has no *Lares* and *Penates* of his own, let him straightway make friends with some other persons. There are no inns, now-a-days, in which you and I, dear reader, and JACK FALSTAFF can take our ease, as in the good old times, that, like choice wines, have improved so much with age, and which I honestly believe were neither more nor less sour than our own, *when new*. There are no inns: there are hotels, to be sure, but you wouldn't think of taking your ease in a caravanserai, would you? where can we take our ease, then, which must, by all means, be taken somewhere, lest we run to seed, but in our own homes, if we are of the class of BENEDICT, or miscellaneously, if jolly bachelors, in the snuggeries of our brother Arabs?

I am not sure that this process ever actually went on in the mind of the illustrious civic General, or, indeed, that any other process was conducted in those premises, beyond the very simple act of ratiocination involved in arriving at a conclusion respecting the advisability of taking another drink, or the ingenious and quite original parliamentary expedient of moving to lay that motion on the table or that the Senate do now adjourn. BANGLES was probably one of those carnal and unphilosophic creatures who, contented with results, do not care to trouble themselves much about the process by which they are reached. He knew that his own Household Gods had been sacrificed to uncomfortable splendor and that the utter regardlessness of expense evinced by Mrs. B., otherwise a fine, sensible, and ungrammatical lady, had banished comfort from his fireside; indeed, had exiled the very fireside itself. Woe to that man, I say, whose fireside is a *register*! I do not believe the domestic virtues can coexist with the system of calorification through a hole in the wall, they all went out with the last cracking, roaring, and glowing wood-fire. Unhappy he who has no chairs that are not too fine to put his feet on, who has no room where he can smoke irrespective of curtains; no snuggery that can be "littered up;" no quiet corner where he and his friend and the bottle to give him, may meet round a blazing hearth with their feet (not the bottle's, however) on the hob, or their legs dangling over the side of the great easy chairs, and where, with genial chat of times and men that have gone and were so delightful when they were here, only we didn't know it then, the rusty old chain of friendship may be made to gleam again. And so I don't blame poor old BANGLES in the least for moving his Household Gods from his own house, where they couldn't have felt at home, and setting them up on either side of the andirons in the widow JOELY's library; where you either will or will not remember, we left him with a note of interrogation, at the end of the last chapter. To my mind, as I said just now, he was a sensible man. And oh! what a dear good woman was Mrs. JOELY to find out his little weakness and pour oil upon the poor fellow's wounds. The Good Samaritan business generally pays six per cent., after all. A flask of sweet-

oil and £0 : 0s. : 2d, I believe was the amount invested by the Samaritan gentleman referred to; think of it, Mrs. JOELY, sweet-oil and 2d, for eternal gratitude—and a vote thrown in!

If BANGLES were of the generation of kid gloves and *deux-temps* I suspect I wouldn't have found him taking his ease in the widow's library. She would have done him as she does CAPERS, who represents the Fifth Phalanx District of South Carolina, and has taken to TERPSICHOE as the settled conviction of his maturer years; or as she does that little fellow TARANTULER, who is said to be the youngest member of the House. Look at the little man as he spins round the room supporting, in rather a closer way than circumstances absolutely require, the handsomest woman in the room. FANNY EPLETT is no longer the gay, gushing, young thing she was, to be sure, but then marriage is not a cloister in Washington, as it is in most cities; and so long as a woman is handsome and fascinating, either or both, a few years or a husband more or less make very little difference to such of us men as like to dance with the handsome women and talk with the fascinating, as who of us does not? The wall-flower is a rare plant, indeed, in Washington society. It makes its brief appearance, when it does appear, just after "coming out," or just before going in. I think there is no other place where we old fogies have so good a time. When little TARANTULER does at last stop, because the music has stopped, and they are tuning up the fiddles for the "Lancers" or the "Imperial," just look at the pairs. There they are, after whirling round and round, and round the room, at a pace and with a pertinacity that I verily believe must have driven the most hardened of dervishes wild with envy, and which I know would have laid the writer on the floor, a red-hot revolving mass—there they are just as cool and placid—nay, twice as cool, for that matter—as the old fellow who has been leaning against the wall near the folding-door, with his thumbs in his white waistcoat-pockets, watching the performances, and who now has the honor of imparting to you the result of his observations. So they settle down by the window where the heavy curtains are, FANNY only a little beady about the forehead, and the fingers of her gloves requiring to be caressed out of their little wrinkles, while her partner fans himself with the two inches of red fan and one inch of looking-glass which she has given him to hold for her. My dancing days are over, alas! but as the middle-aged gentleman of not unprepossessing appearance, who was just now leaning against the wall, hears that frantic *galop* in the middle of which the second fiddler incontinently drops his instrument and plays the dashing accompaniment with the castanets, I pat my foot (it was a very small one once) excitedly, and understand the feelings of the old war horse pricking up his ears and pawing the ground, with a fierce snort at the old sound of "boots and saddle" or a score of bugles; and all the delicious dances of the past rush in upon me and are danced over again, until the spell is broken with a "Hullo, what are you doing here? Let's go in to supper!"

Turned up Again.

We find the following in the *Manchester Guardian*, not of N. H. but of O. E.—Old England, you know:

"A strange scene was enacted on Tuesday in the Bristol County Court. A solicitor named GURRY, had been entrusted with the conduct of one of the cases; but, being evidently in a state of intoxication, gave great annoyance to the Court, before his turn came. At length he was fined by the judge. He threw the money across the table, but did not cease interrupting the proceedings, he was ultimately taken out of the Court by two policemen."

We are very, very sorry to learn such things of The Young Man by the Name of GURRY. When we last heard of him in a work by the eminent DICK ENS he was in comparatively flourishing—but we give him up. Attaining the dignity of solicitor has not made him solicitous of appearing as a great moral example.

Unpardonable.

Why is the "objecting" member of Congress from Kentucky like a chandelier?

Because it is a burner, and he is a Burnett.

Why is the above conundrum like a South Carolina ancestor?

Because it is a Gas-con.

A Scotchman's Opinion of Broadway.

"This bonnie Broadway, in winter, minds me just o' the heather in Scotland; for it's a' fu' o' Bells that peep out fresh an' winsom, fra' among the Furze."

Why the World can never Come to an End.

Because it's always Round.

TO YOU WHO READ.



WHEN the Time comes.
Should this country pass softly through the present crisis.

Should Fanaticism and Delirium be remembered as things that were?

Should we ever, when *primus inter magnos*—first among the great nations searchingly review the real origin of the danger.

Should it be asked, *ex quo cinque capite*—from what cause did all this spring?

Then will it be answered clearly and truly by the scholar of the Coming Age that the great beginning and the continued aggravation of the Curse was in tolerating the existence of that vast number of vile leeches, contemptible cormorants, *remora*, TITR BARNACLES, parasites, what you will that is base and blood-sucking—in short, of Politicians. There's where the Curse lies.

For years past Congress has been a great Cock-pit where men of small talent and great bombast, quarreled over the Negro. They spit and snarled, swore, and sometimes

fought; and the whole country thought it such a beautiful thing. Such an Immense Importance! So Exciting. Business was shelved—tucked out of the way among Committees—the Lobby sprung up into rank, riotous luxuriance—no matter—the Negro, the Negro, the Everlasting Negro was all in all—and Buncombe and Squabbling and Gas went shares with him.

But the POLITICIANS flourished. Oh it was grand for them. The more they squabbled so much the more they swindled. Like pickpockets at a fair, they got up fights, to cover rascality.

Hard words, hey? As the Lord liveth there is not one word here spoken which will not appear as solemn truth in future History.

The North has been drunk and the South mad with this stuff of Politics. Every youth south of Mason and Dixon's, who had an average coon's sense, devoted himself to Politics, PATRICK HENRY and the Resolutions and speaking and debating. So that it at last became very true, as somebody boasted a year or two ago, that every boy of twelve, there, knew more about the history of Southern politics than the college-bred men of the North did of their own.

It was true enough, too. Much joy we wish them of the knowledge. But they are not so well posted as Mexicans and Chilians are in the important history of their own *pronunciamentos*. To be sure Chilenos can't generally read. *No importe!*

Now we have sowed the Wind, and are reaping the Whirl-Wind. A devil of a one it is, too! Hope you like it!

Now just let it be remembered—and the sooner you begin to digest the fact the better—we shall get out of this mess to little purpose if we are going straight back to the rule of the Old Hacks or of any "Politicians." What we want is Business Men to do Business—not speech-makers and gladiators. Diplomacy is changing rapidly abroad—the old Camerilla corruption is giving way to Political Economy and Educated Business Management.

But before this can be done, the men of the United States—very probably You who read this among the number—must learn to disuse much of your national Gasconade, Self-Conceit, Strut, Vain Gloriousness, Braggart, High-Falutinism and Impertinent Vaunting—and in short, Spread-Eagleism of all kinds. We have had a great deal too much of it, and you have made it, and not MERIT the test of qualification for office. It must all be stopped. You have disgusted Sense with your atrocious Vanity, and reflected it in your precious politicians. And now in the time of need, you see what

the wind-bags are made of! Let there be a general sweep, a general clear-out, and in future an age of new principles and of new and solid Men. Give us a Re-Election, new Representatives, and a fresh start.

OUR SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

MECHANICS.

Among the recent applications for patents, the most interesting is one for an invention by which the telegraph will communicate speeches and other matters without any preliminary writing. The speaker takes in his mouth, between the cheek and jaw a small hollow ball of softened zinc, filled with sulphuric acid and connected with the battery by a floss wire. The ball yielding as readily as india-rubber, each pressure by the cheek, jaw and teeth of the speaker transmits a current that registers the sign of a corresponding syllable. The number of syllables being few compared with the number of words, the vocabulary will not be formidable. Under this invention it is contemplated to have a system of tubing, enclosing wires terminating in the zinc balls, from the desk of every Member of Congress to the telegraph office, so that by clapping the ball in his mouth as he catches the speaker's eye, the jaw of the member and the telegraph will commence working at the same moment, and the metropolitan press will have his speech with only one intermediate copying. A cut-off is provided by which the Press can interrupt the current whenever the remarks are considered not worth reporting (as may sometimes happen); and also a brake-attachment to keep the recoil current, in such case, from knocking the gentleman over. The inventor is favorably known to the public by his proposition to blow up Fort Moultrie, by tubing under water with sections of the Charleston Artesian well, the timely discovery of which caused the abandonment of that Fort by Major ANDERSON.

A USEFUL HINT TO THE SOUTH FROM A SCIENTIFIC BOTANIST.

In case of a want of ammunition in the Southern States, why not use the May Apple—the *Podophyllun Pett-at-um*; though, if what chemists tell us be true, that its active principle, like that of the Cotton-plants, is always *Pod-a-phyllin* it may be too valuable to throw away.

BOTANY.

"The common chat of gossips when they meet."—DRYDEN.

The Cotton-plant has been well-named by botanists the *Gossypium*, for the Cotton States certainly have more to say now-a-days than any others.

A HINT FOR THE GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Our old Aunt-Arctic wondered why they don't call the very cold regions far up North—*North Poland*.

METEOROLOGICAL REPORT FROM THE PRESENT ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

Weather—Hayes-y.

CHEMISTRY.

Rule in use in Hard Times.

Regulus of Ante-mony.

Nitrate of Silver.

Lodgings 25 cents.

Oil of Juglandium.

Whiskey.

Terra Umbra.

Dreamland.

Sophistical, but True.

While all business is at a stand still in Charleston, and all trade is stopped, drinking is said to be more prevalent than ever. This VANITY FAIR thinks, is readily explained by the fact that Collector COLOCOCK has resigned, and the State has erected batteries in the harbor which make the Bar the only Custom House.

Con: for Free-Masons Only.

Why is the Order like the French Sceptic, VIGNEREAU?
Because one of its principal works is A-hymn-on Reason!

Such a 1.

Why are good pickings to be got from a Breach of Promise Case?
Because it is a tender lawin'.

A Bit of Information.

It has been widely stated that Mr. RAREY can subdue the most obstinate horse without putting a Bit in his mouth. This may be so; but in every instance that came under our own observation of the great hippogogue's power, we remarked that he gave his horse a couple of Rolls before he had done with him.

Philologico-Idealism.

Perhaps the best proof of the real unreality of apparent existences lies in our commonly-accepted language of description. Thus, we all know that an Unspeakable delight, is, after all, Nothing to Speak Of.

By Our Bowery Contributor.

Why did the Pope procure a certain General to subjugate Italy?

Because he thought he could, with his assistance, Lamm-her easier (Lamoricière.)

A Most Unsatisfactory Con.

Why were the gold-fields of California, in 1845, like those of Australia in 1850? Never Mined!

A Nut for the Times.

Who was CHESTNUT's political progenitor?
A. BURR.

Advice for the guidance of Hens during the Winter months.

Lay Still.



PLEASANT HALLUCINATION.

Equestrian.—"AH, YES! THAT'S THE CRUISER TAIL. DOBBIN IS FREQUENTLY TAKEN FOR CRUISER, NOW; AND I DON'T KNOW WHETHER IT'S THE WHISKERS, OR WHAT, BUT THE BOYS SHOUTED 'RAREY!' AFTER ME JUST NOW, AS I RODE THROUGH THE PARK!"

WEATHERCOCK JOURNALISM.

The Washington Correspondent of the *Herald* is an extraordinarily prudent person. He is bound to get at the truth of every report that comes up in the City of Magnificent Distances, so he gives each side of each rumor, one after another, with a refreshing gravity, and impudence, swearing to the truth of every one as it appears.

The following, we have every reason to believe, was written by a young man, a pupil of this indefatigable journalist. The success with which the scholar has emulated his teacher's manner is remarkable. As to the means by which we came into possession of the document, we leave the reader to guess:

"TELEGRAPHIC CORRESPONDENCE for a Daily paper; WASHINGTON, MONDAY: There is not the slightest doubt but what a well-organized conspiracy is on foot, having the capture of the Capitol and public buildings for its object. In fact, it is openly acknowledged by many of the Southern senators, and is a common topic for hotel-discussion, etc.

"TUESDAY: The report in yesterday's *Herald*, concerning the conspiracy to seize the Capitol has created the greatest excitement here. The plot is so deeply laid and well managed that hardly anybody knew of its existence, until informed by the *Herald*.

"WEDNESDAY: I have been tracing the 'great conspiracy' story to its source, and can state positively that no such plot exists. The people of Washington would rise as one man, to quell any attempt at an outrage of that nature.

"THURSDAY: New developments have come out, showing the conspiracy to capture Washington, on the 4th of March, to be much more serious than was at first imagined. All the preparations are completed, and a force of 2,000 men are now perfecting themselves in the use of arms. The ringleaders are, some of them, men in high places. I am not permitted, at present, to enter into details.

"FRIDAY: The 'conspiracy' hoax is just now the theme of talk and laughter here in all circles. General SCOTT informs me that with a force of fifty men, the city could be held against a mob of ten thousand. The story originated with one of the cheap

scurrilous lobby organs . . . a paper whose columns are notoriously venal. Evidently the alarmist dodge is about played out.

"SATURDAY: A secret investigation is being held, with a view to ferreting out the real facts concerning the proposed besiegement of Washington on the 4th of March. Much startling intelligence has come to light, and the Mayor informed me, last night, that he was willing to bet ten to one that LINCOLN would never be inaugurated here. Next week, I shall doubtless be at liberty to disclose all.

"SUNDAY: The Committee of Inquiry into the Washington-seizure conspiracy, have settled the whole affair beyond a doubt. It is an absurd *canard*, invented by some newspaper-correspondent in want of a sensation-paragraph."

Lucus a non Lucendo.

Calling a boy a shaver because he has no beard.
Or establishing a stationary business in Walker street.
Or setting up a policy Fence in Wall street.
Or supposing that a BRIDGER can become a good Katerer.
Or believing that your clothes will not become Seedy because your wife has a Sowing Machine.

"If this be Treason."

Though the remedy's old still its virtue will hold,
Whenever the olive-branch fails:
When men, armed for treason, our letters may seize on,
Like HOLY try suspending the mails.

Washington.

Whenever a Washington paper publishes an original joke, guns are immediately fired in the outskirts of the city. There hasn't been a gun fired in the outskirts of Washington for many, many years.

GAUDEAMUS.



! light-hearted
elderly man, hop-
skipping along
the gay thoroughfare,
Say why so elastic
thy tread, so confident
why thy progressing?
Innocuous person,
impart to one of
some singular stir
aware
The mystery of this
electrical light-
ness that baffles
my guessing."

"Kind sir, I your
question will con-
though of riddles,
indeed, I no solver am,

But first let me sing *gaudeam*, and likewise *laus Deo et gloria*,
That I, on the Way called the Broad, somewhat fearless of knife
and revolver am,
Where lately I shambled with dread, like a country lout red
from Peoria."

"The reason, in guise debonnaire my Broad Way with flowers I'm
scattering,
Is that Confidence whispers 'Old boy, your scalp is secure on your
skull again,
For Justice has doubled her fists the bloated bread-baskets to bat-
ter in,
And settle the hash of such coves as ENRIGHT, and MASSEY, and
MULLIGAN?'"

"Then dance me a light saraband, while I in a wild saltarello
My feelings hilarious depict, with festival glee as I fling again,
Exclaiming 'Give Justice her head, for she is a jolly good fellow,
When catching the Voice of the Day, she sings the good song of
Sing-Sing again!'"

TREMENDOUS IDEA.

We find the following immense article in the *Independent South*,
published at Holly Springs, Mississippi:

A FIRST RATE IDEA.—We were informed, a day or two back by a gentleman
engaged in forwarding the undertaking, that our fellow-citizens in the vicinity of
Waterford are making up a volunteer company of elderly men, who are to be
ready for service in a few days, every man to take with him a negro man, who is
to act as body servant to his master, and fight by his side if necessary. Some
who are not able to go into service are offering to furnish the negro for such non-
slaveholder as will volunteer. They are going to tender their services to the
Governor to go to any point in the State; but not to leave the State. The con-
ception is a first rate one, and should be carried out in other portions of the
State. Our Waterford friends expected to complete their organization on yester-
day.

Elderly gentlemen with negroes to fight for them. First rate.
Then those sedentary individuals who offer to furnish the negro.
Gr'r'rand. Evidently no fighting can be done without a black
body servant there. Cuffy is to carry the gun of course, fire it
when directed, and we presume do up all the practical and danger-
ous part of the fighting, while the elderly gentleman "directs."

In the old times some of the ancestors of these warriors an-
nounced at once, that

"For to fight the enemy
We're going for to go."

But the Holly Springers are satisfied so far with declaring
through their organ that they "are Going to tender their services
to the Governor, to Go"—which is quite a variation on the old
song. Let us hope and pray that the venerable gentlemen and
their sable pro-combatants and brethren-in-arms may be content
with stopping "at the word Go," and not be compelled by force
of secessive circumstances to expose their aged forms and eleven
hundred dollar aids to the villainous bullets which respect
neither chivalric propriety nor colored property.

A Trying Situation.

A Whaler's after the Whale is along side.

"REGRETS."

"Mayor Wood regrets."

Now nobody would be astonished at FERNANDO's expressing
regrets could he once be brought to see the deeds of his
past life, as they are viewed by all honest men. The bitter agony
of remorse which would shoot across that conscience once wide
awaked might be placed in rivalry with anything narrated of
Hindu saints who by centuries of self-torture sought to rule the
Infinite.

But FERNANDO, we're sorry to say, hasn't manifested the slightest
sign of decent contrition or compunction. For aught we know he
still believes himself perfect, and his enemies a batch of iniquitous,
nasty wretches. His regrets—excepting such as he sends to invita-
tions—are for anything but his sins. He regrets, in short, that he
cannot aid treason, civil-war, and disunion by helping the State of
Georgia to arms. If he had the power, he says he "would sum-
marily punish the authors of this seizure of private property."

Thank God that he hasn't! Thank God that his evil will and
unscrupulous selfishness have been pretty effectually repressed,
and that he cannot disgrace our city and country as no man in his
position ever did before in this land.

FERNANDO—there's some law left yet, in New York to keep guns
from going over to the enemy. You may think that *Lex de Minie-*
mus non curat—but it does—it cures 'em a good deal and it'll cure
you some day, after the fashion recommended by the *Evening Post*
—wasn't it?—if you're not careful.

Regrets! Whew-w-w! your repentance!!

"I am no baby, I, that with base prayers,
I should repent the evils I have done;
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did,
Would I perform if I might have my will;
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul."

TRUE ENOUGH.

VANITY FAIR finds the following item at present in favor among
the weeklies:

"It was recently remarked that a spider's web furnishes a better plan for the
laying out of new cities than any which has yet been devised by surveyors and
engineers. Any one who can find a distinct and complete web unbroken will see
how beautifully regular it is, and how perfectly adapted for the quickest passage
from one point to another. The concentric rings are not circles, but polygons;
radiating exquisitely regular and straight."

Exactly. But to pass over the fact that some old illustration of
MORE's Utopia or of Campanella did present the world—two
centuries ago—with a quaint view of such a radiating town, we
would call attention to the circumstance that Down East and Out
West speculators long ago discovered "that a Spider's Web fur-
nishes a better plan for the laying out of new cities, etcetra and
soforth," as shown by the old ballad,

"Will you walk into my parlor, said the spider to the fly."

Don't you remember, sir, how spiderly you were induced to put
your odd 'times into the great and growing metropolis of Wan-
quanokwaka? Buzz'z'z? And be it furthermore advised that the
spider-web principle not only furnishes an admirable plan for the
"laying out" of cities, but also of small capitalists. How effectually
was our friend Jossy "laid out" after being webbed into a
promising Jersey plan for a new city—a Petra or Perranus, *in*
sabulo, a town among the sands. And how thoroughly Govern-
ment has been Cobb-webbed. Buzz'z'z!

Note to a note Broker.

SIR:—I must decline selling you the note at the rate you speak of.
But permit me to express my obligation for the Great Interest you
would have taken in the negotiation. Yours,

P. S.—Authentic.

AMBROSE FISCELL.

How to Shell Charleston.

Send our ex-collector AUGUSTUS there to receive the revenues.

The Governmental Power of Mexico.

Grand-case.

Valuable Only on account of "Associations."
Socialistic Theories.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VI.

The evening after Mr. Isaiah Primpenny's meeting with his old schoolmate was passed by that portion of the family which had not yet become prodigal and wandered off into the far country of 34th St., in a most hilarious and agreeable manner. It was at first proposed to go to the theatre, but Mr. Reuben Kineboy had promised his daughter not to go to the theatre while he was away from home, her ideas of that place being founded upon a book she once read in Sunday School, which showed how a boy who used to go there finally came to be hung. She considered it a place where elderly gentlemen sit in a deep hole in the ground called a pit, with blushes of conscious shame on their venerable countenances, while their right hand neighbors are dextrously abstracting their watches, and the bad characters on the left are appropriating their wallets, after which proceeding the elderly gentlemen are always carried off into some dreadfully obscure place, made obliviously drunk, knocked down and sent to States-Prison for it. Mr. Kineboy not being able to gainsay this view of the facts from actual observation, had allayed Miss Melissa Kineboy's apprehensions, by promising that unless under the most aggravated circumstances of necessity, he would not venture into the street after eight o'clock in the evening.

Accordingly Mr. and Mrs. Primpenny cast about for some way in which they could make it most agreeable for their guest at home. At last Lottie Primpenny suggested that they should ask Mr. Kineboy to decide what he'd best like, for himself. This straightforward way of proceeding was accordingly adopted. And Oh what an amazing comfort it would be if entertainers could only adopt it generally! There is Mrs. Blummerie, who when I go to see her always gives me sponge-cake, and charlotte-russe and chocolate, and some of that fearful pale sherry, which instead of being pale ought to blush port-color for calling itself sherry at all. How I long to have Mrs. Blummerie ask me to name the entertainment, that I may reply—"My Dear Madam, since you are so kind, let it be a porter-house steak, rare, with Worcestershire sauce, a dish of sliced potatoes warmed up with milk, salt and butter after the dear old country fashion, a few codfish balls, a plate of assorted pickles, and a Toby of ale." When civilization has reached its acme, Mrs. Blummerie will do that to me!

Accordingly Isaiah Primpenny told Reuben that he wished to get up a little entertainment for him, and asked as a favor that he'd say what he liked.

"Oh na-ow 'Saiah!" replied Reuben "da-ont ye-ou go to makin' no change in yeour family arrangements for me!"

"Change? Stuff! We always have something to eat in this house. The only question is what it shall be, and one thing's as easy got as another. We always have something going on, too, to keep us lively in the evening. Now what shall that be? Speak out, or upon my word, Mrs. Primpenny will feel hurt. Likewise Lottie and I."

"Wall—I daon't want to hurt your feelins'—so suppose we say eysters? Is there sich a kind as harf-shell? I kinder thought I'd heerd on 'em, and it's al'ways been a pertikler desire o' mine to know what harf-shell eysters was like. We daon't git 'em any way but seldom, to hum, and then they're in liddle square tins with no shell to 'em o' no kind. Wall, call it harf-shell eysters, and singin'."

So oysters and singing it was.

"That's a right daown purty little gal of yours, 'Saiah!" said Mr. Kineboy. "I wish I had my Melissy here, and I vaow, wouldn't they make a match team, though? Both on 'em round an' rosy an' spry, an' I dew declare your gal an' mine has got just the same larfin' face that you'd expect music out of as nat'ral as pie out of a punkin. Sing Balerny, my dear!"

"I don't know it by that name, Mr. Kineboy."

"Pa-owerful chune, Balerny! When I git hum I'll cut it out of an old Sabbath Dulcimer that Melissy don't use since I've giner a new one, and send it to you in a Burlington Sentinel. Wall sing your purtiest, my dear. S'lect your own chune."

With a mother's pardonable pride Mrs. Primpenny bustled up to the piano and opened one of Lottie's music books to "Robert toi que j'aime." It was the piece which Lottie's music master,

Signor Ghiribizzo, had asserted that she sang with far more expression than Miss Blummerie. And every body knows that Miss Blummerie is one of those few hundred young ladies in New York who sing quite as well as Grisi, and would create a great sensation in Opera, if their aristocratic relatives didn't make violent opposition to their going on the stage.

"There, sing that for Mr. Kineboy," said Mrs. Primpenny. "This is out of the Italian Opera, Mr. Kineboy, and represents a young lady violently in love. I'll turn over the leaves for you, my dear."

Mr. Kineboy tipped his chair back as far as possible, lifted one of his immense feet, placed it across the knee of the opposite leg, and completed the attitude of admiring expectation by opening his mouth to a degree which would have indicated to an inexperienced person that he heard through that organ exclusively.

As Miss Lottie commenced, Mr. Kineboy's face assumed a look of puzzle. He gradually dropped his chair with the progress of the cavatina, and eventually hollowed his hand beside his ear like a painfully deaf person. When the voice of the fair songstress died away and she struck the final chords, Mrs. Primpenny turned from the piano with a look of proud satisfaction and waited for his applause.

"Was the young woman raly in love with the young man?" asked Mr. Kineboy.

"Very much so indeed!" said Miss Lottie.

"You're sure she wan't mad with him, nor nothin'!"

"Oh no! She only felt sorry for him, she thought he was going to be killed."

"Wall, I dew declare, I thought they were havin' an orful spat! I couldn't jist ketch the words, but she seemed to be givin' it to somebody pa-owerful! Don't she say, 'O Bear! Fi for shame!' back there when she's beginnin' to pile it on?"

"Oh dear no!" replied Miss Primpenny, laughing good-naturedly, "that's 'Robert toi que j'aime,' it means 'Robert, thou whom I love.'"

"Oh, it does, heh? What kind o' talk is it?"

"It's French, but the music is what they call Italian Opera."

"Tew be sure! I see. It's a French young woman makin' an Eye-talian uproar. Wall! That's a good name for it. Them French and Eye-talians is great on uproar as I've always heerd. It's very funny. Ha, ha, ha, ha! Right-daown funny! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

And Mr. Kineboy laughed immoderately to express his delight at what he supposed was intended for an excellent comic song.

"I'll tell you what to sing," said Mr. Primpenny, perceiving the distress of his excellent little wife at the mistake made by their daughter's audience. "If you want to give Reuben something in French that he'll really enjoy, try him on that Revolutionary thing, the hymn you know, I forget-his-name, or rather I don't care to say it. These children get so far ahead of us, Reuben, with their French and their Italian and what-not, that the old folks are ashamed to talk before them."

"Oh yes!" said Miss Lottie enthusiastically. "The Marseillaise Hymn! How would you like to hear the song that took Sebastopol, Mr. Kineboy?"

"It did take at Sebastopol, heh? They're fond o' singin' there, I suppose."

"I mean the French sang it when they took Sebastopol, you know."

"Oh sartin! I r'collect. That was when the English fellers sang Annie Laurie. My Melissy sings that, but I never heerd her do t'other. I'll be much obliged to you for it."

Animated by the desire to retrieve her late defeat, Miss Lottie threw her whole soul into the spirit-stirring Paean of the Barricades and Trenches. She rolled her r's like a veritable Frenchman, and her eyes like equally liquid letters of the alphabet, chanting the minor passages in a passionate recitative, and convulsing her whole frame as well as that of the piano with the noble rage of the sentiment. The Marseillaise began to vindicate itself as one of those strokes of nature which makes the whole world kin. Mr. Kineboy's first sign of appreciation appeared in a spasmodic and rhythmical action of the right foot. The convulsion crept up from the extremities to the trunk, and finally as the doctors would say, involved the whole muscular and nervous systems. The old man's eyes snapped, he doubled his fists, he swayed his body with the surging of the tempestuous measure, and at last, though he could not understand a single word except "Marchons," which he supposed to be a felonious conversion on those French feller's part of our English "March on," for which they probably had no synonym in their own miserable lingo—he began emitting sundry deep bass growls as nearly as possible in chord with Miss Lottie's soprano. When she concluded, Mrs. Primpenny turned to him once more with a look of more assured triumph.

"There, Mr. Kineboy. What do you think of the song that took Sebastopol?"

"Think, mum? Why of they'd sung that chune to me, I could ha' tuk it myself with a pickaxe!"

It being now sufficiently long after dinner for healthy organizations to eat again, the "half-shell eysters" were brought up, accompanied by several bottles of excellent Sauterne, and a dish of ham sandwiches. Mr. Kineboy was somewhat disappointed to find that half-shell oysters differed in no material respect save position from oysters without any shell at all, and hesitated before taking the tremendous leap of swallowing them raw for the first time in his life, but having committed himself by his own proposal, resolved to learn how, or die in the attempt. After the first dozen he was so far from finding himself compelled to take the latter alternative, that he made room for a dozen more, being greatly fortified for the effort by a bottle of that delicious Sauterne, which he persisted in calling capital bottled cider. At the close of the entertainment, he selected one of the largest empty shells, and wrapt it in his bandanna "to take hum," as he said, "to Melissy, who had never seen an eyster shell, and he kalkilated she wouldn't mind knowin' what they was like."

A pleasanter little family than reassembled near the piano after the "half-shells" were over, can with difficulty be conceived by the mind of the domestic philanthropist. There was Isaiah, the business wrinkles gradually disappearing from his countenance under the flat-iron of social converse, Mrs. Primpenney, blue-eyed forty five, wearing her own original brown hair, and altogether one of the roundest, best-preserved little wives who ever reached that age when a woman becomes an unhappy shrew or takes a new lease of youth, which lasts as long as grass grows or water runs, for she had from the beginning kept herself in smiles like a peach in sweet pickle—Miss Primpenney, a reduced medallion of her mother—a feminine note of hand promising to pay all sorts of matronly goodness at thirty years sight, to which that mother was reliable endorsement, and Reuben Kineboy, like a massive statue of Agri-



culture done in weather beaten bronze, which some country Moral Reform Society had insisted upon putting into a very ill-fitting rustic pair of Sunday pantaloons. As they gathered in the parlor after supper, Mrs. Primpenney sighed—not because she thought the party unpleasant as it was—but for thinking how much pleasanter it might have been for an added fifth. Fifth? No! First! for when was a prodigal represented by any other number in a mother's heart?

With woman's instinct, and sister's sympathy too, Miss Primpenney divined the cause of that sigh, and to prevent the sadness of it from becoming contagious, asked Mr. Kineboy if he didn't sing.

"Sing?" replied Mr. Kineboy with alacrity as if a slumbering

echo had been awakened by the question. "Wall, I guess I used to do it some! I was goin' to ask 'Saiah if he didn't remember it, but come to think, he left afore I got my vyce. It was arter that, four years, when I used to be head bass in the meeting-house under ole singin'-marster Sanders. I kalkilate as haow I did sing them times. I lost my vyce airy, though," added Reuben regretfully.

"How was that?" asked Miss Primpenney with great interest. "All o' bein tew zealous," replied Mr. Kineboy. "Naow zeal's a good thing in meetin'—or in agricultur—or politics. But as I told a boy that was bound out to me last summer, by the s'lectment, I findin' him in food and clothes, t'aint no use to split out yer pantaloons when ye haint got another pair. Zeal's good—but zeal ain't everything. *Keer's* suthin. So is prudence. It was zeal as did the byzniss for me."

"Tell us about it!" chimed the ladies.

"Wall, it's an onkinmon disagreeable subject, but I daon't mind ef I dew. Yew see as haow we make an orful grand day o' Thanksgivin' up our way, and I, bein head bass o' the singers, wanted one time to dew up the chunes we were goin' to have, mighty slick. So sez I to Ki Perkins—he was next bass but I wan't no ways jealous o' him, for I sot up with his sister reglar those times, sez I, we're goin to have Lift up yer heads O ye gates! to-morrow in meetin', and that are's a chune that wants a mighty paowful bass. Naow I'll tell you what we'll jist do. You be ready at eight this evenin', and come out a kinder quiet, without sayin' nothin' tew the folks, and we'll go an' sit under the canal bridge all night. "Won't they ketch us at it?" sez Ki. "No sez I", we're the only bass singers in the choir, and there ain't no other singers whose vyce a cold will improve. So sez Ki, "greed." That night we met accordin' to 'pintment, and went daown to the bridge. We thought we heard a little stirrin' when we got nigh tew 't, and on comin' closter, I vaow there was ole Jim Bassett the fust bass o' Picklebury meetin' house, and Joe Cooper, him what sang the same part over to Cutterville, and Deacon Black from the Shankstown choir, and seein' as they hadn't no canal bridge up their way to git ready for the Thanksgivin' singin' under, I'll be consarned ef they hadn't come over to make use o' ourn!

"Ki!" said I, "dod rotted mean this here ain't it?" Said he, that's so, but what air we a goin' to dew? 'Let's go and accuse 'em of it,' sez I.

So we did, and the way they left was purty. They sneaked out from under that air bridge like a cat out of a milk pantry. Ef we hadn't promised to say nothin' about it, I kalkilate they'd never ha'd shown their face agin in meetin'. So the coast bein' clear, Ki an' I went daown an' sot under the bridge all night. Wall, the next day wasn't there singin' in our meetin' haouse? The congregation looked araound a dozen times ef they did once to see who that was that was makin' the benches tremble. Arter meetin' was over, the singin' marster come to me, and sez he, "Mr. Kineboy," (I felt more sot up than ever, then, fur that was the fust time he'd ever been respectful enough to forget I had a christen name). "Mr. Kineboy," sez he, "don't want to flatter, but yeou ripped things! Yeou owe it tew yerself to git a musical edication. Consarn me ef yeou didn't go spang daown tew low C." Wall so I did go daown. An' I stayed daown tew, fur one while. I come orful nigh never gettin' up agin! The cold I tuk under that air darned bridge went to my chist, and I had a congistation that lasted me six weeks. Sence that time my vyce haint never been what it was. Still to obleege yeou I daon't mind ef I sing an' old chune I used to know when I was a boy. It's rayther pay-thetic, and don't require much goin' up an' daown. Did ye ever hear tell o' Peggy Gordon, my dear?"

"I have read about it, and often thought I'd like to hear it," said Miss Primpenney with enthusiasm. "What key do you sing it in? I'll play the accompaniment for you."

"Never mind the pi-anny, my dear, it a kind o' runs me off the track when I'm singin'. The music a sorter gits between my legs when I'm runnin' up an' daown myself, an' trips me. But I don't mind havin' yeou come into the chorus with that pretty little vyce o' yourn ef yeou kin ketch the chune."

Mr. Kineboy threw his head back, assumed an expression of countenance proper to a gentleman in immediate view of his decease, and with the consciousness that he was leaving no means for the support of a large family, but supposed by rural musicians to be eminently necessary for the correct rendering of melodies, and beat time with his boot as if he had a spite against it and would much prefer kicking it, only that his heel were in some unaccountable manner fastened to the floor. Having combined these favorable adjuncts, Mr. Kineboy in a voice still retaining reminiscences of the night under the bridge which years had been unable to efface, poured forth the lament which delighted our grandfathers:



THE POLITICAL AND THE SOCIAL.

Union Man.—"What's the new dodge of forking your beard, Jack?—NOT A SYMBOL OF DISUNION, I HOPE—EH?"

Lady's Man.—"Ah! NO, I NEVER GO IN FOR POLITICS. FACT IS, TWO CHARMING GIRLS HAVE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH MY BEARD, AND I'M OBLIGED TO DIVIDE THE CARESSSED OBJECT BETWEEN THEM—SO."

"I lay my head on a cask of brand-eye,
It is my pleasure I dew declare,
And while I'm drinkin', I still am thinkin',
How I may win my lady fa-a-a-a-ir!"

CHORUS.—"Oh! PEGGY GORDON, you are my darlin'!
Come sit you daown by the side o' me,
And tell to me the ver-eye reason,
Why I am slighted so by th-e-e-e-e!"

"That's verse one," said Mr. Kineboy, "not bein' in vyce I couldn't dew justice tew it. Verse two, like verse one, containin' allusion to brandy an' sich might be open to objection on the ground o' bein' improper for young women's company, but as I'm not to be understood as authorizin' the sentiment, you kin excuse the words for the sake o' the chune which is nat'ral, also paythetic. Here's verse tew, and as I remark agin, the chorus is not by no means necessarily a solo for a single vyce.

"I wish I was in Covill Castle,
Where the marble-stones is black as ink,
Where all the putty—g-e-rls adore me!
I'll sing no more, until I dr-i-i-i-ink!"

CHORUS.—"Oh, PEGGY GORDON you are my darlin'! &c."

With great difficulty restraining themselves from repaying Mr. Kineboy's compliment to that comic song from Robert, by at least a smile on the subject of Peggy Gordon—the ladies expressed their great delight at Reuben's performance, and added that he did not seem to have lost his voice at all. This so gratified him that he volunteered a promise to copy off the song and send it to Miss Primpenney, at the same time he dispatched Balermey.

It being now long after Mr. Kineboy's habitual bed-time, he indicated that fact by winding a watch which sounded so like a mill for the comminution of coffee, that Mrs. Primpenney was reminded to ask him whether he preferred that beverage or tea for his breakfast. Having acquired this piece of information, and the other upon the subject of mattress or feather bed invariably elicited by female heads of houses, Mrs. Primpenney permitted Mr.

Stuck Tight.

Postmaster Holt has stopped off the mails for Pensacola in consequence of Florida's withholding letters to military officers stationed there. Pensacola may be derived, and again it may not, from the Spanish words *pensai*, to muse; *cola*, or glue:—and we leave the inhabitants of that dirty little place to reflect on being stuck in the absence of the mail bags and their contents.

Bull in the China Shop.

The policy of England towards China was best shown by the English soldier's exclamation at Pekin, who seizing a Chinaman by his pig-tail decapitated him, exclaiming: "Heads I win, Tails you lose!"

Just so.

GARIBALDI retired with nothing. The king took every thing.
Truly to the Victor belong the Spoils.

Virginia Proverbs.

A word to the Wise—Verbum Sap.
We may be good and happy without Ritchies.

Candacapital.

Why are Brooks' speeches like smooth coppers?
They have neither head or tail to them.

Running for the Bare Life.

Croton into a Bath.

Kineboy to put the family through that rigorous piece of gymnastics, a Yankee hand-shake, and had him shown to bed.

(To be Continued.)

THE REVEREND ROSCIUS.

There is a piquant flavor of the footlights about the following brief telegram.

HENRY WARD BEECHER IN BOSTON.

Boston, Feb. 5, 1861.

Mr. BEECHER delivered a lecture here this evening. Previous to the commencement of the lecture there was an attempt made at disturbance by hissing. The organ first played "Yankee Doodle," which was enthusiastically applauded.

We have long been aware of the proclivity of the eminent ecclesiastic in question for theatrical "gags," but had no idea that he was so thoroughly *au fait* with the tactics of the proscenium. His strategy in the case above reported must have been the result of conference with a synod consisting of Forrest, Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Stuart of the Winter Garden, Laura Keane, Lester Wallack, Fox and Lingard and Sam Cowell. From this presbytery the Roscian divine learned that when Stubbles made his appearance as Gasser, in the farce of "No you don't!" at Niblo's, there was "an attempt made at disturbance by hissing," on account of Stubbles being difficult to swallow; but that our robust friend, John Cooke, saved him by starting off the fiddles into Yankee Doodle. Thus, when the Reverend Roscius found that he wasn't going down smoothly at Boston, he invoked the aid of St. Cecilia, who came at his call, and conted the pill Henry Ward Beecher so nicely with the sugar of Yankee Doodle, that the audience didn't know when they had swallowed it.

From our Wall Street Contributor.

In what particular does a Bear, when Lame-Ducked, resemble all mankind? He was "ruined by the fall."

OUR COMPROMISE.



ANITY FAIR Readers. Vanitarians! Vanity Fairies! Van Ities of the Old Dutch sort.

Give heed unto the Voice of your Uncle. Lend—or donate—a listening ear to a Compromise. For who has a better right to offer one? Not that we generally do anything that is being done by everybody. But this, you see is a Fair Proposition. A VANITY FAIR Proposition. A Compromise which, in view of all the ex-and-attenuating circumstances which must of necessity be taken into the account, shows itself to be, in the opinion of our I. I.—now don't read that eyes; we mean Infallible Instinct, which, by the way is a mighty good thing to have in the Editor's room; lying around loose, so to speak, but—H'm!—where were we!—*voyons*—ah! yes—we were saying that this Proposition which we are about to make, shows itself to be a—well, a Compromise. You must all know by this time what sort of animal that is.

Our Platform—that is to say, one very large plank in our Platform, is, that all Men, Women, and Children (would that they could always *stay* children) might, could, would or should, and certainly ought to have a Good Time generally, henceforth and forever. And in order that we may not be in any degree misunderstood, we desire to explain that we mean emphatically A Good Time! A Superexcellent and Magnificent Time. A Time when all the women shall wear pretty boots, (twos, of course); have unlimited supplies of Jovvin's best (No. 9°); and flirt with never less than six men at once; when all the men shall be permitted to talk good grammar and have corner lots; when black hair-dye shall no longer give an invisible-bottle-green color. (Just cast your eyes toward the Cut at the head of this column. Consider the style of the two interesting parties. You think it will do very well, no doubt. As the world goes they're having the best sort of a Good Time. Well we don't. When our Good Time comes you will wonder how you ever could admire such absurd things.) When Major Gen. Charles shall become Citizen Charles; when Alderman Dayton shall find out all he wants to know about City Salaries; when Horace—*ce cher* Horace—shall have nothing in the World to worry him; when there never shall be, on any subject, an Irrepress. Conf., no Dead-Rabbit Rows—not even a little one-horse, one-eyed Mayor Row; when—well, we might go on for a month, and get in every man's When, to our satisfaction if not to his own, but—yes, alas! we must say But; for, you know, man *will* eat and he *must* drink, therefore we drop this branch of the subject—for obvious reasons.

Now, (to come back to our Mutton), we propose that we, individually and collectively, shall have, possess, or be seized of a Good

*Evil Fate has tried to be witty at the expense of the ladies, by turning our 6 upside-down.

Time. But how!! Our Compromise which is to bring about this result will, we are confident, be fully appreciated and approved.

Last week, you know, we got disgusted and pitched into Politicians; the whole Golden-Rule-forsaking pack of them. And we'll do it again the first good chance we have. We do not wish to be severe upon them on this present occasion, but, fellow-sufferers Promiscuous Public, we advise you to compromise with circumstances. We beg you to rid yourselves at once and for all time of Politicians, and consequently of all disasters and calamities caused by them. Lift your strong right hands against TREASON wherever it way rise. Cut off its head, thus leaving REASON in its place. (N. B. The application of this in the present crisis is, no doubt, apparent. Men of Front and Water Streets! send no more Bohea or Oolong—not another T—not even Gunpowder, to—we need not say where.) Denizens of Cities! begin at once! Before breakfast! Blot out the whole Race! Fillmore Toombs with Clay or otherwise than all your Masons, no matter where they Hale from, can build! Dwellers in the Rural Districts! Wade into every Lane, and annihilate, eradicate all Th'low Weeds, dirty Cobbs, dead Branches, Orr other useless Rhetched trash unless they will consent to Grow better! Scuttle your Briggs! have Dunn with Rust, by all means, where Everett may be found! Strap up the legs of all Vicious Mayors, and put not a bit—of anything into their mouths, etc., etc., etc.. ETCETERA!

There's an outline for you! Men of Energy! now go to Work!

BY ALL MEANS.

"Joy to the world." Shout, oh! ye Impecunious. Sing, 'Al-ellu-jah! Raise up your voices, Cry aloud, Make yourselves heard, Let people know you are around, all people who are poor but smart, and know any politicians. Hold your individual breaths, my readers, while I announce to you that it is found, the philosopher's stone, the universal panacea, the great-make-every-man-rich-affair, the placers that every one can work, the mine wherein every one can mine who has a mind, the thing in fact. Would ye know where. Gather round, oh! poor ones! while I point out to you this source of Monte-Christian wealth. Perhaps you all read it; in the saintly *World*, perhaps not; but I found it there—thus—

"The House Com : on Elections have considered the SICKLES, WILLIAMSON contested seat, and have unanimously given the seat to Mr. SICKLES. Mr. WILLIAMSON, however is to be allowed salary and mileage, the same as if he had been elected."

That's it, that's the Idea, splendid thing. Run for Congress—only run—it ain't necessary to be elected, better be defeated, for you keep out of bad company and have no trouble, run for Congress and contest the election.

Salary and mileage! all election expenses paid and a plum or two over.

There can of course be no question as to the propriety of receiving this money, for the son of WILLIAM wouldn't touch it if it wasn't all right. Of course not. There can be no second opinion in regard to the justice of allowing this sum to defeated candidates. By all means, nary.

Perhaps some old fogies might think we had better give the "spoons" to ANDERSON, who has done something for his country, but wouldn't that be deviating from the Congressional rule, to never do anything they ought to, therefore I say, let's all run for Congress, and here's my name to begin with

For Receiver of Salary and Mileage,

"ARCHER."

Carving at Ham.

When LOUIS NAPOLEON was in prison at Ham, it is reported that he occupied his time in carving an elaborate walking cane which is now in the possession of a gentleman in this city. Our cynical contributor says that such an occupation was perfectly natural, since it was the only stick he could at that time cut.

Something in a Name.

Our colored contributor suggests that the Southern States ought to be called the Cotton-Wool States, as this name would define both their peculiar staple and their peculiar institution.

What They Need.

A French friend says that the great requirement of our Federal Army-Officers, just now, is "*Fort étude*!"

LAW OF MASTER AND SERVANT.



HIS sets forth an agreed statement of facts laid before the Lord Mayor of London, whose decision the parties agree to abide by. One W., with no permanent domicile, takes one J. as "inside Man." The nature of his duties does not clearly appear. Chiefly to mind the premises, and to wait. No rate of wages fixed. After some weeks, W. suddenly, and without warning, discharges J. Question. *Is J. entitled to wages? if yea, at what*

rate? *The Lord Mayor.*—On the one hand we are asked to believe W. to be a monster, and hard to live with (forever blowing up, is the phrase used,) of a suspicious temper, jealous of Men speering into his affairs. Complaining it was hard lines, that he was so much tried, that he was dreadfully cut up, and at times would even "blubber." After being there in the depths, he would behave with great levity. This, however, seems to have been on the surface entirely, though he could rise to an emergency. He clearly never was *insane*, though undeniably light-headed, his intellect burns bright. We must look elsewhere for the motive of his treatment of J., whom he discharged. Let us suppose J. had similarly thrown up his situation? Would W. have stomached it? Yet for J. he had no bowels, nor for the salt tears J. shed. J. seems to have been regularly taken in, and to be entitled to recompense, at the usual rate of wages paid to inside-men. And I find accordingly. Upon his Worship's concluding, he was much complimented by the Wigs within the bar upon his luminous opinion. It was whispered about that the parties were *Jonah and the Whale*.

MOTHER GOOSE-BERRIES.

THE WISE MAN OF PENSACOLA.

There was a man whose name was CHASE,
An Engineer was he;
He spent his life in building forts,
To keep off foes by sea.

And when he found the forts were built,
With arms and traitorous men,
He marched against them from the land,
And took them back again.

"BA, BA, BLACK SHEEP."

(Revised expressly for this paper.)

"Ba, Ba, BAILEY, have you any bonds?"
"Yes, dear THOMPSON, I've left you the coupons,
Some for me and RUSSELL, and some for Mr. FLOYD,
But none for poor old Uncle Sam,
Whose credit COBB destroyed."

"LITTLE BO-PEEP."

Little Beau PICKENS
Has counted his chickens
Before he knew where to find 'em,
Let 'em alone,
And they'll come home,
And leave Beau PICKENS behind 'em!

THE S. C. SPIDER TO THE N. Y. FLY.

Gen. PICKENS, S. C. (seceder) publishes a notification, that all trading vessels, not having United States troops or munitions on board, are invited to Charleston.

"Will you walk into our harbor?" says PICKENS, on the sly,
"With sunken ships and put out lights, its the prettiest you can't spy.

You've only got to shove your boom in range of our big guns,
When we'll tax you ten per cent., excluding other duns.

Will you walk in, Fly?"

MORAL.

Now all you ships take warning by this foolish little fly,
For PICKENS is the spider, that to catch you fast will try;
Though you may think that my advice to you is all in sport,
You're lost if you go sailing in that Charlestonian port.
Remember, O remember, the foolish little fly!

A NEW SONG OF SIXPENCE.

Sing a song of Sumpter,
A Fort in Charleston bay;
Eight-and-sixty brave men
Watch there night and day.

Those brave men to succor,
Still no aid is sent;
Isn't JAMES BUCHANAN
A pretty President!

JAMES is in his Cabinet
Doubting and debating;
ANDERSON'S in Sumpter,
Very tired of waiting.

PICKENS is in Charleston,
Blustering of blows;
Thank Goodness March the Fourth is near,
To nip Secession's nose.

WE MAY BE HAPPY YET.

VANITY FAIR would call attention to the fact, that it is not a very laborious thing for men in the North, where there is but one feeling on the subject, to Speak and Write boldly for the preservation of these States. But in the South, where madness rules the hour, he who stands up fearlessly and seeks to drive back the whirlwind which is raging there, is richly entitled to the thanks and admiration of the good and patriotic, here and everywhere. A few hours of careful reflection will convince the intelligent reader that it is easier to swim with the popular current than to turn and swim against it—that, to discard moist metaphor and descend to dry Saxon, it is more pleasant to be brave when there is no danger than when there is! Hence it was natural for Shakespeare, or Somebody, to remark, "Give me Liberty or give me Death, especially Liberty!" We reward the united Union-loving North with an approving smile. We say, "Good boys. You are doing your duty!" But for those great heroes in the South, who are gallantly fighting the monster Secession against most fearful odds—fighting him right where he is, hitting him, indeed, right where he lives—for these men we do more. We damage our lungs hurrahing for them. We present them (so to speak) with star-spangled suits of clothes. We give them cordial letters of introduction and recommendation to our particular friend, the Goddess of Liberty, requesting her to take good care of them, now and always. We wear them in our heart of hearts, for they suit us. VANTY FAIR will not cease to hope while JOHNSON, BOULIGNY, WINTER DAVIS, ETHERIDGE, SHERRARD CLEMENS, and glorious Old CRITTENDEN can speak, and JOHN MAGINNIS and PARSON BROWNLOW write.

THE EXPRESS UPON SKATES.

By this we do not mean that the renowned "Pony" traverses the plains of the far west, upon patent rockers! neither is it our intention to serve up ADAMS & Co. upon ice. *The Evening Express* is the party on skates referred to, and the figures it has been cutting are remarkably expressive. Under the caption "The Skating Mania," for instance, the *Express* of the sixth of February gives a powerful description of the reckless career of some young persons who frequent the Brooklyn Ponds. Speaking of the dangers to which the hapless debutant upon skates is exposed, our graphic cotemporary says:

Gathering himself for a magnificent movement, off shoots his right leg, which eccentric motion is generally followed by corporeal position decidedly more horizontal than perpendicular.

The *Express* neglects to inform us what disposal is made of all the "shot off" right legs when the Brooklyn ponds come to be swept after a carnival—or carnage. Are the right legs restored to the right owners, or are they Left? Again; can it be possible that these limbs are claimed as perquisites by the pond sweepers, and that their export for some mysterious purpose has given rise to the continual rumors of "Arms for the South?"



HORACE SICK!

POOR BOY! WELL GIVE HIM HIS GUEL AND ELIXIR. HE'LL SOON BE UP AND ROUND AS SAUCY AS EVER!

WHAT THE NATION SAID TO ITS SERVANTS.

Come back to your homes! let the voice of the Nation
Be heard in this hour of the nation's decline;
For the hearts of its children in every relation
Are beating in unison—palm-tree with pine.

Come back to your homes! from your noise and confusion,
Your babble of tongues and your wisdom of fools;
Where your toil is a myth, and our hopes a delusion;
We sent you for workmen—we find you but tools.

Come back to your homes! we need men in your places,
With brains to conceive and with power to fulfil;
You have jogged on so long 'twixt the government traces
You have lost all the power to act, with the will.

Come back to your homes! we'll replace you with others,
With will stern as steel, with nerve like the rock;
With hearts that beat time with the hearts of their brother,
With honor to guard them against every shock.

Come back to your homes! you who venture to tamper
With liberty's right, the divine right of man;
Who dare the swift wheel of our Union to hamper,
Come back to your homes! and return if you can.

Come back to your homes! there's a mutter of thunder,
A rumble of something portentous to you;
'Twill need but a word,—say a drunken clerk's blunder
To give native hemp and trees, something to do.

Come back to your homes! By the blood of your sires,
We have borne with you long, but we will not bear longer;
Ere the torch of rebellion hath kindled its fires,
We shall try if our will, or your power be the stronger.

Secession Hostilities.

One-Hos-tility!

Effort.

What would be the most definite manner
of finding out the difference between a Fort
and an Effort?

Attempt to take Fort Sumter.

Very likely!

Several of our mathematical friends have
been seen frequenting lager-beer musical
saloons lately in search of *Lager-rhythms*.

A Slight Cause of War.

Strange that South Carolina should be so
jealous of Major ANDERSON'S receiving a
Complement!

Station House.

The whiskey-drinker's morning Reflec-
tion.
"Cuss-toddy!"

Army or Navy?

Will the President send a Sloop-of-War to
the assistance of the Southern forte, or a
Brig—aid?

Secession Hospitality.

Ejecting the patients from the Marine
Hospital near New Orleans.

Sum Objections to Southern Unity.
Additional division.

The Southern Negro's Hymn.
The Massa lazy Hymn.

How the Abolitionists disturb Slavery.
By Filips (WENDELL)

Wise in his own Conceit.
Thinking he can take Washington.

Motto for the New Empire of Mississippi.
"We are all Bonds-men here!"

Infanticide.

South Carolina destroying the Buoys.

Good for the Newsboys.
The Extra-'dition case in Canada.



ABOLITION TRACKS.

[LATEST EDITION]

CAN'T FIND A BIST FOR DE SOLE ON DE FOOT ARUM,
 FY-YI-YI, GOT TO SHIN ALONG-ARUM,
 BOYS HEOW CAT-ARUM, FELT US WID
 NY-YI-YI, ALTS GOIN' WRONG-ARUM!

A LETTER FROM THE HERMIT AT NIXON'S.



LIAM MOORE, who supplies us with gentle stimulants, be a great deal shorter and easier to bear, Amen! Let the cold world go on supposing that the cheerful old man sleeps away the winter in his romantic little wooden grotto, economising his midnight oil by permanently turning off the gas. Not so. Since the first night of this terribly protracted presence of the great American tragedian, sleep has not visited these very old eyes. Off nights are entirely inadequate to restore this shattered frame to a condition favorable for repose. Gin, which I swallow with unerring punctuality as a mild ameliorant, fails to induce oblivion of the too regular drama to which I am compelled to be a listener through their weary nights of the vociferous muse. Nay, even the once tranquil hours of the afternoon seem now to be devoted to the prevailing turbulence of modern tragedy. About the fifth gin-cock-tail of the day—they would call it three o'clock p. m., out in the world, I think—evidences have several times come to me that the turbulent tragedy was even then on hand. I could hear the loud stamps performed by the feet of the Eminent Native Tragedian upon the hollow boards. His yells were frequent and terrific. The half-inch pine-planks that surmounts my grotto threatened each moment to fall and crush me, as they vibrated to the distant earthquake of applause.

"FORREST seems worse, to day," remarked I to the elegantly attired page who just then entered with my medicine alluded to as consisting chiefly of gin.

"That ain't FORREST," replied the graceful youth, indicating with retrospective thumb the quarter whence the tumult came—"that's PEACOCK. He come on to this here theayter from the Sixthavnoo Stage."

Never before, had I, the Recluse, heard of the Eminent PEACOCK. That he is of the same school as the Great Tragedian, however, I have not even the shadow of a doubt; for the athletic stamp of his feet, and the reiterated sounds of "Wo! wo!"—in some cases I observed that it was "Wo, then!"—told me, but too plainly, that another great exponent of the Tragic Muse has come down upon us, or up among us, as the case may be.

I am mingling my sorrows with gin. Much of both is yet before me.

THE HERMIT.

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 Henry VI., Act 1, Scene 1.

LETTER VII.

More about Lobbywomen.

To tell the truth, CARRAWAY is right; the supper room is the place for us and we have no right to mar the operations of the young people by taking up their valuable space with our incommensurable bodies. So I lock my arm in the young man's and march off to the supper room overhead (as all supper rooms ought to be.) "The Widow's going it rather strong in the boiled mutton line to-night," he remarks, in rather a louder tone than seems necessary, as we pass a couple seated on a sofa in the hall, "had CAPEBS there ever since I came. Elegant chance for you to get off that old thing of yours in VANITY FAIR, about the Mess of Potash; ain't it?"

Well, if the representative of the Fifth Phalanx likes to sit there in the hall, where he will be gazed at by all the dancers cooling off, by all the sedentaries tired of sitting still, and by all the alimentaries going to supper and coming—but stay! Do they come back again?

If, I say Mr. CAPEBS likes to sit there with the back of his fine head resting on the cushion and his eyes turned upon the cornice opposite, listening to the cleverest woman in society; and if the cleverest woman finds the listener a satisfactory investment, who shall sneer at them? Not I, for one. I like to see people making the most of their opportunities. It gives a man a reputation for being clever, to be seen talking to clever people; and there are few of our sex who do not like to be poked in our old ribs, and accused of effeciveness among the ladies. And if Mrs. JOBLEY does find CAPEBS rather dull, why you must remember that these are her office-hours and few persons get through their business with unmixed pleasure, or indeed, half so pleasantly. CAPEBS does not say much, to be sure, though he is a great talker and a tiresome, at times, but his yea is yea, and his nay, nay, and his influence in his delegation is really astonishing. He will dance presently too; don't trouble yourself about him. He is only disgusted now because little TARANTULER has cut him out, and after he goes to bed he will think of a great many cutting remarks and will wish he had made them to his rival. CAPEBS did not learn dancing at his age for nothing. There is not a young man out, not even the leader of the "German" who is so inveterate a disciple of "the mazy" as my and everybody's friend Mr. RICHARD SWIVELLER hath it; and though he dances with a stern and determined expression of countenance and looks very much, while in operation, as if he was suspended by the wire attached to his waistband after the manner of G. RAYEL (who must be at least a hundred years old or else his own grandson) in the *Red Gnome*, I sincerely believe CAPEBS imagines that all the girls are dying to be asked if they are disengaged for the seventh and if he, ah, ha, may, h'm, have the honor—? Well then the eighth? ah, the eighth, thank you. So he stops washing his hands in the air and insists upon writing his name on the young lady's card. "How charmed you must be, Miss EMILY," or MARX, or what not, perhaps I say, having overheard the interview; "How I envy you that eighth dance! A redowa? O, delicious!" "Nonsense!" Miss EMILY, or MARX, or what not, will reply, smiling irresistibly and tapping me reproachfully on the arm with her little fan (which is, of course, in a desperately fragmentary condition,) "Nonsense. I'm going, after the sixth!"

"I tell you what it is," says young CARRAWAY LEE after we get in to the supper room and by dint of much patience and some squeezing have at last contrived to secure standing room at the table, though with contracted elbow privileges; "I've got an elegant plan for getting rid of you old fogies."

"Oh, indeed," I cry, "how very kind in you! Really!"

"Oh, well," says the young man, "the fact is you're nothing but an infernal nuisance at parties anyhow. You crowd the mourners. And if ever I give one of these regular jams (which there's no human probability I ever shall, you know) guess what I mean to do?"

"Can't," I say; "it isn't a conundrum, is it?"

"Pshaw!" he replies, "I shall invite all the young men and all the girls that pay; and then, as for you old fogies, why, as you won't let us have our fun without you, I'll have a large dormitory in the garret for the dear mammas and you old super-numeraries, ah! I'll give you an order on HAMMACK; "Good for a feed," or "Wittles for one;" how'll that do, hm? Big thing, ain't it?"

[HAMMACK's is the place where you may notice the thirsty Theaurians and others of the vicinage repairing at the middle and all other hours of the day for purposes inseparably connected with the wiping of lips and picking of teeth on reappearing to the world.]

"You miserable little jackanapes," I remark, not in the least displeased, however, "pass me that sherry and stop your nonsense."

Cheerful for Charleston.

Every day, for the last two or three weeks, paragraphs headed "Arms for Charleston" have been going the rounds of the papers. If the prophets who foretell of inevitable destitution in the South when disunion falls upon us are to be believed, all that will be changed by and by; and, instead of "Arms for Charleston" going the rounds of the papers, we shall see "Alms for Charleston" going the rounds of the paupers.

To Correspondents.

In reply to several parties who have written to us asking whether there is a secret vigilance committee sitting upon Helper's Book, we have only to say that we do not know. We believe it is pretty well ascertained, however, that there are a good many persons squatting upon John Brown's Tract.

People who live on a mere Crust.
All the inhabitants of this terrestrial globe.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

PICANINNI, January 30.



EAR VANITY:—Once more a victory! Galivanti is ours!

... The fight was a hard one, and brilliant... especially when we set the town on fire.

The morn was cold and misty. The sun arose like a dull red globe. I also arose, and after a hasty plate of macaroni... warriors always patronize rapid cookery... I appeared among my devoted soldiery.

"Follow me!" I cried,

and they followed me.

We marched across marshes, and defiled through defiles. Soon, Galivanti came in sight... or rather we did. From the top of a lofty tower waved the detestable banner of the Bourbons.

"Down with the Old Bourbon... Flag!" I shouted. Then I put down some Old Bourbon, but I did not Flag.

We charged into the town. The charge was tremendous, like that of my boot-maker.

The Zouaves progressed with a series of back hand-springs, firing and loading as they went. Their execution was terrible... worse than that of SAM HALL.

At the city gates we were met by large numbers of the Disaffectionists, all wearing the Secession cockade. FRANCIS II. led them, riding in a light trotting-sulkey; as he came forward, I squared to receive him. He let out with his left, quite cleverly, but I stopped it, and got home on his bugle, fetching the ruby at once. Deafening cheers, and cries of "First blood for Mac!" arose from the ranks. Some hot in-fighting followed, and we went down together, the King underneath.

An adjutant called "Time!" and we both came to the scratch, smiling. I stuck to my Old Bourbon, and got in a rattling slogger on his kissing-trap. He countered on my nob with a splendid left-hander. Both then fiddled awhile for wind, and after a few short blows, FRANK went down. Three to one was freely offered on my winning.

My antagonist came up a little groggy, and received a neat mouse under the right peeper. He began to show punishment, while I was as fresh as a daisy. A sockdologer on the oration-trap made his royal jaws rattle again, but I got a slight tap on the smeller. In trying a fancy upper-cut, FRANK's foot slipped, and I got him in chancery. He suffered then, handsomely, and when I let him go, slipped down like a wet dish-rag, and couldn't be brought to time again on any terms.

The sponge was thrown up, and I was declared the victor. Some thought I was JACK HEENAN in disguise.

Pillage was now the order of the day... or the dis-order, rather.

We had a splendid time. A jeweler's shop came in my way. If you want any gold pens and things, let me know. Then we fired the place, having fired our muskets first. As the flames reached the magazines, weekly and monthly, the air was shaken by frightful explosions. Some heavy firms burst up, also, and to this cheering music we marched back to Picaninni, by the fitful glare of the burning city.

At my quarters I found VICTOR EMMANUEL, waiting for me. He had heard of the row, and being anxious to encourage the manly art, started to see it. When he got half-way, he found he had forgotten his handkerchief, and was forced to return.

"Galivanti!... what is the matter with the town?" asked he, excitedly.

"In flames!" I laconically replied.

"And... Hullo! what is the matter with your eye?"

"Inflamed."

"Have you won?"

"One eye? I have two, Sire!"

"Did you win the fight?"

I drew the Bourbon flag from my pocket, and kneeling gracefully, presented it to him.

"Here, your majesty, are FRANCIS's colors; I conquered."

"The d... I you did?"

He turned away to hide his emotion...

Having hidden it, he remarked...

"That town was a shame to Italy."

"It was," I replied; "and now it is a Burning Shame!"

"Why," asked the King, "are you like a leaky barrel?"

"Because my Head swims!"

"No: because you are badly Bunged! Give us a chew of tobacco."

Adieu, VANITY; I can write no more this time. Since my arms were amputated, I am easily fatigued. Likewise I am

Tout a vous,

McARONE.

THE VASSAR FEMALE COLLEGE.

VANITY FAIR wishes it to be distinctly understood, that in common with the other enormously advanced minds of the age, it offers its most pronounced thanks to MATTHEW VASSAR of Poughkeepsie, for his noble conceptions of female ability and his lordly liberality, as manifested in founding what bids fair to be the best educational institute for the Muslin Sex in America.

When VANITY FAIR sees that amid all the motley millions who throng our wild ways, not above one man in a thousand who gets a full education, develops a truly Genial mind, or one in which Genius and Practical Activity are always aglow, and secondly, when it realizes that not one girl in a thousand gets such an education as the men in question—why then VANITY FAIR thinks it by no means wonderful that the Muslin Sex referred to should comparatively seldom show us those great and earnest creators in art—those SHAKESPEARES and RABELAISs, and RAPHAELS—who are not, by the way, any too frightfully common among those of the Cassimere Denomination.

We wish to see it fully and fairly tried—this experiment of giving to growing girl-minds good solid pabulum—good food of literature not expurgated into the mere moral broth of erudition—substantial knowledge of old English classics, and with them those of Roman, Greek, Provencal, German, French and Italian days. With this condition, we would like to see taught the coeval history of men and of art—architecture, painting, music and every expression of the Beautiful. Not forgetting the fact that Life is—or may be—a brave, strong, earnest career, full of great objects, glorious aims and not a mere husband-hunt, and endless house-keeping or "society"—ing.

This isn't, we know, Mr. VASSAR, exactly the programme laid down by most fashionable young lady school-keepers. But everything laid down in it, excellent Sir, (and much more with it, including healthy physical culture, and much practical art,) may be very sufficiently mastered during the same time now devoted to what is by excess of courtesy termed "an education." Fact.

We are under the impression, Mr. VASSAR, that your institution will be a comprehensive and a progressive one, wherein great pains will be taken to give not only a solid but a liberal training in Science, Literature and Art. If this be indeed the case; we promise you that a future generation will place you miles in glory and in greatness above every Politician of the age—no matter who he may be, or what his confounded politics may have been.

Amazonian Warfare.

It is said the Southern girls are as patriotic and belligerent as the men. We do suppose that if a regiment of gallant young Northerners went to Charleston just now, the fair ones would rise en masse and Take them all... for better or worse!

By our Modiste.

Why do fast Philadelphians "go it like bricks?"

ANSWER: *Pour conserver la couleur locale.*

Question for Governor Pettus.

Do the secessionists hope to silence the North-west by shutting up the Mouth of the Mississippi?



DESIGN FOR A COAT AND TROUSERS IN ONE PIECE—SUGGESTED BY A BACK VIEW OF THE PREVALENT HALF-SHELL OVER-COAT.

THE RIGHT MEN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

HON. JAMES BUCHANAN: At Wheatland.

HON. J. B. FLOYD: On the banks of the Potomac, adjoining the Washington Arsenal, is a brick building of massive proportions, and well secured by bolts and bars, which should be prepared as a residence for the late Secretary of War. As it overlooks the Arsenal Grounds, Mr. F. will have an opportunity of gratifying the interest he undoubtedly feels in the manufacture and distribution of Arms, by seeing the men make, and test those newly prepared. He will not be alone in his retirement, as Messrs. BAILEY and RUSSELL will probably take up their abode with their Boon companion. Proceedings are in progress to carry out this proposition, and Messrs. F., B., and R., will, before long, be lodged at the expense of the Government, a new style of pensioning which should have been practiced long ago.

MR. COBB, MR. PHILIP CLAYTON, and MR. JACOB THOMPSON, will find their proper places in the governments of their respective States. The financier reputation gained by the first two named gentlemen is a guarantee of the faithfulness and ability with which they will discharge the duties of the Treasury of their new Republic: while the Hon. JACOB can be in no better place than as the custodian of the State Bonds.

In the following cases the Right Man will be surely in the Right Place.

HON. L. M. KEITT: Hanging to one of "the pillars of this accursed Union."

HON. HENRY A. WISE: In the Asylum, at Stanton, Va.

ROGER A. PRYOR: Anywhere where he can speak and mouth, to rocks and stones, or to intelligent savages.

HON. CHARLES SCHNEER: Bleeding Kansas having become a State, Bleeding SCHNEER can do no better than transfer himself thither, or to any place where he can not be heard of for the rest of his life.

Should these suggestions be followed, they would be found to

A Bad Look-out.

A cotemporary, prophetic of Southern prospects, gives utterance to the following wail:

"Alas! and a sad heigho! and may we never live to see it. The day when Cotton becomes a drug, and the day after there will be no Bread."

That is very melancholy. But alas! and a sad heigho! on our own private account, too, and to think of the day when Cotton has got to "go under," and that the day after there will be no Gin!

Too Florid'ah!

A salute of thirteen guns was lately fired at Pensacola in honor of the Lone Star flag of Florida.

Of course, when Florida Flags she'll Star't a Loan.

Perforative.

Why is General SANDFORD like the Hoosac Tunnel?

He's a great Bore and slow getting through.

True once, true ever.

"Roman History shows that the Senate and the Tribune were always opposed."

Just so. And HORACE's late trip to Albany proves it!

Roll on Niagara!

The Niagara brings \$1,080,000 in specie. What a Windfall from a Waterfall.

The Vessels generally preferred by Navy Officers.

Weaker Vessels.

work so well, that we would be requested to make some more of the same sort. At present, however, we content ourselves with laying these before the public, and intend to present a copy to the Republic of South Carolina. Mr. KEITT may signify their receipt under cover of his frank.

THE OTHER "ABOU-BEN-ADEM."

JAMES B—UCHANAN, may his tribe decrease!
Awoke one night from a strange dream of peace,
And saw within the curtains of his bed—
Making his t'other eye to squint with dread—
Old JACKSON writing in a book of gold:
Exceeding Rye had made BUCHANAN bold,
And to the stern ex-President he said;
"Wha—what writ'st thou?" The spirit shook his head,
The while he answered, with the voice of old;
"The names of those who ne'er their country sold!"
"And is mine one?" asked J. B. "Nary!" cried
The General, with a frown. BUCHANAN sighed,
And groaned, and turned himself upon his bed
And took another "nip" of "rye," then said;
"Well, ere thou lay thy record on the shelf,
Write me at heart, as one who sold himself;"
"Democs" and "Rye" so long my spirits were,
That when the "Crisis" came—I wasn't there!
The General wrote, and vanished; the next night
He came again, in more appalling plight,
And showed those names that all "true men" detest;
And lo! BUCHANAN's name led all the rest!

Motto for a dressmaker.

Let her rip.

VANITY FAIR SEES MARTHA.



little contralto brick of a PHILLIPS, full of life and diablerie, *petillante fringante* and all sorts of delicate, spicy French adjectives, singing every note correctly, always well, always up to her work. And COLSON—that *diva* of incomparable shoulders, and soft roudades—*dio!*

The curtain rises, discovering Miladi Henrietta, and Mees Nanci, her relative in a state of boredom which induces them to resolve to visit Richmond Fair, in disguise. Desire stimulated by orchestral performance. Enter Lord Treestahn—alias COLETTI—in the rich dress, (a cross between that of a squire of the XII century, and Blondin on the rope), which was so generally worn a hundred years ago at the English court, as you all know. Harlequinades by Coletti, *a la Scaramouch!* also vividly English, and a polka in which the fun and life of the ladies rises to fever heat. They are evidently Fast Girls.

Richmond Fair—servant girls wanting places—proceedings regulated (as was usual in England a hundred years ago) by an old French notary. Richmond represented in back ground by Italian town) Italian domestic architecture, generally used in England a century ago, owing to efforts of Inigo Wren and Christopher Jones.)

Enter LEONAIL BRIGNOLI, attired as an English ploughman of the time, in silk tights, and black silk velvet doublet, with undersleeves of rich mauve satin, fine lace ruffles, and Etruscan gold studs for greater convenience in driving cattle. White morocco boots, belt, and lady's reticule complete him. Ditto FLOONKEET SUSINI—a *Tedesco Italianizzato*—dressed as a potato-digger of the time of Queen Anne, in rich velvet doublet, with drooping Polish sleeves, romantic cap—and his nose, and glances scornfully shooting the moon at an angle of about ninety in the shade, in the manner generally observed in the English peasant.

Girls hired amid vast confusion, as they used to be married from off the California steamers—no word interchanged—first female name called out—then engager's and couple pair off together. Miladi Henrietta and Mees Nanci appear in disguise—hire themselves out and receive each a long blue purse, with double row of silver fringe. At which they laugh scornfully, leaping in wild glee from bar to bar as if intoxicated with Disdainful Joy.

House of the ploughman and potato digger. Ladies requested to make themselves useful. Decline very emphatically. Are desired to spin and inform their hosts that they are like the Lilies of Solomon. Are shown how and courteously retort by kicking the wheels over.

[N. B. How is it that BRIGGY never Can contrive to make that wheel go? Have seen him try it over and over, and always Get Stuck. Old SUSY works his like a good fellow, while FORMES—ah he was the boy. Maybe he didn't enjoy that bit of a lark—CATHARINE WHEELS—whoever she was—was nothing to him!]

Farmers, finding that nothing Useful is to be had from their new Help, apply for the ornamental. Better success. COLSON gives BRIGGY a flower which interested us amazingly, when we learned that it was the identical Last Rose of Summer of which we have heard so much. Were pleased to see that it held out uncommonly well with Nary Wilt.

Farmers retire. Ladies escape. Time flies. A year. Finally SUSINI meets PHILLIPS with a set of young ladies, (appropriately and timely armed with boar spears.) Bores PHILLIPS, whereupon the huntresses set upon him with their weapons, and drive him back to his native thickets. Enter BRIGGY with the blues. Tries

"MARTHA" is a slow name until you PARTY it, when it is delicious enough. Same case with Opera of same denomination—Flotow was great on a Steal; witness his *Stradella*—but after all very pleasant when given with jolly Miss PHILLIPS, delicious COLSON and all the others, as the world heard it on Wednesday. Delightful indeed—specially when you go with your sweetheart. Equal to Anything to see that glorious

to sing Last Rose—can't—encounters COLSON—gets into trouble with guards—*"took up"*—everybody "mizzable."

Denouement—all right. BRIGGY turns out to be a High Dalgo, and a Son of Somebody—impediments all removed—wedding.

Have heard MARTHA forty seven times—expect to hear it as often again—nothing in it, but very pleasant, "all same." Observed great improvement in singing—would like to suggest some of same in Dress. FORMES during his late performances of Lionel, used to dress it with something like historical accuracy.

But then nothing could be Funnier than the way BRIGGY and SUSY get themselves up—so go it ye cripples!

THE RUM OLD COMMODORE.

In the good old colony times, when this old hat was new, a traitor was a traitor, whether native or foreign-born, and our great and good and brave men, from WASHINGTON down to JACKSON treated them as such. Aye—did it right sternly sometimes.

But Commodore ARMSTRONG, late commandant at the Pensacola Navy Yard knows better than all this, and after sneaking away from his post, accepts honors and compliments from the foes of his fatherland—buttering over his infamy with the cowardly quibble, "I will not fire a gun on my countrymen."

We would like to know from the Run Away Commodore, the code by which Seceders, Traitors, and Outlaws are recognized as fellow countrymen. Also if he does not recognise those who turned him by force of Arms out of the Navy Yard, as Traitors and Outlaws, and if they are not, who are? Also how he, not regarding them as men to be fired on, can, with Consistency and Honor, retain office under the government with which they are avowedly at war?

Also if it was Handsomely Done of him to accept—as the *Mobile Weekly Dispatch* says he did—a Free Passage on board the Steamer Oregon. Said Free Passage being virtually in part payment for not firing on his "Countrymen."

Also if it was Becoming or Consistent with a Nice Sense of Honor to be, while in Mobile "the recipient of every act of politeness and honor which could be tendered him by citizens and military"—when those tendering these courtesies did so, if we understand his Advertising eulogist, to express their gratitude for his supposed sympathy with their cause?

Also whether an Officer who is going to account for leaving a post without an effort at defence, has any special cause of pride in having such compliments as the following paid him by the enemy?

"He was waited upon by prominent gentlemen of the city, and the "Washington Light Infantry" turned out in a splashing storm of rain, with a full band, as a special escort to the Montgomery steamer. With a nice sense of duty to the government which he had served so long, and from which he still held a commission, the old Commodore, however, declined the honor intended, though expressing his full appreciation and feeling acknowledgments. He could not prevent, though, another honor which the people paid him, *volens volens*, for as he embarked on the steamer in the presence of an immense crowd, a piece of artillery which had been taken down to the wharf for the purpose, with its brazen throat proclaimed the respect and esteem in which he is held by the South, in a thundering salute. All honor to the man who said, "I will not fire a gun upon my countrymen," and surrendered his post and braved the censure of his government and the abuse of the whole North rather than do it. This is moral courage, and it is well that it is honored! This is the moral courage which ANDERSON and SUMMER lack."—*Mobile Weekly Advertiser*.

A Nice sense of Duty! Whew! Uncommonly nice. And very fine Moral Courage!

Commodore ARMSTRONG—when History comes to tell the Truth of these Days it will have something to say about Pensacola and of You. And if those Historians do as their brothers of the new school are wont, and scrutinize all manner of popular expression, not forgetting the voice of the press, even unto the VANITY FAIR of the time—why they'll call you a Trimmer—one who would hunt with the hound and run with the hare—accept of honors from the Enemy and then keep place as before. *Littera scripta manet*.

Citing Scripture.

Looking across at the "Bible House."

Message of the South to England.

Cotton to us.

What is the best Method for Casting Cannon Balls.
Cast them aside.

Precept for the Queen.—Via Toronto.
Follow your Leader!

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VII.

She had a husband. I assert it boldly, I assert it defiantly, in the face of all the probabilities, I assert that Mrs. McCrowder had a husband. I know that she was a strong-minded woman, an overpowering woman, a woman very likely to have had several husbands and followed them severally to an early grave. But not at all the woman whom you would suspect of having a husband in the present as well as the preterperfect tense. Still the fact of Mrs. McCrowder's now and continuously existing husband stares me in the face. The fact may be difficult to account for. It is not a subject to be approached by the mere theorizer. I venture however, to suggest the hypothesis that Mrs. McCrowder's husband had kept himself up on strong beer. At all events he was in the gently lethargic and satisfied condition which a free use of that beverage implies, when six weeks after the occurrences of the preceding chapter, Mrs. McCrowder and Ann Eliza, burst into the basement parlor where he was seated with his face on his shirt buttons, and his feet on the fender.

"Beast! are you drunk this morning?" was the first marital blandishment lavished on him by the elder lady.

"He is drunker than usual," said the filial Ann Eliza with laconic disgust.

The paternal McCrowder lifted his head, rubbed his eyes with the back of his hand and threw them around in a vague manner for the purpose of ascertaining his latitude. Having completed this observation to his satisfaction he replied,

"Well my love!—well my sweet? Is the house on fire?"

"Don't love me, sir!" replied Mrs. McCrowder fiercely.

"Couldn't help it if I tried," said Mr. McCrowder blandly.

"And don't sweeten me any more!" spoke Ann Eliza contemptuously.

"Thing's impossible," returned Mr. McCrowder with unruffled placidity.

"Are you the father of a family?" was Mrs. McCrowder's stern interrogatory.

"Nominally, my precious."

"Where is your paternal faithfulness, then?"

Mr. McCrowder looked mildly around the room as if he had mislaid the article and would presently think where he left it, and then, just as his face again dropped on his shirt buttons, murmured that it was on the top shelf of the pantry, right hand side, pushed back.

"There's one good thing!" said Mrs. McCrowder in a tone of grim satisfaction, resembling that of an ogre who just got a small boy to confess where he was fattest, and was proceeding to bite him in that particular spot—"We know where the beast has been and hid his beer jug that I've hunted for all this blessed morning. Not one drop more shall pass them lips this day, as I'm a Christian!"

Suiting the action to the word she climbed on a chair, brought down the anodyne to Mr. McCrowder's marital neuralgia, and triumphantly locked it in the side-board, pocketing the key. Which brilliant manoeuvre being accomplished, she aroused Mr. McCrowder with a playful twig of those brief hairs situated on the inferior portion of the occiput, and with charming consistency requested him to hear her calmly.

"Do you mean to defend the interests of your helpless family?"

"My life, my fortune, and my sacred honor, so to do, are hereby pledged," responded Mr. McCrowder, stimulated by the twig to a state bordering on melodrama.

"Come now! None of that rhoddymontade! You ain't on the Bowery Stage, though you are playing the Drunkard's Wife, and me first lady! Lor' knows you might have been a supe on ten shilling a week by this time, if I hadn't taken pity on you!"

"Mrs. McCrowder!" said the husband of that lady, rising, and for the first time assuming an attitude of stern dignity, "Recollect that you are addressing an artist who has played Othello! That artist may permit his personal reputation to be compromised—but his professional, never!"

"Perhaps you'd like to play it again?" replied Mrs. McCrowder, "There's pillows in the back bed-room. Oh yes—try it! Kill me, if you please. You *durstn't*. You couldn't get a meal of victuals, you wouldn't have a roof to your head, nor a stitch to

your back, if it wasn't for me. All I ask of you is to make believe you're a man for two hours, while you're going to defend your unfortunate family. I'll feed you, and clothe you, and give you a place to sleep, but you've got to make some return for it. Here are two delicate, frail women, and you're their natural protector—I ought to say *unnatural* protector. What are you going to do for them?"

"Well, my Inestimable, the fact is that I'm up to any reasonable amount of protection, but a man needs data—data, my delicious. I can't protect you in the abstract. If I were to rush out in the street and knock down two or three inoffensive gentlemen, why I might hit the man that was going to assassinate you, and then again I mightn't. Chances is against it. If he wasn't the right one, I would be incarcerated, my solace. Notwithstanding and howsoever, I hold myself prepared to protect, in any given direction you may indicate. Mrs. McCrowder, where shall I protect you? Ann Eliza, my pigeon, what can I do for you in the protecting line?"

"Do you recollect, sir, that I told you Ann Eliza was engaged?"

"Which time was it, my best?"

"Hear my mean father!" said Ann Eliza between shut teeth.

"Was it the time she shed her heart's young fragrance on Mr. Dromiderry? Or when Don de Bassuras basked in her beams? Or which of the numerous excellent chances for a son-in-law in which, my turtle, I have been too fondly credulous from your brilliant and always seductive representations, my cape-jassamine?"

"Mother! Will you let the drunken-kik-kik-creature insult me in that way?" sobbed Ann Eliza, crimson with rage.

"Which time was it? You — Man!" cried Mrs. McCrowder,

snatching at that last epithet as if it were the fittest symbol for all human degradation. "Do you dare to harper up the nature of this delicate child right in my teeth and eyes by such a question as that there? A sea-lion in Barnum's Museum with any human feelings wouldn't lower himself by such brutality! You're a pretty one to come and twit your only child with the early indiscretions of a susceptible heart? You—who owe it to the fact that woman's tender nature makes a fool of her judgment, that you've got a wife to keep you from the gutter and be paid for it by your abuse! Now sir! you be quiet if you please, and don't let me hear no more about *which time*—or I'll let you know this time in a way you'll remember! I oughtn't to condescend to tell you—but its young Primpenny I'm talking about, as you know just as well before."

"Oh, it's young Primpenny, is it, my gentle one? Well—what has young Primpenny done, my cynosure?"

"It's what he *hasn't* done! Six weeks ago he was here with that good-for-nothing Muffles and spent all the blessed evening in this parlor, a laying himself out to win Ann Eliza's youthful affections, but not one single time since then has his precious shadow crossed that there sill! Now I want to know if that's behavior! I'd like to have you tell me if you're going to stand it, and call yourself a man and a father!"

"My lamb, 'pon me soul I can't see how I'm going to catch a young man's shadow, and bring it over the sill if he don't want to come with it. It isn't the thing you know to arrest a young gentleman and march him in by the coat-collar to make a call as if Ann Eliza was the Petty Sessions. Perhaps Mc What-ye-callum labors under the impression that he stayed long enough when he *was* here, to last sometime. Perhaps he means to pay himself in quarterly instalments, in which case, why don't you see, my double-carnation, that he'll be round again in six weeks more like a dividend?"

"And the things I done—and the expense I went to—and the way I laid myself out generally, to make Ann Eliza look her beautifullest that there night!" said Mrs. McCrowder indignantly, considering her spouse's suggestion too far below contempt to notice.

"There was the barber to curl her hair as good as natural which was fifty cents. There was the fresh pot of lily-white and the bottle of liquid rouge, just to touch up her cheeks where she'd got pale with being up late at the party two nights before—that was twelve shilling. Then the punch, and the cakes, and the anxiety of mind, and everything double too, because that Muffles had to be invited likewise. I don't say nothing of the suffering the dear, sweet, modest girl went through in making that there bold stroke among the Spaniards—throwing her arms round a strange feller's neck and fainting dead away as natural as life, and being lugged like a leather trunk down three pair of stairs without so much as wincing. I don't mention such feelings as that—because they're delicate and can't be understood by a brute. No more do I mention what distress it gave a mother to offer such advice to her daughter—to tell her to go and make that there bold stroke, not knowing but she might be jammed against the wall a comin' down and scream out, and be caught a making b'lieve by them young men—or might get a wipe of the wet towels which was put on her to bring her to, over the very spots where the complexion was laid

on, or might fail some way and bring herself to shame with the parent that was trying to get her a settlement in life. What with the expense, and the shock of that there bold stroke to a timid young shrinking creature like Ann Eliza, and the misery I was in for not knowing how things would turn out till I saw those two fellows all safe and muddled, young Primpenney's not a cheap catch nohow! When he'd gone, and Ann Eliza showed me the lock of his hair, and the place where she'd cut out such a long piece of her own, that I had to get her a six dollar braid before she could go anywhere without showing a bald-spot, and when the darling told me that he'd come out fair and square, and she'd sighed and waited and finally said 'yes' together with some lines from Byron, just as I told her, I felt as if I'd got a kitchen range off my bosom!"

"Very comfortable feeling, my orb o' day."

"And now sir—I'd just like to know—if after all those sacrifices on the part of your innocent and suffering family, you're going to let that young Primpenney slip through your fingers, because there isn't man enough in you to go round and tell him what is due to honor and respectability? That's the question!"

"Adorable Emmeline! has it occurred to you that a line from our charming one, directed to Mr. Primpenney, might combine all the advantages of the course you propose with the possibility of my remaining in the bosom of my loving family?"

"A line? I tell you, McCrowder, that the rose-tinted note which this poor dear girl has wrote invitations on to that fellow would make a new complete Ladies' Manual of Gentility! She's wrote for him to come to little suppers, and I was fool enough to get the oysters before the answer—which spoiled, his cold words being 'much obliged, but otherwise engaged.' She's hinted to him whether it wouldn't be nice to make a little party to Wallack's, and not even a ticket did he send her for a reserved seat, when his words was colder still. She's wrote to know if they couldn't meet at church, and the way she spoke of their blissfully hearing the tuneful organ together as their hearts melted into harmony sweeter far, was enough to bring tears to the eyes of a flint! What was his reply to that there? The cruelest of all! It came in a brown envelope, and was only two lines long; he had promised to take



another lady to Grace that Sunday. She signed her notes your own eternally, and he signed his your obedient servant, which, when a man acts his fashion isn't the truth, to say nothing of sweetness. And the last note she sent him hasn't been answered at all, that went off yesterday week. He's a perfidious deceiver, that's my opinion, and if he wants to back out of his word to a feeble confiding woman, all I've got to say is, it'll be the hardest job he ever done!"

"But it won't be a job that will last him for life, as in case he pursues the other course, my barley-sugar," remarked Mr. McCrowder, with a semi-somnolent and pensive air of great experience.

"Well, Ann Eliza, my precious trouble," he continued, "so you want me to go and catch you a perfidious villain, do you, my darling bother? Previous to the screws being applied, it may not be out of the way to know where the perfidious villain keeps himself. Or shall I advertise for him, my delicious discomfort?"

"Oh, oh!" said Ann Eliza tearfully, "you'll be sorry for all this abuse some day. You'll lose me, you'll be punished, I'll be taken away from you."

"He wouldn't care, not he!" said Mrs. McCrowder.

"Well, I can't say that it would hurt me very bad, providing the affliction came in a satisfactory male shape, my pigeon. But you have not given me the data, my beloved ones. Where does the perfidious being hang out?"

"All the notes which this here unfortunate dear child has wrote has been sent by Mr. Muffles," replied Mrs. McCrowder. "And that Muffles, which also makes me think things is not as they should be, makes a practice of dining out on the days when he's promised to tell me where Primpenney lives that same evening. But the name and residence must be in the directory. Well, McCrowder, will you go and hunt him up for a personal explanation?"

"Wait a bit, my only-dony. Work on me gradually. Mollify me, my wedded bliss. Where's the beer?"

"Now that's a man, McCrowder my dear. Here's the key of the side-board, Ann Eliza, get the beer for your poor tired father, love."

"I shall have to do a great deal of riding, my pretty one. Let me see, how many stage fares shall I want? About twelve shillings' worth, I guess, that's twenty-four fares. I may take the cars a dozen times or so, my luscious—that's sixty cents, call it a dollar if you haven't time to send for change. Sum total a quarter eagle. That will be compact. Do you happen to have the little amount handy, my soul's wealth? Mollify me, sweet, mollify me!"

"Won't a two dollar bill do, McCrowder dear?"

"Well, perhaps I am not quite well enough to venture out to-day, and—"

"Oh certainly, McCrowder, here's the quarter eagle. Remember your failing, dear. Don't stop too often to take something to take you know. Here's your coat, and your gloves, and hat, and cane. Be firm but gentle, McCrowder, my dear. Appeal to his feelings. Bring him home with you to supper if you can. Stand up like a man and protect your family, McCrowder, and we'll have some very nice devilled bones when you get back."

Mr. McCrowder lifted the restored jug, and for five minutes kept the red round shiny disk of his countenance, like a very inflamed and bibulous sun in eclipse, behind the earthen orb. He then carefully replaced the cork with the mirthful explanation that he didn't want his old friend to take cold on an empty stomach, added that he was mollified, and betook himself to the street. The ladies smiled benignantly at him through the basement window as he slumped drowsily along towards Broadway, and he with gallantry worthy of an old actor, threw kisses back at them in a distracted manner, which led the Bleeker-street neighbors to suppose that he was unkind to his family, and took this public opportunity to shake his fist at them.

Having reached Broadway it occurred to him whether Mr. Pfaff, who occupies that pleasant little cellar right above the corner, wasn't just the man who, from his well-known literary penchant, would be likely to have a private library including the New York Directory among other standard works of the day. At any rate, Mr. Pfaff could tell him where to get that volume, which would be a great saving of time. He accordingly descended into Mr. Pfaff's. Singularly enough Mr. Pfaff had not the Directory, but then he had some very nice Philadelphia bottled ale which was the next best thing. Of this next best thing Mr. McCrowder took two stage-fares worth, and reascending to the street renewed his quest for a Directory. Before arriving at the brilliantly original conjecture that some drug-store might by chance possess the work, he visited several other very likely places where they keep the next best thing.

Finally, at Dupuy's, he made the discovery of Mr. Isaiah Primpenney's down and up-town numbers. A most puzzling question now arose in his mind. Should he go up or down—to Mr. Primpenney's business resort, or his domestic retreat? The hour was early, but Mr. Primpenney might have been sick, and not gone down to business, or he might have been taken sick down town and come up. In fact, a thousand things might have happened to infuse that painful element of human uncertainty into Mr. Primpenney's whereabouts. The question was not to be approached with precipitancy. He accordingly dipped into another place where they keep the next best thing, and debated the matter over a toby of it. On his emerging to the upper air with the important problem yet undecided, the fact that the first stage which passed him was going down, flashed on his mind the intuition that down was the



INTERESTING TO NIGHT SKATERS.

Cautious Man.—"WHY DON'T YOU WEAR A LANTERN, JACK?—YOU'LL BE RUN AGAINST, JUST NOW."

Other kind of Man.—"O! NEVER FEAR—I CARRY A STICK WITH A FOUR-INCH SPIKE ON IT INSTEAD.—ANYBODY WHO RUNS AGAINST ME WILL KNOW IT—YOU MAY DEPEND UPON THAT!"

proper direction. He hailed the driver, entered the vehicle, passed up his six cents, and feeling that he was on that most comfortable path of duty where one's own legs are not called into requisition, fell asleep. To Mr. McCrowder it seemed only three minutes after that, (though we, who know that the stage belonged to that venerably sedate line which runs through Clinton Place, can believe that it was longer) when he was startled by a hand on his shoulder, and awoke to discover, with much rubbing of the eyes, that he was at South Ferry. Having intended to get out at Courtlandt street, he felt so much chagrined in view of this contretemps, that nothing short of the next best thing was competent to revive his spirits for retracing his steps to Mr. Primpenny's store. The additional consideration that he had a delicate mission to perform, none other in fact than the protection of an innocent and injured family, led him to repeat the dose thrice during the passage to that haunt of commerce. Allowing for these necessary detentions, he made very good time, and at three P. M. stood beneath the great black coal-scuttle which proclaimed Primpenny to such of that many-sided public as have a private fireside.

Mr. McCrowder was now in that halcyon state of mind when peculiarities of early nature or training revive in all their former prominence. He felt as if he once more trod the boards of the Old Park, and was a mysterious nobleman entering, at the risk of his life, a hostile fortress to defend down-trodden virtue, and throttle tyrannic wrong. All this he felt, also that he was quite equal to the emergency.

A young man stood just inside the door, sorting scuttles to fill a foreign order, with a tow-cloth apron on, and a pen behind his ear. Mr. McCrowder's pudgy little legs approached him with the stage-walk.

"How are you, Mr. Primpenny?" asked he sternly, regarding his face with a rigorous inspection that he might catch any symptom of confusion which would doubtless appear thereon, if he were Mr. Primpenny, and felt his conscience smite him.

"I'm not Mr. Primpenny," said the youth, "you'll find him back in the counting-room."

"Sir! do you mean to tell me you're not Mr. Primpenny?"

"I do, just that."

Mr. McCrowder having satisfied himself by another piercing glance, quoted from Hamlet in his interview with the king, that this was not Mr. Primpenny, pursued his way into the back office. Several people were here busily engaged in hoeing together little potato hills of coin, and plowing their way with steel-pens into the virgin soil of big ledgers. Nobody noticed him at first, so he coughed, and in the high tragedy tone again said, "Mr. Primpenny!" That gentleman looked up and replied, "Well sir? despatch your business rapidly, sir! I'm in a great hurry to-day, sir!"

"Grant me the favor to step aside. I must discourse of important matters. You are an older man, far older than I supposed you must be—"

"Well sir! Is that any of your business, sir? No sir!"

"Do me the favor to recollect that I am the father of a family. I had a daughter once, a noble girl! I have her still, but deep-seated anguish gnaws at her heartstrings like a worm in the bud, and sooth to say, she may depart to heaven untimely. And you, you, you with those venerable yet perfidious locks, will be guilty of the deep damnation of her taking off!"

"Sir! you're drunk—you're crazy—clear out, sir!"

"Shake not those gory—I mean hoary—locks at me! Though you are a man of such ancient and fishlike appearance—scaly, I mean by fish—yea, though you are a lean and slippeder pantaloon, my daughter loves you! Say, Primpenny, why don't you write—why don't you call if you can't write? I don't want to be hard on you, but you're killing my only child!"

"You smell of beer, sir!—you're as drunk as a loon, sir! What do you mean by talking to me about your daughter, sir? When did she ever see me, sir?"

"You m-m-met by chance, the usual way,"

sobbed Mr. McCrowder. "You were introduced by Muffles, who will beat the muffled drum at Ann Eliza's funeral."

"Mr. Muffles! Oh! he's the friend of my son. Why this is terrible! Surely Stuyvesant can't have—"

"Yes he has! Stuyvesant's the man! that's the name! Where does he live?"

"No—34th street. But there must be a mistake! the dear boy can't—"

"I tell you he has! Happy to find that you are the paternal and not the perfidious Primpenny. I'm on my way to 34th street. We meet again at Phillippi."

And before the elder Primpenny could stop him, Mr. McCrowder had bolted from the store, scaled the outworks of a stage, and was off for the separate establishment of the prodigal son. An hour more, and his hand was on the bell pull of that retreat. The interview that followed will be our next best thing.

(To be Continued.)

The Montgomery Convention.

We hail the following from Mr. RHETT with a loud guffaw:

MR. RHETT—I think our proper course is to elect a President of the Convention. On the part of the deputies from South Carolina, I present the name of a gentleman for that office who has been illustrious on the arena of the general government—whose fame is so co-extensive with the length and breadth of this whole country—I nominate the Hon. HOWELL COBB, of Georgia, President of this Convention. [Applause.]

There is no doubt of that, Mr. RHETT; not only "co-extensive with the length and breadth of this whole country, but you might have added also "depth," so far as the Treasury Purse was concerned.

A Sumpter Mule.

A part of the army equipment overlooked by South Carolina, politely furnished by the United States, and named Bobby.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

DARNACION, Feb. 3.



tangere, strida la vampa! Violincello, non ti scordar di me, vermicelli!
Such, dear VANITY, are my sentiments, expressed in the beautiful idiom of my adopted land. I weep hot but patriotic tears, as I write them.

I have just come from Rome, whither I went to see Piu Nono. I went to present him with my ultimatum.

"Look here, Pius," said I, "it is of no use for you to hold out against me. With the slight but convenient assistance that VICTOR EMMANUEL and GARIBALDI give me, I can conquer all Italy in a short while."

"FRANCIS II. backs me," said his Holiness, thoughtfully.

"Bah! I whipped him at Galivanti."

"The dickens you did! No! I had not heard of that!"

"It is true, nevertheless."

... In a few words I told him of the battle of Galivanti.

"My goodness!" he exclaimed; "my cake is all dough, I fear. What is your game? What do you want me to do?"

"Surrender the Papal States to me. You may still have the title of Pope, and the privilege of the Vatican, but I must have the power now vested in your office."

"H'm," said his Holiness; "who do you come from?"

"My name is McARONE, on the Grampian hills and elsewhere. I am the Liberator of Italy and the Correspondent of VANITY FAIR."

"Don't you write the Charleston Correspondence for the *New York Tribune*? It is somewhat in your style."

"Don't insult me, Pius," said I.

"Pardon me! Now, about your ultimatum... I can't accept. I prefer to keep my authority as long as possible."

"Then down goes your shanty! You had better pack up your things for a trip somewhere. Hoboken is a quiet place, and they have good lager there."

"I do not fear. The Disaffectionists are numerous, and my opinion is, that in the Spring I can raise an army to wipe you out as easily as THURLOW WEED wipes his slate at the beginning of a campaign."

This allusion, made in compliment to my nationality, touched me.

"At all events, Pius," said I, "come what may, I can say that you have always treated me in the gentlemanly manner I deserve. Have you any liquor in the house?"

He rang, and a servant in the papal livery prepared two excellent cocktails, in which we drank the old toast, "May the Best Man Win!"

I took the cars at once for Darnacion, where my faithful army is in part encamped.

CAVOUR is here, and I am pumping him concerning LOUIS NAPOLÉON'S plans. LOUIS was always a secretive cuss, and I don't believe CAVOUR knows half so much as he pretends.

Still, I have learned that the Emperor will not interfere with me at present, and he may assist me if I need him. He is evidently desirous that I shall think him on my side, as he has heard some hints, from THOUVENEL (who is awfully afraid of me) of a plan of mine for subjugating France, and annexing her to Italy. This, of course, as a last resource. I do not wish to interfere with LOUIS, so long as he behaves himself, but I want him to understand that I will not be trifled with.

... Since writing the foregoing, I have received a telegram

from the Pope, to the effect that he will abdicate, if I will assume his place and continue the pontifical government unchanged. Of course, I cannot think of such a thing, though perhaps VICTOR EMMANUEL might like the berth. I shall ask him about it. My future is too brilliant to be quenched under a pontificate, and I am

Always yours,

McARONE.

AN EPISTLE FROM AN OUTRAGED ALDERMAN.

(Who as he never did anything that was considered meet, can't be expected to do anything that will be considered Metre.)

I vow and declare it would make a saint swear to have to sit quiet and listen to all the wituperation,

And lavish abuse, which is flung around loose against us unfortunate members of the City Corporation.

It's a sin and a shame, the way people make game of all our proceedings and deliberations,

We're ridiculed freely by BENNETT and GREELEY and all the rest of them stupid Editorial Donkeys, which blindly shuts their eyes to the noble and patriotic objects of our expenditures and civic operations.

Sometimes when we meet, we're informed that a street should be opened through somebody's property in consequence of the city's up-town movement;

And the Contractor offers us, say a thousand dollars' worth of arguments to show that it's a desirable improvement:

Well, we nat'rally suppose that the said Contractor knows (since opening streets is his business) all the necessities in that department of our jurisdiction,

Unless the proprietor can advance still stronger arguments—say five thousand—to the contrary, when of course we drops the matter, which only proves as we're open to conviction.

In order to please them outlandish Japanese, we arranged a grand purcession of hackney coaches, and to a select and recherché swarmy at the Metropolitan did invite 'em;

Whereupon with the basest ingratitude, the public and press assume a hostile attitude, and in a indelicate and inquisitive manner insist on investigating each individual item.

The efforts of our committee to do proper credit to the city have created a regular Ja-panic among the tax-payers, who are all snarling and snapping:

Why, not if we did spend a few hundreds in 'yaller kid' and other little things of the kind? I'm sure it's not the first time we've been caught kid-napping.

All our little jobs and contracts is opposed by them as has to pay the taxes, as if Aldermen ought to be prevented from making a decent living in peace and quiet;

And I'm grieved to notice that You, in the matter of our brown-stone statty, jine in the general hue and cry aginst our bad taste and extravagance in appropriating the public funds to buy it.

Now let me tell you that all the newspaper abuse isn't of no kind of manner of use, and besides, you're a-flying in the face of Scripture, which says expressly that prophets isn't never known in their own country and generation,

And we havn't the slightest intention our private arrangements to mention, or make our profits known to this perverse and stiff-necked nation.

Take it up Tenderly.

Why is the Four Cent Man always drunk on a stormy day?

Because he has several sheets in the wind!

The above was left at our office, by a person of nautical aspect, supposed to be a ticket taker on a Hudson River steamboat. He is respectfully informed that there is a magnificent service of plate awaiting him at the address of this paper.

A Hint to Bonner.

Major ANDERSON would be a good card for the *New York Ledger*, and not bad for a melo-dramatic engagement since the Charles-tonians are anxious that he should be Brought Out.

Babbling Brooks.

JAMES and ERASTUS.

The Centre of French Political Power.

ALL ABOUT.

P. F.



KNOW I shall
burst some
day,
For I feel my
waist bands
tightening,
And I roar and
laugh in such
a way,
My wife and
children
frightening.

If I don't keep
out of Broad-
way
In the region
opposite Trin-
ity,
You'll see me
melt and ex-
hale away,
To the regions
of infinity.

To see a great
"gaw-gaw,"
With the grass
from his boot
tops growing,

And the sapient air of a Johnny raw,
Into those fool-traps going!

There the black villains stand
All day in the self same places,
With Thief and Scoundrel by God's own hand
Written all over their faces.

A jewelled Thief behind a bench,
And thieves before him twenty;
With sunken eyes and a rummy stench
And smoke and hair-dye plenty.

Poor Johnny sees the golden array,
And learns they are "going, going!"
He can't help stopping to hear what they say,
With an air intensely knowing.

"New gold watches for half their cost!"
He thinks it a very great pity—
But oh! the bliss to go home and boast,
How he humbugged them chaps in the city!

So he nibbles the hook, holding tight to his bills,
While the fishermen skilfully play him,
Till the barb is fast in his innocent gills,
And they haul him in and flay him.

He clutches his watch of "solid gold"
That he bought for thirteen dollars!
A thing just fit to be hammered and rolled
And made into puppy collars.

And away he runs with his splendid hit,
To his bosom friend light-hearted;
And there he finds "the biter is bit,"
And "a fool and his money soon parted"

Next with a dolorous whine he goes
To the principal Thief of the city,
Who grins and winks with thumb on nose
As he lists to the mournful ditty.

A policeman is sent to examine where
The job was so nicely done for him;
But the place is closed, and Johnny must wear
The cap that his folly has won for him.

This thing will be the death of me—
This endless procession of noodles!
And funnier far it seemeth to be
Than BURTON of old in the Toodles.

One thing let us tell each greedy calf,
And to that I move we pin 'em;
Only thieves can sell you watches for half
The price of the gold that is in 'em!

MUTTON, CONSIDERED AS A FINE ART.

Ever foremost in catering for the public—what? taste? the *Herald*, in its issue of the 7th instant informs its readers that:

"The match between GEORGE MCCOMB, alias DARBY, and RODGER GORMAN, at sheep-dressing, for \$50 a side, was decided at KERRIGAN Hall last evening. . . . A graphic report will be found in our columns."

Curious to know whether the "report" was, indeed, worthy of its eulogistic adjective, we read it, and found it to be not only "graphic," but wrought up to a degree of graphicity that can hardly be expressed without having recourse to the somewhat powerful substantive-driver, "bloody." It opens with a description of the locality, and some of its pleasing features. "With an ordinary pair of nostrils," says the *Herald*, "one could locate the bear; the dogs, the rats and the ferrets without the slightest difficulty." Of course the *Herald*, being provided, as most people know, with a very extraordinary pair of nostrils, distinguished and classified the toilet perfume referred to with facile accuracy. As we read on, crimson butchers arose before our mental vision like flowers of spring, until "KERRIGAN'S PIT" was revealed to us as a lovely parterre of poppies, with JAMES GORDON BENNETT, showering upon them, from a vast watering-pot, a sweet summer rain of the delicious spirit called in the vernacular "Red-eye."

Then the scene changed, and the gentle poet of 'Mary Ann,' and proprietor of the *Herald*, appeared to us in the pastoral guise of a shepherd with crook and pipe; the former instrument affecting the similitude of a rag-picker's hook, the latter that of a Scotch bag-pipe sadly afflicted with wind. Thus stood the shepherd when according to the "graphic report," "ten sheep were thrown into the ring, and the friends of the parties began to prepare for the contest."

In the next paragraph of the 'Graphic Report,' which is devoted to the preliminaries, there is a pleasing little social picture of the *empressement*, with which certain blessed little butchers of tender years hastened to hold the "rope-yarn and the skewers," in their small, pink hands.

In the following division of the 'Graphic Report,' which is idyllically headed "Darby's Dressing," there is one noble line, which we must quote entire. It runs as follows:

"The sheep were pronounced sufficiently dead for dressing."

Old thoughts crowded upon us, as we read this line. It recalled to us the happy pit-tickets of our first play-going days, and the farce of "Monsieur Tonson," and the little Frenchman who, to the exquisite melody of "Malbrouk," used to troll the enchanting words "Monsieur Tonson is dead, ead, He is very dead-ead, indeed!" How fine in the *very* of that song, as also, in the *sufficiency* of the master-line quoted above from the 'Graphic Report,' is the delicate appreciation of degrees of deadness! And yet it is painful to reflect that the grand old expression, "dead as mutton," is sadly enervated by that very assumption of degrees, if the latter are to be admitted in connection with the demise of sheep.

"Gorman Victorious" is the terse caption to the last division of the 'Graphic Report.' It has a fine, mouth-filling roll, has that caption, reminding one of "Jupiter Tonans," only rounder. "Gorman, who has been helping carry off the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his competitor, now makes his appearance in the uniform red shirt and long boots." That is a fine piece of coloring; we think we see Gorman before us—or, is it GARABALDI? *Chef-d'œuvre* is the French for mutton. There is one thing bad about Gorman—he "blows his sheep before he hangs them up." That indulgence of Gorman's in the evil habit of cursing, must have allayed greatly the pleasure derived from the mutton match, by the gentlemen who hung breathlessly around Kerrigan's Pit. In this case the commination was pusillanimous, too; for Gorman should have reflected that a dead sheep could not retaliate and blow him.

"How the fur flies!" exclaims the author of the report, "and with what quickness the sheep are borne out of the ring!" Sheep, in common with cows, donkeys, alligators and swine, are fur animals.

In conclusion, the 'Graphic Report' repents, and is down upon mutton matches. "They are not very pleasant or profitable to witness," says that document. That is a pity: particularly as the *Herald* devotes a column to the description of "this, the first match of the kind ever performed here in public, and expected to lead to many more."

The *Herald* is a Very Virtuous Print.

A Voice from the Parquette.

It is a singular fact that, although theatrical people in general are remarkable for their liberality toward charitable institutions, they invariably indulge in invectives upon any allusion to a Poor House.



"THIS TILE \$4."

Bowery Person.—"LET HER RIP!—THAT'S THE WAY TO SHOP A HAT!"

MR. LINCOLN'S TOUR TO WASHINGTON.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

SPRINGFIELD, FEB. 11.

THE DEPARTURE.

The depot was densely packed with people this morning, who had assembled to see their old naber [This joke will be explained in our June number.—Ed. V. F.] off. Mr. LINCOLN wept at parting with his old friends, and asked them to pray for him, to which voices replied, "Well, we will." After the train started Mr. LINCOLN became more cheerful, and set his Suite in a roar of laughter by telling them they suited him. At Decatur he appeared on the platform of the car, and after the tremendous cheers of the assembled masses had subsided, he said: "My friends, I haven't time to make a speech, so I will tell a gag. Why am I like the —" but the train started, and his fellow countrymen at Decatur lost the benefit of the joke. He was called out at the next station and received with applause and shouts of "Hail to the Prairie Flower!" Mr. LINCOLN handed his umbrella to Col. ELLSWORTH of the Chicago Zouaves, and requesting the editor of the *Springfield Journal* to wipe off some crumbs of gingerbread, which had become entangled in his (Mr. LINCOLN's) whiskers, spoke as follows: "My friends, why am I like the early —" again the remorseless engine cut the joke short, leaving another brilliant assemblage in the agony of suspense.

As the train was slowly crossing a long bridge, Mr. LINCOLN's face assumed that indescribably humorous appearance which has rendered him remarkable, and the company prepared for one of his side-splitters. Thrusting his head out of the window, he hailed some laborers in the ravine below and asked them if they wanted any rails split. This impromptu sally of sparkling wit was so infinitely superior to the ordinary sallies that the editor of the *Springfield Journal* declared it should be called a Sarah. The reporter of the *Boston Advertiser* immediately telegraphed the joke to that paper, but the other reporters were compelled to content themselves with laughing immoderately over it, as jokes are not allowed in the journals they represent. At the next station Mr. LINCOLN succeeded in getting off his joke. "My friends, can you tell me why I am like the early dews of June? Do you give it up? It's because, ever of thee I am fondly dreaming!" He commenced

laughing very heartily himself, but suddenly stopped on perceiving that the assembled multitude did not see it. There was a death-like stillness in the vast crowd, and even the Suite only smiled in a feeble manner. Mr. LINCOLN retreated to the car with a disappointed air, and occupied his time until the next station was attained in silently masticating some gingerbread which he had, with statesmanlike precaution, put in his hat at starting. At the next station a telegram from the last station was brought in and read. It was as follows: "Joke just this moment understood. Who's town roaring with laughter, and buttons flying through the air like bullets at Buena Vista. Cannon firing and Fire Companies all quivering. Bully for you. People want you to get off a joke on RAREY, as it hasn't been done yet."

The telegram effected a happy change in Mr. LINCOLN's spirits, and he again became the gay and giddy creature he was before. He said he could spell the hardest word of any man in the party, and commenced spelling stovepipe, but desisted on being informed that E. F. DIXEY and JERRY BRYANT had both done it once each. "I reckoned it was original with me," said Mr. LINCOLN, "but of course you know best. Oh yes—I dare say! I'm glad I've got so many smart people along! Had n't you better take something warm, and lay down?" Nothing frets Mr. LINCOLN so much as to have his gags interfered with: At Danville there was another large crowd.

Mr. LINCOLN stepped out and remarked that if he had any blessings to dispense, he would certainly dispense the largest and roundest to his good friends of Vermillion county.

(Terrific cheers and cries of "Good for you! Give us all the offices you kin.") Mr.

LINCOLN then entertained the crowd with a ballad, accompanying himself on a bass drum. As he breathed his soul into the lines—

Tell me ye wiady wings

That found my pathway snore,

Soft-eyed women and brave men—aye, white-haired veterans—could be seen wringing tears from their soaking-wet handkerchiefs, while sobs stood in large puddles all around the train, making it bad for those who hadn't rubbers on. At Indianapolis, Mr. LINCOLN made a speech from the cupola of the Bates House, dressed in a green-bottle overcoat and blue-cotton umbrella. "If South Carolina," said he, "is right, then of course those who differ from her are wrong. (Cheers and cries of: "We will! we will!") What's coercion? (Applause and cries of: "It is! It is!") Let us not misunderstand (cheers) the meaning ("That's what we've always maintained!") of coercion and invasion. (A voice—"It is. By all means.") I ain't asserting anything myself (applause and a voice, "It is! it is!") but merely asking questions for you to think over and decide. (Immense applause.) Bless you, me children! Bless you!"

I fear my notes are imperfect, as I was unable to get inside the cupola on account of the jam, being compelled to hang to a joist by the teeth, and write with my left hand, my right being constantly occupied in keeping the ink bottle in my left coat-pocket from slopping over.

We are all of us—myself, LINCOLN and the rest—in excellent spirits, and hope to reach Washington by the first of next October at least.

Yours in Haste,

CHARLES AUGUSTUS.

Out in the Cold.

Poor South Carolina! Patriotic RHETT! Mudsill HAMMOND! Uncracked CHESTNUT! Oratorical ORR! And the "Tray, Blanche and Sweetheart" tribe that followed in the cry, is it not melancholy to think of a nation's ingratitude? Nary a Pres? Nary a Vice Pres? No front seat at all? In other words, no great Southern Harbor for the New Confederacy, and that Harbor Charleston? No recognition of the immense claims of the Palmetto 308,186 white candidates for fortune and for fame? Not even a show for our PICKENS, the perspicuous MAGRATH, or the astute MEMMINGER? And echo answers "That's So."

VANITY FAIR.



THE GREAT SHOW AT MONTGOMERY.

DOORKEEPER STEPHENS TO YOUNG PALMETTO.

DOOR-KEEPER.—VERY SORRY, MR. PALMETTO, THAT ALL THE FRONT SEATS ARE TAKEN, BUT WE HAVE A NICE BACK SEAT RESERVED FOR YOU, SIR!

MOBILE ADVERTISING.



SECESSION is a Great Institution. Modesty is a ditto, and VANITY FAIR likes modesty of all things, especially in a Fiery, Impulsive, Generous young Secessionist. Therefore V. F. rejoices over a translation of the Marseillais Hymn, with introductory remarks by that F. I. and G. Son of the South, O. W. WERT published in that essentially modest sheet, the *Mobile Weekly Advertiser*.

O. W. W. begins by informing us that

"he" has never met with any English version of the *Marseillaise* which pretended to be anything more than a mere paraphrase! And as "Yankee Doodle" is being discarded in some portions of our country, for the spirit-stirring song of the Gauls, it is well that the latter be presented as it really is. So he has "done" it into English, and it sings as follows:

"Oh so-o-sons of my na-a-a-tive la-a-and,
The day of glo-ry-y hath appeared;
Against us with a bloody ha-and
Tyrant-ny's sta-andard is upheared." * * * *

Hold up—that can't be it. Let's try again.

"Oh sons of my-y-y-y-y native land,
The da-a-a-(ugh'gh—ugh l)-a-ay of glo—"

Pshaw! that is 'nt it either.

"Oh sons o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-f—"

But we give it up. Human vocalism can't wed this new version to the air of *Allons enfans*. Imagine ten thousand Sesechers in a chorus on it! But to proceed.

"We all are soldiers you to battle!
And if we fall, France brings anew
Young heroes out to rush 'gainst you
With gleaming swords and cannon's rattle,"

Or

"'Tis us they threaten to return
To bind in slavery's ancient lair!"

Enough said, enough sung. Meanwhile we assure O. W. W. that we regard his "hime" in an æsthetic point of view as Perfectly Appropriate to his "Caws" and its Causers. So endeth the First Lesson from the *Mobile Advertiser*.

Ye seconde is as follows:

"The South could detach one-half its whole male population to wage war with as much ease as the North could one-fifth, and in case of need the proportionate array of fighters which we could marshal would astonish the world, and it would be still more astonished by the solvent prosperity of our condition when we come out of a contest requiring such effort. When they talk about coercing, conquering the South, let the valiant Northmen consider that every Southern State is several modern Laconias, and all the States a grand aggregate of Laconia, which we verily believe could defy the invading armies of the whole world."

W-H-E-W—whew! Any more of that? The whole world.

JOHN FORSYTH, you've got some sense. Can't you choke off that delirious and demilicious fellow editorial townsman of yours. "Honest man, you can do a Power of fine things they say," quoth PANURGE. Try!

WIKOFF.

It is astonishing what divers classes of persons are at the present momentous crisis engaged in what certainly must be acknowledged to be a laudable endeavor to save the country. BÆOTIUS, a gentleman in the hardware interest, addresses a letter to the tinkers of the United States, and calls their attention to the ruin impending over the national kettle. From that moment forward the enterprising BÆOTIUS is firmly convinced that the nation rests on his shoulders and that solder is the only means of cementing the Union. PARAGON, the great tailor, who majestically entitles himself *Inventeur des modes* and *Poète des pantalons*, finds it his duty to appeal, in a document of three columns, to all cutters and stitchers throughout the nation, calling upon them to help in closing up the threat-

ening seam that is now opening between North and South, and prove themselves to be honorably sound upon the goose question. If the Union should be preserved, PARAGON will die with happy consciousness of having preserved it at the point of the needle. Last but not least, the Chevalier WIKOFF lifts his voice and has his little say about the all-important question.

For an unwonted period the Chevalier has remained in his comparative obscurity, crossing and recrossing the Atlantic in an unobtrusive manner, and we presume bearing like a carrier pigeon, despatches beneath his diplomatic wing. Occasionally a meagre newspaper paragraph informed us that he had been closeted for a week or two with Mandarin BUCHANAN, during which time it is to be presumed several Rye (whisky) house plots were canvassed and considered. But on the whole the Chevalier has been unnaturally calm. It was but reasonable to suppose that this tranquillity was but the fore-runner of some brilliant *coup*, but whether the meditated stroke was in the realm of Love, Diplomacy or the Fine Arts, the world was profoundly ignorant; for as every one knows, the Chevalier is equally *habile* in each of these departments. At length however the curtain rises, the gongs sound, the drum beats, the lights go up and Harlequin WIKOFF bounds upon the stage as active, droll, and voluble as ever.

This time he appears in the novel character of private tutor to Lord PALMERSTON. Presuming, we suppose, that the aged nobleman in question must be in his second childhood, and consequently have to commence his political education over again, Head Master WIKOFF kindly takes the old boy under his charge, and gives him a preparatory lesson in words of one syllable on the Federal History of the United States. It is a pleasing sight, the wise and versatile Sage WIKOFF assisting the declining years of the Prime Minister of England with information and advice. In his caution for the progress of his distinguished charge nothing is forgotten. Lest the unruly old pupil should for a moment forget the respect due to his teacher, he informs him in a foot-note, that he was born in Philadelphia—in itself a claim to the highest consideration—and that furthermore he is a graduate of Yale College. It would, we think, have added to the interest of these statements, had he communicated to his lordship the details of his stature, his exact age (the last under bonds of secrecy) and his average weight during the last ten years. However, perhaps he thought that the tender mind of Lord PALMERSTON should not at the outset be overburdened with knowledge, and so out of consideration withheld these momentous facts for another and more favorable opportunity.

The Chevalier's instruction to the Prime Minister is gracefully conveyed in the form of a letter, emulating in this the mode in which distinguished men have loved to communicate advice to striplings in which they were interested; such as CHESTERFIELD's letters to his son, and *Punch's* Letters to a Young Man. This letter, which the title page states, is "on American Slavery," was "originally intended for the private perusal of the Noble Lord to whom it is addressed; but it was suggested to me," (Chevalier *loguitor*) "that its publication here might possibly be beneficial." So he accordingly does not "hesitate to give it to the public."

It strikes us very strongly, that the public do not want it. The American people are tolerable familiar with their Federal history, and the workings of their own institutions, and although a *resume* of our history from 1789 down to the present, must prove highly novel, interesting and useful to the unlettered PALMERSTON, it is just possible that the citizens of the United States, having long since obtained the information from other and larger sources, do not care to be instructed over the shoulder of an unhappily senile nobleman. The interesting information which Mr. WIKOFF communicates to Lord PALMERSTON relative to West Indian Emancipation, and which is doubtless wholly unfamiliar to that statesman—he being actively engaged in public life at the time it took place—can scarcely be viewed as of vital importance to us at the present time; while the brief views on the American Press with which the distinguished instructor of nobility closes his lesson, being neither large, new or important, do not call for any particular comment.

In brief, then, we would recommend Mr. WIKOFF to leave off writing pamphlets, for he has nothing to say, and nobody will read it. Let him attend to poor Lord PALMERSTON's education, send him his pocket money regularly, with a hamper at Christmas, and permit the preservation of the Union to accomplish itself.

A Hint.

VANITY FAIR would suggest to the Senators who have left the Senate for the Senate's good, that hereafter instead of affixing to their names the initials, U. S. S. they write A. S. S., A Seceding Senator.

Toast of the Disunionists.

The President—Long may he Waver!

ARTEMUS WARD

ON THE SHAKERS.

LETTER VIII.

The Shakers is the strangest religious sex I ever met. I'd hearn tell of 'em and I'd seen 'em, with their broad brim'd hats and long wastid coats; but I'd never cum into immejit contact with 'em, and I'd sot 'em down as lackin intellock, as I'd never seen 'em to my Show—leastways if they cum they was disgised in white people's close, so I didn't know 'em.

But in the Spring of 18—, I got swampt in the exterior of New York State, one dark and stormy night, when the winds Blue pityusly, and I was forced to tie up with the Shakers.

I was toilin threw the mud, when in the dim vister of the futer I observed the gleams of a taller candle. Tien a hornet's nest to my off hoss's tail to kinder encourage him, I soon reached the place. I knockt at the door, which it was opened unto me by a tall, slick-faced, solum lookin individoal, who turn'd out to be a Elder.

"Mister Shaker," sed I, "you see before you a Babe in the Woods, so to speak, and he axes shelter of you."

"Yay," sed the Shaker, and he led the way into the house, another Shaker bein sent to put my hosses and waggin under kiver.

A solum female, lookin sumwhat like a last year's bean-pole stuck into a long meal bag, cum in and axed me was I athurst and did I hunger? to which I urbanely anserd "a few." She went off and I indeverd to open a conversashun with the old man.

"Elder, I spect?" sed I.

"Yay," he sed.

"Helth's good, I reckon?"

"Yay."

"What's the wages of a Elder, when he understans his bizness—or do you devote your services gratooitus?"

"Yay."

"Stormy night, sir."

"Yay."

"If the storm continners there'll be a mess underfoot, hay?"

"Yay."

"It's onpleasant when there's a mess underfoot?"

"Yay."

"If I may be so bold, kind sir, what's the price of that peccoler kind of weskit you wear, incloodin trimmins?"

"Yay!"

I pawd a minit, and then, thinkin I'd be fashesus with him and see how that would go, I slapt him on the shoulder, bust into a harty larf, and told him that as a *yayer* he had no livin ekal.

He jumpt up as if Bilin water had bin squirted into his ears, groaned, rolled his eyes up tords the sealin and sed: "You're a man of sin!" He then walkt out of the room.

Jest then the female in the meal bag stuck her hed into the room and statid that refreshments awaited the weary travler, and I sed if it was vittles she ment, the weary travler was agreeable, and I follered her into the next room.

I sot down to the table and the female in the meal bag pored out sum tea. She sed nothin, and for five minits the only live thing in that room was a old wooden clock, which tickt in a sub-dood and bashful manner in the corner. This dethly stillness made me oneasy, and I determined to talk to the female or bust. So sez I, "marrige is agin your rules, I bleeve, marm?"

"Yay."

"The sexes liv strickly apart, I spect?"

"Yay."

"It's kinder singler," sez I, puttin on my most sweetest look and speakin in a winnin voice, "that so fair a made as thow never got hitched to sum likely feller." [N. B.—She was upards of 40 and homely as a stump fence, but I thawt I'd tickil her.]

"I don't like men!" she sed, very short.

"Wall, I dunno," sez I, "they're a rayther important part of the populashun. I don't seacely see how we could git along without 'em."

"Us poor wimin folks would git along a grate deal better if there was no men!"

"You'll excoos me, marm, but I don't think that air would work. It wouldn't be regler."

"I'm fraid of men!" she sed.

"That's onnecessary, marm. You ain't in no danger. Don't fret yourself on that pint."

"Here we're shot out from the sinful world. Here all is peas. Here we air brothers and sisters. We don't marry and consekent-ly we hav no domestic difficulties. Husbans don't abooze their wives—wives don't worrit their husbands. There's no children

here to worrit us. Nothin to worrit us here. No wicked matri-mony here. Would thow like to be a Shaker?"

"No," sez I, "it ain't my stlie."

I had now histed in as b'g a load of pervishuns as I could carry comfortable, and, leannin back in my cheer, commenst pickin my teeth with a fork. The female went out, leavin me all alone with the clock. I hadn't sot thar long before the Elder poked his hed in at the door. "You're a man of sin!" he sed, and groaned and went away.

Direkly thar cum in two young Shakeresses, as putty and slick lookin gals as I ever met. It is troo they was drest in meal bags like the old one I'd met previsy, and their shiny, silky har was hid from sight by long white caps, sich as I spose female gots wear; but their eyes sparkled like diminds, their cheeks was like roses, and they was charmin enuff to make a man throw stuns at his granmother, if they axed him to. They commenst clearin away the dishes, castin shy glances at me all the time. I got excited. I forgot Betsy Jane in my rapter, and sez I, "my pretty dears, how air you?"

"We air well," they solumly sed.

"Whar's the old man?" sed I, in a soft voice.

"Of whom dost thow speak—Brother URIAH?"

"I mean the gay and festiv cuss who calls me a man of sin. Shouldn't wonder if his name was URIAH."

"He has retired."

"Wall, my pretty dears," sez I, "let's have sum fun. Let's play Puss in the corner. What say?"

"Air you a Shaker, sir?" they axed.

"Wall, my pretty dears, I haven't arrayed my proud form in a long weskit yit, but if they was all like you prehaps I'd jine 'em. As it is, I'm a Shaker pro-temporary."

They was full of fun. I sed that at fust, only they was a leetle skeery. I tawt 'em Puss in the corner and sich like plase, and we had a nice time, keepin quiet of course so the old man shouldn't hear. When we broke up sez I, "my pretty dears, ear I go you hav no objections, hav you, to a innersent kiss at partin?"

"Yay," thay sed, and I *gay'd*.



I went up stairs to bed. I spose I'd bin snoozin half a hour when I was woke up by a noise at the door. I sot up in bed, leannin on my elbers and rubbin my eyes, and I saw the follerin picter: The Elder stood in the doorway, with a taller candle in his hand. He hadn't no wearin appeeral on except his night close, which flutter in the breeze like a Fourth of July Flag. He sed, "You're a man of sin!" then groaned and went away.

I went to sleep agin, and drempt of runnin orf with the pretty 'tittle Shakeresses, mounted on my Californy Bar. I thawt the Bar insisted on steerin strate for my dooryard in Baldinsville and

that Betsy JANE cum out and giv us a warm recepshun with a panfull of Bilin water. I was woke up arly by the Elder. He sed refreshments was redly for me down stairs. Then sayin I was a man of sin, he went groanin away.

As I was goin threw the eutry to the room where the vittles was, I cum across the Elder and the old female I'd met the night before, and what d'y'e apose they was up to? Huggin and kissin like young lovers in their gushingist state. Sez I, "my Shaker frends, I reckon you'd better suspend the rules, and git married!"

"You must excoos Brother URIAH, sed the female; he's subject to fits and hain't got no command over hisself when he's into 'em."

"Sartinly," sez I, I've bin took that way myself frequent."

"You're a man of sin!" sed the Elder.

Arter breakfast my little Shaker frends cum in agin to clear away the dishes.

"My pretty dears," sez I, "shall we gay agin?"

"Nay," they sed, and I nay'd.

The Shakers axed me to go to their meetin, as they was to hav sarvices that mornin, so I put on a clean biled rag and went. The meetin house was as neat as a pin. The floor was white as chalk and smooth as glass. The Shakers was all on hand, in clean weskits and meal bags, ranged on the floor like milingtery companies, the mails on one side of the room and the females on tother. They comenest clappin their hands and singin and dancin. They danced kinder slow at fust, but as they got warmed up they shaved it down very brisk, I tell you. Elder URIAH, in particler, exhibertid a right smart chance of spryness in his legs, considerin his time of life, and as he cum a dubble shuffle near where I sot, I rewarded him with a approv'n smile and sed: "Good boy! Go it, my gay and festiv cuss!"

"You're a man of sin!" he sed, continnerin his shuffle.

The Sperret, as they called it, then moved a short fat Shaker to say a few remarks. He sed they was Shakers and all was ekal. They was the purest and seleckest peple on the yearth. Other peple was sinful as they could be, but Shakers was all right. Shakers was all goin kerslap to the Promist Land, and nobody want goin to stand at the gate to bar 'em out, if they did they'd git run over.

The Shakers then danced and sung agin, and arter they was threw, one of 'em axed me what I thawt of it.

Sez I, "What duz it siggerfy?"

"What?" sez he.

"Why this jumpin up and singin? This long weskit bizniss, and this anty-matrimony idee? My trends, you air neat and tidy. Your lands is flowin with milk and honey. Your brooms is fine, and your apple sass is honest. When a man buys a kag of apple sass of you he don't find a grate many shavins under a few layers of sass—a little Game I'm sorry to say sum of my New Englan ancestors used to practiss. Your garding seeds is fine, and if I should sow 'em on the rock of Gibraltar probly I should raise a good mess of garding sass. You air honest in your deals. You air quiet and don't distarb nobody. For all this I givs you credit, But your religion is small pertaters, I must say. You mope away your lives here in single retchidness, and as you air all by your-selves nothing ever conflicks with your pecooler ideas, except when Human Nater busts out among you, as I understan she sumtimes do. [I giv URIAH a sly wink here, which made the old feller squirm like a speared Eel.] You wear long weskits and long faces, and lead a gloomy life indeed. No children's prattle is ever hearn around your harthstuns—you air in a dreary fog all the time, and you treat the jolly sunshine of life as tho' it was a thief, drivin it from your doors by them weskits, and meal bags, and pecooler noshuns of yourn. The gals among you, sum of which air as slick pieces of caliker as I ever sot eyes on, air syin to place their heds agin weskits which kiver honest, manly harts, while you old heds fool yerselves with the idee that they air fufillin their mishun here, and air cont-nated. Here you air, all pend up by yerselves, talkin about the sins of a world you don't know nothin of. Meanwhile said world continners to resolve round on her own axeltree onct in every 24 hours, subject to the Constitushun of the United States, and is a very pleasant place of residence. It's a unnatral, onreasonable and dismal life you're leadin here. So it strikes me. My Shaker frends, I now bid you a welcome adoo. You hav treated me exceedin well. Thank you kindly, one and all.

"A base exhibitor of depraved monkeys and onprincipled wax works!" sed URIAH.

"Hello, URIAH," sez I, "I'd most forgot you. Wall, look out for them fits of yourn, and don't catch cold and die in the flour of your youth and beauty."

And I resoomd my jerney.

New Order of Things South.

Order—arms!

POLICE ITEMS.



UCTUS JUNIUS BRUTUS QUILLIPS, a boy of the Acrobatic persuasion, and about nine years old, was brought up on Friday last to the Mayor's Office, by detective officer SQUASH, on a charge of throwing summer-saults upon the ice of the small pond formed by the kennel back-water thrown up by a pros- trate ash-barrel at the north by south corner of the City Hall Park.

Counsel for QUILLIPS argued for his client on a flaw in the charge; namely, that introvolutions or gyrations performed upon ice, could not properly come under the head of Summersaults, inasmuch as it must be obvious to the meaneast capacity that they are Wintersaults. The case was the first of the kind ever argued; but, having once broken the ice, he, counsel, would be able to show that the flaw—in the charge, not in the ice—would present an opening sufficient for the matter to fall through. Counsel was proceeding to explain the difference between a summersault and wintersault, and their relations with a common assault, when he was requested to cut it short by His Worship the Mayor, who referred counsel to his—Worship the Mayor's—ordinance, forbidding the throwing of Salt of any kind upon the ice. Case remanded until the Spring thaw enables magistrates to decide whether Summersalts are to be considered as a physical misdemeanor upon ice.

NICELY JAPANNED.

We all of us know we're the smartest of chaps

Which nobody can deny,

We extensively pitied the innocent Japs,

Which nobody can deny,

So we gave 'em good dinners, we gave 'em champagne,

We got 'em immensivly high on a train,

And explained to 'em how to go in should it rain,

Which nobody can deny.

The bills will amount to a million or two,

Which nobody can deny,

And the Kamis have certainly fooled us a few,

Which nobody can deny.

The princes they sent were excessively small,

Our hopes of a trade are nailed fast to the wall

And TOMMY a mis'able Nothing At All,

Which nobody can deny.

So here's to the health of both Yankees and Jap,

Which nobody can deny,

And here's to the genius which caught us a-snap,

Which nobody can deny.

And let no one hereafter in confidence own

That he comes from Down East and was Easterly grown,

For the Japs are the Downiest Easterns yet known,

Which nobody can deny.

Answer to Correspondent.

The name of the Senator from Tennessee is ANDREW JOHNSON. There was a representative of that State some years ago at Wash- ington named CAYE JOHNSON. The present Senator is no relation— there is no cave in him.



PHILADELPHIAN.

Miss Walnut Street.—MY DEAR BOB—YOU KNOW THAT ACCORDING TO THE RULES OF OUR ENGAGEMENT CLUB, I CAN ONLY BE BETROTHED TO YOU FOR A MONTH AT A TIME. TIME'S UP. GURNEY DRAB COMES IN TO-MORROW. NOW BE A GOOD BOY—YOUR TURN 'LL COME ROUND SOON.

TO DR. BELLOWS.

VANITY FAIR GREETING! H. S. T. of Haddrells, S. C., has seen Dr. BELLOWS'S Thanksgiving Sermon. H. S. T. has written a letter to the *Christian Inquirer*, that the people of the "late United States" may know that Dr. BELLOWS has made "insinuations" against the character and good standing of a South Carolina "mob." H. S. T. says that the Rev. Doctor was under a "most singular delusion" when he said that:

"We owe it to the intelligence and worth of the South to believe that they are silenced and tyrannized over by a mob."

H. S. T. is so fearful that the "mob" in South Carolina will have its character destroyed, that he procures the "roll of the Convention of South Carolina" and reads there "names of Ex-Governors, Ex-United States Senators, and Members of Congress, Ex-United States Judge, one third of the present Judiciary, Presidents of colleges, moneyed institutions and railroads, Clergymen of every denomination, Lawyers, Planters, Mechanics, Merchants and Capitalists."

There! Dr. BELLOWS, what right have you to suppose that the "mob" seized the forts belonging to the nation, and now demand the stronghold? You ought to have known that the "Ex-Governors," "Ex-Judge" and "Ex-Senators" did it. What right had you to suppose that the "mob" ordered Major ANDERSON'S Chaplain to leave the state for asking a blessing upon the flag of his country? The "mob" wouldn't do such a thing. Oh no! The "Clergymen of all denominations" took his case in hand. They don't mean to have any prayers go up for the nation—but for S. C. in particular. You must be careful, Dr. BELLOWS, and say next time that the "Presidents of Railroads and moneyed institutions" are stealing the Post Office and Custom House monies; that the "Planters, Merchants, and Capitalists" fired on their country's flag. Don't make any more insinuations that the "mob" of S. C. does any such mean things.

Prophetic Bids.

For the progress of one of our dailies (vide Rev. xii c. xiv v.) "A Time and Times and half a Times."

Bad Eggs.

We perceive Collector HATCH of New Orleans has reported the "Capacity of the Revenue cutters McClelland and Washington," now in the possession of the State of Louisiana. What a pity he did not include also a report of the incapacity of the traitors who surrendered them.

The Morality of Duties.

Such is the great indignation manifested by the Merchants of New York, at the new Tariff bill, that one would suppose what they call "MORRILL" in Washington, is Immoral here.

From our Philological Contributor.

It is a pity for South Carolina that when she sent RHEET to the Convention she did not send one who was more Reticent.

A Paradox.

The doughty warriors who didn't make a breach in Fort Pickens, yet made a pair of breeches, notwithstanding, out of its Commander.

What a Northern Mudsill Thinks.

That the only safety of the masses for their position as sovereign citizens of the country lies in the preservation of the Union.

An Ice Joke.

Ball up and no skating at the Central Park.

QUEM DEUS VULT PERDERE.

Of all the jokes ever joked :

Of all the absurdities :

Of all the incongruities :

Of all the Hibernianisms, follies, jests and inconsiderations ever accomplished, commend us to the conception of the Southern Confederacy which recognizes as the basis of its stability the right of any one of its members to withdraw at any time!

Carrying with it be it added, any of its neighbor's property that may happen to be lying around loose.

Founded in its very beginning, yea, conceived in Theft, Swindling, Defalcation, Lies and Treason. For it was in every variety of such Rascality of the foulest and most degrading kind that the great Southern leaders worked for years to undermine and ruin the government from which they proposed to "Secede."

When SWASH-BUCKLER, DIRT-AIL and SMALL-TRASH proposed to PICOCHOLE (RABELAIS Book I. c. 32. 33.) to make war on GRAND-GOUSIER, their first impulse was to steal. That was their way of preparing for war. "Then took they money and cakes, oxen and carts, and sent them away without speaking one word." Now when the History of this Swash-Buckling Secession comes to be written, good reader, which will tickle the future commentator most—the enormous pretensions of our Southern cavaliers to be all that is scrupulously and delicately honorable, or the scoundrelly thieving and swindling wherewith their Representative Men prepared the pathway of Secession? And from the whole community of delicately honorable States there comes no cry of scuple—only exultant chuckles of triumph.

Ah!—if they had only secured those Thirty Millions!

Well, they're all at sea now. Louisiana with her sugar-planters ruined, Georgia with fierce hopes of ruining South Carolina, all interests jarring and clashing, and only the forlorn hope of a war with the North to bind them together.

War with the hardy mechanics and stalwart farmers of the North, and the sturdy pioneers of the West! War with a majority of millions on millions!

A crazy leaky privateer—all hands madly drunk—all sail set—driving out into a stormy sea!

Ai! ai!

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER VIII.

It was Teague who opened the door of the Primpenny establishment to Mr. McCrowder.

"I think I've seen you once before, young man"—said Mr. McCrowder, solemnly.

"And I think ye see me twice now," answered the always cheerful Teague. "Be me sowl it's a swate little drhup ye have in yer eye! But the blind piper musn't say whist to the bye that whistles. I've done it meself, an' I can't blame you. Won't ye come in an' sthaye till nearly dinner-time?"

"I'll spend a week with you, young man. Or a month. Or a year. Or I'll take a permanent situation and remain till the house burns down. In fact—I will not go away from the house until I have had an interview with Mr. Primpenny."

"An' is it Mistor Primpenny?" asked Teague with an incredulous smile. "Is it here ye're coming to look ather Mistor Primpenny? An' what would he be doing here, darlint?"

Mr. McCrowder grasped Teague by the arms, and thus steadying himself, gazed heavenward.

The temple-haunting martlet doth approve
By his loved mansionry, that Primpenny
Dwells woollily here—

Said Mr. McCrowder, dramatically. "Woollily, Sir! Woollily! I repeat it sir! *woollily*! And the object of his fatal attentions is—Hear me, ye Heavens, if ye love old men! My only female child, and she a daughter—my Ann Eliza. I have come hither to demand satisfaction. And this stoop shall fly from its firm base as soon as I. Have you a daughter?"

"Devil a wan to spake of," replied Teague. "If I have, she's not a dale o' comfort to yer venerable ould father! It's sildom I see her, bein' to the best o' my reminbrance not since the thirty-first o' last February."

"Then you can't sympathize with me. I thought when I looked upon your festive countenance that a daughter couldn't ha' happened to you. I said to my own heart, nothing has repressed his noble rage—or froze the genial current of his soul. Where's Primpenny?"

"What d'ye axe me for?"

"Who lives in this house?"

"It's a countryman o' mine, to be sure. This is the residence of the Irish Consul."

"Irish Consul keep any thing t' drink?"

"Faith an' he gets it—but he doesn't kape it long. Come down sthairs an' I'll see if he's left anything at the bottom o' the jug."

Mr. McCrowder followed Teague into the house—and groped the way after him to the basement-room which that worthy called his bower—whose walls were adorned with numerous colored lithographs of Emmett and Curran, Wolf Tone, Thomas Moore, Rory of the same surname, and Irish Mary, all so strikingly alike that they seemed to be only the portrait gallery of a family every one of whose members had distinguished themselves.

"Take a chair," said Teague politely.

"You hav'n't got such a thing as a bed?"

"Indade an' I have. Do I look like a gentleman that takes his slape standin'?"

"Well—I'll try the bed. You see if there's anything—as you feelingly remarked—at the bottom of the jug. If there is I'll try that."

Teague pointed out the position of the bed, and produced a black bottle. Mr. McCrowder availed himself of both these means of prostration, and murmuring that he would at all hazards protect his family, slept upon that noble sentiment.

Teague stole out of the room, locked the door behind him, and ascended to the second story front room of the bachelor establishment.

Mr. Primpenny was dressing for dinner. He expected some choice spirits, and was just giving a finishing touch to "the thing in neckties." He had selected a Magenta strip as "the thing" for to-day, because he had ordered the couple of roast pheasants behind which he was to sit, to be done in letter paper, which always gives them a pale tint, and needs a warm color for contrast.

"Well, Teague?" said Mr. Primpenny. Teague grinned and pointed with his thumb in the direction of the basement.

"The Father of the McCrowdthers!" said Teague.

"Heh? The father of whom? They hav'n't any father!"

"Faith an' they have, savin' me respects. He isn't much of a father, that's thrue for him, but he's like me cousin's cold in the head—the best wan they've got. An' whatever there is of him is takin' up five fute five o' my bed, by thray fute thray in a latheral diraction. That's at prisint. Whin he's risted intirely, he'll be up here to prothect his family."

"Speak plain, Teague, and say what you mean."

"Well, Mistor Primpenny, I mane what *he* manes; and whin there's three quarts o' beer and a gill of the crayer on top o' what a man manes, it's not an aisy job to get that out of him. But if yer honor will allow me to give me own opinion, I think he's come to persuade yer honor to marry the gurrel. He said you were a galliwanting varlet, and that you approved of dwelling here woollily, and plase yer honor I didn't knock him down for it, for a gentleman never strikes a man when he's drunk—but I tould him you didn't live here at all, an' this was the residence of the Irish Consul. I thin put him to bed, and he fell into a swate slape, promising to prothect the family whin he woke up. An' that's jist all I know about it."

"Good heavens!" said Mr. Primpenny, pacing the room in great agitation. What is to be done?"

"We might send for the Perlice and have him tuk to the station fer bein' droonk an' annoyin' a refined private family in the 22nd Ward."

"That would'n't help it all. We'd have to appear against him, then there'd be a row in court. I wonder exactly what infernal foolish thing I did do that evening at the McCrowdthers?"

"It would'n't be aisy to say what foolish thing a gentleman might'n't do with too much punch and the McCrowdthers together. Troth, but they're dape, the beauties! Could'n't we head up the ould gentleman in a cask and put him aboard o' one o' the Chinese packets, with 'right side up—glass' on his top end to prevent the apperlexy? He would'n't come to till he was at say, and havin' to go the whole cruise might contint himself with thinkin' o' the fortin he'd make in Chinee. There may be one sailin' to-day! Shall I call a drhay?"

"And run the risk of being tried for murder! I swear, I believe I exchanged hair with that girl! It dawns upon me—"

"Hair was it?" said Teague, mournfully. "Be me sowl, then yer honor's done for! Whin a man can't kape the hair on his head, for a woman, he's ruined intirely! The next thing's his eye tathe—thin his brains—and thin he's married."

"I did give her a lock. I saw the place next morning. I think, yes, I know, I kissed her. I'm pretty sure I must have told her I loved her, and asked her to marry—Teague, how dare you hold your hands on your ears when I'm talking?"

"Howly Mother, Mistor Primpenny! An' what if there was a shuit for breach of promise? I was houldin' me hands over my ears so that I didn't hear you say you axed the gurrel to marry ye, in case I was a witness!"

Mr. Primpenny's countenance relaxed for a moment, and then, with a groan of deep despair, he extended himself on a neighboring lounge.

Teague meanwhile scratched his head as if it were a placer, and he expected presently to get through the crust down to any amount of bright ideas. This operation, assisted by agonizing contortions of visage, went on for about five minutes, varied by an occasional expression of despair from Mr. Primpenny. At the end of that time Teague seemed to have struck a lode. His features suddenly became illuminated with the old grin which expressed his hilarious states of mind, and then his thoughts found vent.

"It's the gold them McCrowdthers is after, Mr. Primpenny!"

"Of course it is—you might have known that before."

"Suppose they got the idea you had'n't any, and that ye was a miserab'le imposther, an' had come a coortin' the gurrel as they say ould McCrowdther did the Missis, jist because ye wanted the bit, an' the sup, an' the place to sthaye in? Suppose they found out yer honor was only a poor devil like meself, without a cint unless ye earned it or borrowed it without axin'! Would they want ye to marry the gurrel, thin?"

"Of course not, but the idea's ridiculous."

"Wait a bit, yer honor! There's plenty of ridiculous ideas that succade natly in New Yorrek. I've a cousin, well he isn't my cousin jist, but his father's uncle married me step-mother's aunt, and we lived next door in the ould cuntry and kept a pig betwene us, so we're a sort of distant relation. An' squint-eyed Mike (that's me cousin,) is general advertisin' agent for a Life-presarvin' Company, by way o' carryin' round their address in big painted letters on the back of an indy-rubber coat. He makes six shillin's a day an' finds hisself. He occupies lodgins in a highly respectable private boarding-house in Frankfort strate with six or eight dozen other single gentlemen beside hisself—some of 'em belongin' to

the crank-Operry persuasion, some of 'em belonging to the society for the improvement of edge-tools, and some of 'em doin' something else—but all quiet decent fellows that sez their prayers and takes their drinks reg'lar. The gentleman that kapes the house is me intimate friend, and his name's London Gubby, a convanient arrangement which tells where he's from and who his father was without the throuble o' axin' him. Now, Mr. Primpenny, what I want to say is, how would it do to take lodgins for the avenin' at London Gubby's—carry the slapin' beauty of the McCrowdher's along with us—and let him wake up there, in the midst o' our miserable destitution?"

Mr. Primpenny, on reflection, thought so well of the idea that he sent Teague for a coach—put the still unconscious McCrowder in it when it arrived—and leaving with the cook a note directing his festive friends to sit down at dinner without him, bestowed himself with Teague on the seat opposite the literally heavy father of the drama, and bid the coachman drive to No. — Frankfort St.

As a result of these proceedings, Mr. McCrowder awoke about eight P. M., and found himself lying on the floor of a small and unknown room, at once lighted and perfumed by a penny dip, whose end was a puzzling exception to the general rule about the wicked, and had not been cut off. With the sacrificial odor of burning tallow mingled another even more villainous of ten cent tobacco, which obscured the sight while it stimulated the olfactories of the awakened McCrowder. Nevertheless, through the smoke, that gentleman could perceive several intensely ragged and disreputable characters sitting about on maimed tables and remains of chairs.

Mr. McCrowder sneezed thrice, rolled his eyes in all directions with the customary vagueness, and then demanded to know where he was.

"You're in the Hinglish 'Otel kept by Mr. — hotherwise known has London Gubby—vich is now haddressin' you," replied the least ragged of the disreputable characters, a very fat man who had only one leg, but made it up in face.



"What am I doing here?" asked Mr. McCrowder in a voice of tremulous consternation.

"Your ha' sittin' up hon hend, haxin' qvestions. Likevise gravidly recoverin' from the heffects hof the beastly. Likevise a wisitin' o' this here Primpenny, vich I must say you hare a dischargin' the duties hof ha guest hin a most hagreecable hand hen-tertainin' manner."

"Primpenny, Primpenny, Primpenny," repeated Mr. McCrowder in a rapid and distracted manner. "Why he lives up-town somewhere, in a handsome free-stone house, in something street, I forget the number."

A boisterous chorus of laughter from all the disreputable characters in the room followed this assertion.

"I tould ye he'd say that!" said a familiar Irish voice which

made Mr McCrowder start to his feet and peer eagerly through the smoke in the direction of the speaker.

"He came to the Irish Consul's this afternoon, droonk as a piper, and talkin' that same story. I happened to be in at the Irish Consul's whin he came, an' seein' the Irish Consul's a friend o' mine, I borried a bed to hay him out on till I could call a cart. I used to clane knives for his wife, and so tuk pity on him, for he stole me a piece o' smoke-bafe one day whin I was stharvin on board wages. Thin, as I knowed Primpenny, whin he was comin' that blarney on the gurrel, an' had a friend who lived at the same place with him, I knowed his number too, and brought him down here to see the gentleman he's inquirin' after." Isn't Primpenny in yet?"

"Troth an' he's generlly in long before this," responded another Irish voice which, as it appertained to squint-eyed Mike, Mr. McCrowder did not recognize. "But I suppose as it's a moonlight night, the bye thought they could rade the advertisement on the back of his coat, so he'd stay out a bit and make extry wages."

"Vich he needs to do it," added the one-legged man by way of gruff commentary—"bein' hin my books for vun months board and lodgin'."

"Primpenny, advertisement on his back!" murmured Mr. McCrowder dreamily.

"Hin course!" replied London Gubby. "Didn't you never see the Life Preserver man vot saves millions from a vategy grave, and gets thereby such a hexpexperience of the hevils of that helement that he never takes no vater himself? Vich it is the same man."

At this instant the ramshackly door of the apartment flew open on its single surviving hinge, and the person in question entered. He wore a heavy oil-cloth surtout reaching to his feet, and the back thereof was ornamented with white and scarlet letters on a green ground, to the purport that Messrs. Bugg and Rugg were prepared to furnish the drowning public with life-preserving jackets at so low a rate that customers might be expected to make a practice of throwing themselves off of high places into deep ones, from the mere fascination of seeing how impossible it was to commit suicide in that way, and how cheaply a man might be immortal if he only knew Bugg & Rugg commercially. Where the coat stopped above, came a very much damaged felt hat, original color unknown, and where it concluded below, emerged a pair of boots in condition similar to the hat's. Somewhere in the midst of this combination of deteriorated raiment was situated Mr. Primpenny.

"Well, fellers!" began he in a coarse but still recognizable voice. "Here's a pretty go! Carry this thing round all day on a feller's shoulders and then when you go to the feller what pays you for doin' on it, have him tell a feller that he isn't going to pay till the end of next week! Say fellers, I havn't had any grub, and it's past Gubby's regulation tea-time. Can't one o' you fellers lend a feller from sixpence to a quarter, to be returned by the end o' next week—exactly and distinctually by the end o' next week?"

"Not vun bob from me!" said London Gubby clapping his hands over the monetary cavity of his pantaloons.

"Nor from me!" echoed Squint-Eyed Mike.

"Be me sowl!" broke in Teague, "but I niver like to see a gentleman undher a cloud, havin' repatedly been there meself, an' findin' it dhryer than supposed. Hear's a quarter fur ye, Primpenny."

"Hello Teague! it's you is it? Glad to see you—partikler glad. Give us yer quarter—an' yer hand. Thankye. Distinctually next week. Now I'll go and get some supper.

"Haint you a goin' fur to speak to the visitor?" said London Gubby in a tone of reprimand.

"Visitor! What visitor?"

At these words, Mr. McCrowder, who had been all this time standing speechless against the wall, his eyes as wide open as was consistent with the possibility of ever getting them shut again, advanced so that the candle shed its full flicker on his face.

"Old McCrowder!" exclaimed Mr. Primpenny in a tone of horror, giving a backward spring of two yards. "Let me go! let me go!" Everybody in the room now seized him at once, and with great difficulty dragged him toward Mr. McCrowder, who emboldened by the force on his side began addressing him in thunder tones.

"Sir! you have deceived me! you have entered the bosom of an innocent and unsuspecting family, to sting it like a viper. A viper in full dress suit, when you should have crawled in oil-cloth! And you have engaged the affections of a young and innocent female, under pretence that you were wealthy, and fashionable.

"Ha, ha, ha!" chorussed the company derisively.

"And reputable, and everything else that you aren't! I'll have you arrested."

"Oh don't, please don't!"

SWINGING UP SOMEWHERE.

The Montgomery correspondent of the *Charleston Mercury* opens his first letter with the following ominous paragraph. He is writing about the Southern Convention:

"The members of the Convention have commenced coming in. Mr. RHETT and Mr. BARNSWELL from South Carolina, Governor SWAN from North Carolina, and several from Mississippi, arrived to-day by the 12 o'clock train. Many others will most probably arrive to night, but the greater part will doubtless swing up somewhere on the road to-morrow (Sunday) and will come in on Monday."

VANITY FAIR has eagerly watched the newspapers, in the expectation of finding accounts of the Swinging Up of these delegates. Having discovered none, we leap to the conclusion that they did not Swing. But it is not too late. That they will Swing Up somewhere on the road—considering the Road which they are travelling—is, as all our readers observe—a foregone conclusion. Let us trust that it may be done promptly.

Allow them not a parting word,
Short be the shirt and sure the cord.

It is consoling to even know that they contemplated Swinging Up when they started on their Mission of Treason.

For President in 1864.

RAREY. His election would secure what we seem to want very badly at present—a Stable government.

By Telegraph.

What brand of flour do those RHETT-ches in S. C. need? A "Jackson Mill."



ANOTHER DISCLOSURE ABOUT THE CENTRAL PARK.

Young New York.—O, YOU'RE A SWEET SET FOR PARK KEEPERS, YOU ARE!—HERE I'VE COME FOUR MILES FOR A SKATE, AND THERE AIN'T A BIT OF ICE ON THE PONDS AS BIG AS YOUR SHIELD!

"Don't threaten him," whispered Teague. "He's a violent character and might produce the gurrel in coort, which would be inconvenient for Miss McCrowdher."

"Well, I may not arrest him, but I'll tell his employer and have him discharged—I'll—I'll—I'll—"

"Oh don't, please don't!" said Mr. Primpenny, and clasping the hand of the injured parent, he fell upon his knees.

The rest now interceded, and finally in consideration of his extreme youth, poverty, and intention never to do so again—Mr. McCrowder magnanimously let him off with the reproof he'd had already, and with equal magnanimity consented to take a pull out of Squint-eyed Mike's jug produced for the occasion, tempering that condescension by the assurance that he was very dry, as in deed he must have been to drink the very first cousin of camphene.

Having thus mollified himself, Mr. McCrowder was further led to state that he was very hungry also, and to show that he entertained neither pride nor malice, had no objection to go and take supper with the newly forgiven offender.

"Where shall we go?" said Mr. Primpenny.

"Hold Folks at 'Ome is a jolly good place," said Mr. Gubby. "Nearly hoppelosite the hoffice hof WANITY FAIR—vich I reads it myself and hever finds him it something as henteraining for the poor as for the rich. Hold Folks at 'Ome is the best place haltogether. It's vere the gents goes—likewise them as veers smock frock and hoverhalls. Heverybody goes to Hold Folks at 'Ome—vich it is kept by Mr. 'Awkins—oo gives more for vun bob than you can get at the Hastor for a veek's board."

"That's the place then!" said Mr. McCrowder, "I've got room for just one week's board inside of me. What shall we have?"

"Vell, hi don't vish for to hadvise a gent as knows good livin' of hisself ven 'e sees it—but don't take it hamiss hif I mention codfish balls. Vich they are sxiptence for two, an' remarkable fillin' at the price. I 'ad a countryman as vassometimes flush and sometimes cleaned hout, and he reasoned this vay. Says he vun day ven he vas flush 'some day or other I shall starve, vich it vill be ha hend of me. I'll go and deposit ten dollars vith 'Awkins at the Hold Folks at 'Ome, and keep it for a standin' fund to draw against in the form o' codfish balls.' So he vent, and he deposited

the Hex vith 'Awkins at the Hold Folks at 'Ome. Ven 'e got cleared hout again he vent and drewed against it. He never made no more money for the next year, and hall that time he kept a drawin'. 'By-an'-by, sez 'Awkins to 'im 'look a 'ere! your hinterest keeps haccumulatin' faster than you can draw, and hi don't vant to keep these 'ere pennies in my till, vich it is hagaint my conscience. So hevery Saturday night hafter that, the gent 'ad to take 'ome a pocket full hof pennies from 'Awkins's, bein 'is balance. At last 'e found 'em too 'eavy, hand determined 'enceforth to heat up squire hevery veek, so as not to leave no balance to carry 'ome. Vell, 'e stood it vun veek, and then 'e died o' too much codfish balls and happerplexy. I vas the hexekkytor o' that wictim—and ven I cum to settle hup the hestate, I found a balance o' nine dollars an' twenty-seven cents in his favor. Vich 'Awkins 'e-paid it hup 'andsomely, beside haskin the privilege o' givin' a a supper to the mourners."

To the Old Folks at Home Mr. McCrowder and Mr. Primpenny accordingly repaired. After a sumptuous supper on Mr. Hawkins's counter, they exchanged eternal vows of friendship, took another drink—more vows—another drink—and separated each to his own place.

Having arrived at his wife's house, Mr. McCrowder made an explanation which caused her to bless her stars that Ann Eliza hadn't begun to make up her trousseau, and proceed to discover means for recapturing the alienated Don Bassuras.

For his part, Mr. Primpenny returned with Teague to 34th St., greatly relieved, but fearfully tired, sleepy, and ashamed, as by this time you will all agree with me, he ought to be.

(To be Continued.)

They Will So!

The latest plan for capturing Fort Sumter, is, we believe, by *escalade*. If the South Carolina chivalry attempt it, they will have to throw all their valor into the Scale!

The Aim of the South.

To keep all the Kernels, and throw us the Shells!

SOUTHERN HERALDRY.

As the new Republic has been much exercised in regard to the selection of a flag, and seeing that the Palmetto was adopted at the low, base, dark, vile and treacherous suggestion of the abolitionists who thus foisted upon the South the insignia of hated Hayti, I propose the following, drawn and quartered according to Heraldry. Of course it only wants Hanging to make it particularly appropriate.

Three postmasters, sinister, opening private letters at tea kettles sable and chantant, reading same argent pocketty. On floor, letters ouvert and gules (i.e. opened and Read). All highly improper.

A cannon displayed blazant at a Mississippi steamer passant but not regardant.

Three confidential agents with rifles and funds, mizzly, as con-fessy per Bailey.

Three Southern secretaries of unquestionable honor "in their piety" at a Treasury coffer having "or" in their Ungules Sinister and Dexter.

The whole inscribed with the very natural motto "Let us alone!"—



AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

By OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

FIDDELDIDI, Feb. 7th.

Dear Vanity:—The leeks and huckleberries of Caprera weep heavy tears of dew. The roosters stand pensively under the carts and wheelbarrows, with drooping tail-feathers faintly indicating their gallinaceous grief. The house-dog wanders about, his vacant countenance saying as plainly as in words, "Joe's gone!"

In point of fact, while all the world fancies GARIBALDI safe on his island, he is here at Fiddeldidi with me, having bolted away from home, one cloudy night, on a secret mission.

Of this, you already have confused and contradictory newspaper reports. Some say he went to Rome to see Pius, but that rumor grew out of my visit to His Holiness. Others imagine that a love-affair took him off to Gaeta. Others, that he has gone on a spree...

I alone know the truth... I, who hold the destinies of Europe in my hands...

I, who know everything!

The truth is, that as the mellow buds of the olive-trees begin to expand in the soft air of coming Spring, the fever of battle begins to warm my royal blood. I long to mount my charger... to feel the hilt of my goodly shrapnel once more in my hand... to hear the ringing music of the tumbrils, the clash of aiguillettes and the roar of sabretaches! *Viva l'Italia, é la Liberta!*

So I sent for the Dictator... the street-boys call him "the Dictator," since he went to Caprera... to come and help me, as well as he might in arranging the plan of action for our army in March.

Over a noggin of hot with sugar, Joe and I discuss affairs every night.

"What do you want to do?" asked Joe of me, at one of these *séances*.

"Throw an army of five hundred thousand men into Rome, and proclaim VICTOR EMMANUEL Emperor of Italy."

"And the Pope?"

"He refuses to give in, unless I will take his place permanently, which I don't see at any price. We must lick him like thunder."

"And...?"

"Send him to South Carolina, or elsewhere."

"The Papal troops will fight hard."

"Bah! Let me lead my Zoo-zoos against them!"

"Sir," said the Dictator, seizing my hand, "I honor your talents, I admire your manners, and I respect your courage!"

"So do I."

"But... what if we should try diplomacy, first? What if we should cede the balance of power delegated by the two Sicilies to the discontented provinces, and allow the Romagna to be placed in the interregnum between the Papal dynasty and the Italian parliament, in favor of the denaturalization of the Bourbons?"

"Please say that again," said I.

He repeated the question.

"I agree with you perfectly, my dear Joe," I replied; "allow me to fill your noggin again."

He allowed me.

This is but a specimen of the deep and earnest thought we devote to Italy. What she owes to my courage and profundity, and to GARIBALDI's good-nature and manliness, I am too modest to say. When Fame gilds History's page... then, both of us will receive the homage due to Genius.

I have received a letter from LOUIS NAPOLEON: here it is:

PARIS, 3rd. Feb. '61.

To Monsieur McARONE, Diplomat Extraordinary, Assistant Dictator and Liberator, Correspondent of *Le Phare de la Vanité*, etc., etc., etc.

GREETING:—Permit me that I should do myself the honor to express to you my most sincere approval of your course touching the affair of Italy in all its branches and ramifications.

If that you shall desire to make use of my troops or vessels of war in the Spring, I shall only be too proud to place all at your service as you may indicate to Count CAVOUR.

It is with the greatest avidity that I seize upon this opportunity of conveying to you the profoundest assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

NAPOLEON.

P. S. Accept if you please, of the Cross of the Legion of Honor, and of the warm regards of the Imperatrice.

N.

So you see, dear VANITY, I have got LOUIS all right. With his troops and my talent, I feel assured that Italy will soon rejoice in full freedom from the Papal as well as the Bourbon yoke.

Future is big with something, and I am

Tout à toi,
McARONE.

Ride A Cock-Horse.

Sail down a 'liner' to South Carolina,
And let UNCLE SAM with a blockade confine her:
SAM in her bay, and SAMBO at her heels,
She'll soon have to Knuckle, however she squeals!

Railroad Intelligence.

It is stated that even the present large amount of Rolling Stock at the disposal of the Illinois Central Railroad, is hardly adequate to the service of that line, on account of the immense extent of Rolling Prairie over which it passes.

Sic Itur.

Springfield Ill.—Springfield always.
Springfield worse—Springfield the day on which Mr. LINCOLN took leave of it.

The Only Aid South Carolina is Likely to Get.
Cannonade!

VANITY FAIR SEES UN BALLO IN MASCHERA.



E—VANITY FAIR—had often heard of Boston. But VANITY FAIR had never visited it, despite the Startling Attractions and Enchanting Fascinations which are described as Hallowing that Home of Beauty and Bower of Bliss. Therefore VANITY FAIR went lately to the Opera to see *On Bah-lo-eeen Mahss—ka y—ra h*, having been informed that the scene

was laid in Boston, and that the whole concern accurately portrayed the Hub as it was at the end of Sixteenth Century, and consequently at the present day—Boston not having changed materially in its upper circles since that time.

VANITY FAIR has come to the conclusion that Boston must be A Place—a very romantic place at that—and doesn't wonder that the Natives are Proud of It. We should be Ourselves. As is usual in Boston!!

Scene splits, disclosing a Hall in the palace of RICHARD, Count of Warwick, and Lord High Governor of Boston, (Mass.) We presume that the Palace was Faneuil Hall. We used to think that Bostonians Blew rather too Boreally about that Hall. We don't now. They're a great deal too modest about it. The half has not been told. Hereafter we shall regard Bostonians as the Only Modest people in exist. Well—scene displays crowd of Boston peasants, nobility, vassals, serfs and retainers, dressed all the way from Henry VIII., down to Charles II., with great accuracy, and extreme cavalier-esque brilliancy as was usual among the Puritans who were, as You Know, Death on Dress, and the Trunk Empty—as is still usual in Boston.

Lords and peasants sing praises of the Count de Boston. But the Count has certain enemies, SAM, TOM, *e loro adherenti*—“and their retainers” who sing vengeance. Enter Count BRIGNOLI DE BOSTON accompanied by BELLA HINKLEY as the very nicest of all tom-boy pages—just as dainty, plump, piquant-darling and desirable as a pretty girl with tangled black curls and deli—hold your horses will you! Count arranges with HINKLEY (Pennsylvanian and Swabian for a little chicken, You Know,) for a ball. Goes Off on name of AMELIA, wife of RHEINHART FERRI, his Secretary, and D. F.—devoted friend. Sings as Counts of Boston only can sing. It's a Musical Place, You Know, and has Concerts.

SCENE V. Abode of the She Astrologer, ULERICA PHILLIPS, (and birth-place of her son WENDELL.) Singular Upholstery consisting of Snail, Chemical and Literary ingredients and a human Skull, exactly six times as large as the head of the biggest Choruser—which, latter as the reader may observe, is by no means of the juvenillest cocoa-nut measure. Enter Count BRIG on this Scene of Horror—disguised as a sailor. AMELIA COLSON also appears on scena. Confesses love for BRIG as a secret anguish. That is What is the Matter with Her. Wild outcries of excited Bostonians, mystical adjurations of Satan, red-dragons, spirits groaning in graves and other due results of cod-fish banquets, and pork and bean festivity are strangely mingled in this scene with the vagaries of a Galianat Salseur: Boy named SYLVAN, who swears “by Bacchus!” as is usual in Boston.

AMELIA is informed that to the west side of the city the pallid moon falls on an abominable field where grows on infamous rocks a magic herb where Guilt exhaled his last sigh. *Crieh—quat loco!* Lord!—what a hole! This exquisite vegetable must be plucked from the Rock by the person who needs it. AMELIA COLSON of the Beautiful Shoulders and Winning Voice, declares that she will pluck or die—being a lady of pluck in all particulars—as is usual in Boston.

Exit AMELIA, enter SAM, TOM *e loro adherenti*. ULERICA, the Black Demoniac Astrologer, (Fifty cents for gentlemen and has no rivals, the real Chinese charm for sale, cures drunkenness or forfeit the money,) prophesies to the Count that the first who shakes hands with him will kill him, which *stringo del mano*, or hand-shaking, is forthwith accomplished by RHEINHART FERRI—as is usual in Boston.

ACT II.—View of rock—Plymouth Rock—You Know—awful papers—green moonlight—two Romanesque Lombard pillars of the Ninth Century, (of the kind so common in the ruined palaces around Boston,) with a Bar between them appropriately sustaining a Cord. Enter AMELIA, followed by Count BRIG of Boston. Intense love-making—tremendous Passion—She Trembles!—She Yields!!!—Terrible Struggle!—hist!—somebody's comin' Wall—I calculate there is, and pooty darn quick tew! RENATO! *Chi giunge in questo albergo*, blast me if ta'n't that husband o' yourn a comin' into this tavern, full chisel!!! Let's put! Taint no use. We're gone coons!

Enter FERRI, bound to save life of Count BRIG. Has heard the festive SAM and TOM proposing his murder. They've Tracked you Hither! to your Lair! AMELIA is veiled—disguised—her husband unknowing who she may be, consents to 'scort her tu hum! Such is Bosting!

Enter Conspirators SAM e TOM. They jest with FERRI, become personal and familiar. AMELIA loses her mask? Grand larking chorious! Well, naow I calculate twarnt worth while to fetch your wife eout here by moonlight—sa—ay! Massy sakes! haw the folks will lart to-morrow! Shouldn't wonder ef it got into the *Tranascript*. Wall, I wouldn't!

E che baccano—sul caso strano,
Andra dimane—per la città.

They sing it again and again—those wild sons of Bosting—'tis a strange laughing chorus—the finest bit of music in the whole. It rolls in, over and over—that mocking refrain—*é che baccano baccano—baccano—*. Der Freyschutz is nothing to it—we expect to hear it—*é che baccano—for a—baccano—month*.

Bac—ca—no!

Exit the mocking Yankees behind Plymouth Rock piling on the aggravation, and leaving Mr. and Mrs. RHEINHART in a State of Mind—a la mode de Boston.

ACT THIRD—REINHART and AMEELY tu hum. R. dispoisits his soo-word on the table before an enormous portrait of Old BRIG in his best clothes. Requests AMEELY to prepare to dye—with her heart's blood. Enter Milords SAM and TOM, with whom RHEINHART at once goes in cahoot to extinguish BRIGGY. Draw lots for the privilege of murder—as is usual, it seems, in Boston—and make poor AMEELY pull the tickets. Of course RHEINHART strikes the heavy check and is elected. Agony of AMEELY, obliged to aid in killing BRIG, and thereby deprive the world of so much sing and grace—as is usual in Boston.

SCENE VII.—A ball-room on extensive principles—one of those low Immoral masked balls which were so common among the Puritans of the seventeenth century, and which account for the virtuous horrors of the N. Y. Herald. Immense variety of clowns in glazed muslin—extraordinary fandango—eccentric dancing by quadrille of Piérrots behind, duett by Count BRIG, SAM, TOM and others in front, and a marvellous mazourka, as a finale, by Signorina ELENA, concluded by TOR OFF. (N. B. no joke intended. Vide small bills.)

'Tis a very fine scene this, Madame, I assure you. Wethinks we hear it yet. The serio-comic well-timed sweeps of those pink Piérrots, in their droll Pastourelle—the marked waltz of the Mazourek—or Cracoviak of ELENA—

Abyste poznali,
Praveho Polaska'
Budu vam tancujac,
Spieval Krakoviaska,

and the fine concert of soprano, baritone, and contralto in front—all fused together in strange concord, and daintily blended chromatic action—we're bewildered of course—but 'tis a fine scene, and VANITY FAIR knows of nothing of the kind better Anywhere or Anywhen. As is usual in Boston!

And, of course RENATO *lanciatosi*, (slings himself) *inosservato* (unobserved) *fra loro* (out of the crowd) *e lo trafigge* (and sticks BRIGGY) *di pugnale*, (with a dagger.) Dance continues for a time—ELENA still treads *Krakoviaka*—multitude still swim—in life we are in death, and when you die, oh, dear one, whoever you may be, now reading this—why, there will still be waltzing and wild singing, and chorus-dance of Piérrots and dainty steps, ringing Polish measures—in secula sæculorum. AMEN! As is usual in Boston.

The Real Motto for Seeders.

“Let U. S. alone.” §

PROGRESS OF MR. LINCOLN.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

Myself, ABE, and the rest, have encountered a rapid succession of large things, in the ovation way, since I last wrote you.

ABE is becoming more grave. He don't construct as many jokes as he did. He fears that he will get things mixed up if he don't look out, and, sincerely as I regard myself competent to fill the Consulship at Liverpool, I fear he will. "I'm not so much a WASHINGTON as I was," he touchingly remarked to me this morning. "No," I replied, "GEORGE is dead."

We made a short stop at Cleveland, Painesville, and Erie, but passed Buffalo, in consequence of Gen. SCHOEGS being absent. It was also not deemed worth while to stop at Rochester, as I. BUTTS was out of town.

At Albany we were not "recepted," until sometime after our arrival, on account of our inability to find Gov. MORGAN. We all went off to find the Old Gov., and finally WEED and I discovered him in the colored tier of the Theater, in company with HORACE GREELEY. They came down and "recepted" us. "Got any to backer in your trowis, HORACE?" says I. "No," he replied, looking sternly at THURLOW, "the WEED don't agree with me."

On entering the Capitol, Mr. LINCOLN remarked to Gov. MORGAN that he believed the other Penitentiary was located at Auburn. It was a painful error. Mr. LINCOLN apologised immediately, on discovering his mistake.

Col. ELLSWORTH is with us. Old SCOTT is to resign in favor of Col. ELLSWORTH, immediately on our arrival at Washington. We all think Mr. LINCOLN played out, and are in favor of Col. ELLSWORTH. SCOTT is very old. Dear me, yes! Col. ELLSWORTH is only thirteen years of age.

It is to be deeply regretted that the hotels along our route thus far have not been properly conducted. Although my connection with VANITY FAIR was well known, not a single hotel dead-headed me. I was compelled, indeed, to pay for my beverage. You will thus see why I studiously refrain from making the slightest allusion to the Delevan House at Albany, or the Astor House in this city. Neither of those hotels has "gentlemanly clerks."

A pleasing incident occurred at Hudson. Several young ladies came into the cars, and the President elect folded them rapturously to his throbbing bosom. They said "don't," which induced the President to believe that they liked it.

The dailies have told you of our reception in the Metropolis. HENRY WARD BEECHER told me, as we were getting some coffee and cakes in Chatham street, Wednesday evening, that it was indeed an extensive thing.

It is popularly believed that Mr. LINCOLN is not classically educated, which belief had somewhat obtained among our party; but at the dinner at the Astor, where the bills of fare are printed in French, Mr. LINCOLN unhesitatingly called for a *sine qua non* of Beans, and an *Ipsidit* of Pork, thus showing his thorough familiarity with deceased languages.

Mr. LINCOLN says New York and Philadelphia are larger places than Springfield, being more thickly settled.

Mr. LINCOLN has abstained from facetiously designating hotel napkins as towels, since Gen. NYE, (whose winning ways and polished deportment, are strikingly similar to those of the late Lord CHESTERFIELD,) joined the party.

Mr. LINCOLN continues to measure with all the tall men who present themselves, and in various other dignified ways exhibits a full understanding of the grave duties which will shortly surround him. The assertion that he dare not let his measures be known is a weak invention of the enemy. He measures with every man who wants him to.

Yours in haste,

C. AUGUSTUS.

Wirey.

LINCOLN's non-committal policy is considered so knowing by the politicians, that henceforth he is to be called the *Fox populi*.

MR. LINCOLN'S FLIGHT.

We live in a cheerful country. Things are becoming lively.

Perhaps Cuba, which we patriotically proposed to buy after discovering the impracticability of stealing her, may come to our aid. Perhaps "distracted" Mexico, whose affairs we not long since (without the slightest show of arrogance, you see) proposed to take charge of, may kindly give us a copper-skinned "Protectorate."

By the advice of weak men, who should straddle through life in petticoats instead of disgracing such manly garments as pantaloons and coats, the President elect disguises himself after the manner of the heroes of two-shilling novels, and rides secretly, in the deep night, from Harrisburg to Washington.

There are cock-and-bull stories of secession assassins. One man thinks the design was to throw the Presidential trains over an embankment; while another man thinks the citizens of Baltimore contemplated the milder and more graceful plan of knocking

Honest Old ABE in the head, after they should get him in their midst.

Thus Mr. LINCOLN is made, by his ill-advisers, to exhibit fears of trusting himself among the people of Baltimore—Baltimore which is true to the Union,—Baltimore which is the metropolis of the Union-loving State of Maryland.

Important to Mariners.

It has long been said that "Britannia rules the waves," but since the fort and arsenal capturing business has flourished so, down South, we must surely agree that South Carolina is First on the Seize!

The only thing to "sweep the seas" with.
A Brush with the enemy.



SUGGESTION OF A VERY IMPOSING FIGURE.

Artist in Hair.—"NUMBER 4, SIR? THEM'S WHAT WE CALL THE SECEDED SOUTHERN STUDENT MUSTARCHES, SIR, VERY CHASTE, AND WARRANTED OF 'UMAN 'AIR.' SHIPPED OFF THREE CASES OF 'EM, YESTERDAY, FOR CHARLESTON. SUPPOSED TO BE HARMS FOR THE SOUTH. TRY ON NO. 4, SIR?"

VANITY FAIR.



THE INSIDE TRACK.

THURLOW WEED TO PRESIDENT ELECT.—“TRUST TO MY FRIEND SEWARD—TRUST TO US. WE’LL COM-
PROMISE THIS LITTLE DIFFICULTY FOR YOU. BUT TRUST TO US. GENTLEMEN FROM THE COUNTRY ARE OFTEN EGREGIOUSLY SWIN-
DLED BY UNPRINCIPLED SHARPER. (IMPRESSIVELY) TRUST TO US!”

A Metallic Voice.

We are indebted to Monsieur HECTOR BERLIOZ for an idea. We desire that he will accept our chapeau. His arithmetical calculation applies to tenor singers, ours to actors.

A great tragedian has, say, 250 dollars per night. In Macbeth there are, more or less, 5,000 words to the character; this will average 5 cents for each word spoken or howled. For example:

Ha-a-ah! (5 cents) is this a (15 cents) dagger which I see before me? (3 dimes) Ha-a-ah! (Gratis.)

The (5 cents) handle toward my hand? (20 cents) Come let me clutch thee: (Quarter Dollar.)

I have thee not, (20 cents) and yet I see thee still. (3 dimes.)

If Lady Macbeth receives but ten dollars per night, we may give assent to her only receiving a cent a word, consequently when she declaims we may calculate as follows:

That which hath made them drunk (6 cents) hath made me bold: (4 cents.)

What hath quenched them. (4 cents) hath given me fire:—

Hark! (5 cents)—Peace! (1 cent.)

BOSTON AND ITS PICTURES.

NUMBER II.

Most of the pictures here are excessively aged, or at least look so, being so obscured by smoke, dirt, or glazing of a tobacco juice color as to be quite unintelligible. A rage for Old Masters (extravagantly old,) guides the selection, and a truly beautiful, modern work is often rejected because the figures are thought too *nude*; while an old affair, nasty and obscure is ostentatiously paraded with figures modelled after the doughnuts in some huckster's window on a dirty back street. The most prominent one represents a dinner party given by a Babylonian Potentate several years ago, the same being annoyed and disturbed by guests not invited. One is pained by seeing the central figure (one DANIEL so called,) holding on the left arm such a load of green baize drapery as must be excessively fatiguing to the said DANIEL, though the arm is twice as long and stout as the right, which is quite shrivelled and dried from disuse. A prop placed under the arm would relieve the spectator from so painful an apprehension. The work might be further improved by carefully cutting out the figure of the old King Belshazzar, and sitting some prize fighter fresh from a severe milling while his phiz and body are in a state of pumice. It could not be more disgusting than at present. One is at a serious loss to understand why those nondescript giants on the right of the picture have such awfully long necks and such horrible expressions of countenance, with eyes and tongues protruding in a most unearthly manner. Now a few ropes let down from the top and passed about their necks would explain the peculiarity, and the Hanging Committee are respectfully requested to avail themselves of this suggestion. Perhaps this was the design of the artist originally, but he did not have time to complete, having been engaged on it only thirty years. The catalogue says it is unfinished. Why then in heaven's name ain't it finished? Hang a curtain over it, turn its face to the wall, burn it, (no, we could not afford that) get some oil carpet-maker to transform it to a floor cloth, do anything else with it, but allow it to remain in its present position. Several other smaller works might be disposed of in the same manner with great advantage to visitors, even if their places were left blank. One in particular is quite interesting, "The Descent of Fiery Tongues on the Apostles." A wooden-headed Holy Virgin, surrounded by wooden-headed men modelled from Dutch dolls beneath a brass circular saw with bits of raw flesh sliding down metallic lines, supposed to be the brass wires of the Celestial Telegraph. A Modern Dutch Clock in the back ground with the side open displaying the wheel work. A happy idea supplying the old Apostles with a time-keeper of the Sixteenth century. Wonder if they knew how to keep it in running order? or did they send it from Palestine to Holland whenever it run down? There are, however, other works of merit enough to redeem us from the charge of deficiency in taste. "A View in the Lager Nation," as seen through a glass, by BIERSTADT. "Interior of a Laundry" (Monday morning,) WASHINGTON. "The Weeping Sausage-maker"—TIEBLINK. "A Group of Pinks"—WILLIAMS; very sweet. "Coloring a Meerscham"—BROWN. "Study of Fish"—SALMON. "The Dislocated Spine"—ACHENBACH. "Portrait of an eminent Surveyor"—LANTSBER. "Cattle grazing"—CROFRET. "Home of Burns"—COLL. Painted with much warmth of feeling, as is also the "View in Cayenne"—PEPPER. "The Deluge"—by WATERS, in Aquarelle. "The Office Seeker"—HUNT. "The Defeated Presidential Candidate"—NOBLE. The retiring effect of the principal figure is remarkably well managed. Considered the artist's No-Bell-est work. "Water Craft"—BRIGGS. "Merchantman in a brisk Gale"—WINDSHIP. A very

moving work. "A Mason's Tender"—HODSON; a rising artist. "A Summer Shower"—in water colors, RAINHARDT. "Ugolino imprisoned"—IXMAN. "Interior of a Tap-room"—BARRY. "The Pennsylvania Miner"—COLMAN. "Study of a Dam"—SUALES. "View of a Dutch Dam"—VANDYKE. "Whale, Kerosene, Naptha and other oils"—BURNHAM. "The Carolina Beggar"—SOUTHWORTH; excessively poor. "A Retrograde Movement"—BAXTER.



In the sculpture department we have a specimen which is much admired "The Upset Milkman"—by CANOVA. A copy of the ancient "Mare Mediterranean"—by Miss HOMER, and a powerful effort in bronze of the Websterian style, kept in the State house yard. No charge for a sight.

It is supposed by some that the bundle of sticks in the left hand is a jointed fish-pole in allusion to the piscatory propensity of the owner. Others have an idea that the whole thing was meant for an Aquarius. The spectator can have it whichever he pleases, he can take his choice without paying his money.

WOLF MAHLSTOCK.

GRIST TO THE MILL.

"The mills of the gods grind slowly
But they grind exceeding small,"
And woe to the wretch unholy
On whom their mill-stones fall!
Not Ossa upon Pelion
Gives a greater crushing weight—
With Styx for the water-power,
And the wheel, relentless Fate.

The mills of the gods grind slowly,
But all that comes is grist,
And if corn be not forthcoming
The millers don't insist.
The burrs run just as surely,
As well they do the job,
When all that falls between them
Is a small amount of Cobb.

But they pulverized St. Crispin
With a quite unusual speed;
For immediate comminution
We can spare a baser breed.
Of knaves and thieves and traitors
There's a heavy stock in store;
Oh! millers of Mount Olympus,
Grind these before we've more!

Yet we'll wait with trusting patience,
For the proverb tells us sooth,
And the story of the ages
Proclaims its perfect truth;
While all like BURR and ARNOLD
From graves dishonored call,
"The mills of the gods grind slowly
But they grind exceeding small!"

A Little Nosegay.

Q. When is a man's nose like an old lady nursing a sick dog?
A. When it 'tends to a Pug.

A KICK FOR THE UNION.



ET every good man fill
his tumbler or his
can,
To the sentiment I here
propose, that fits the
case like Spanish
leather;
A sentiment that goes
from my heart into
my toes,
And instigates my cal-
citrative muscles all
to move together.

May each bold patriot,
according to his lot,
Provide his ground-

extremities with suitable accommodations,
For kicking out and out, with a traitor-scaring shout,
At the miserable knaves who'd make us small among the watch-
ing nations!

May each heart and heel be large their duty to discharge;
It were bootless to remain much longer idly chaffing;
Then, up, my boys! here goes, with our spurs upon our toes
To accelerate the flight of TREASON, everywhere we find him
stalking!

MR. KELLOGG OF ILLINOIS.

This gentleman is a perfect wretch, and the fact of his being a Member of Congress can only be accounted for on the supposition that his constituents are maniacs and idiots. The conduct of this person KELLOGG is enough to make even a baldheaded man's hair stand on end, or a Negro Minstrel blush palpably through a thick layer of burnt cork. We are severe on KELLOGG, we know, but we have been reading the *New York Tribune* and papers of that patriotic stripe, all of which are severe on KELLOGG, and hence we feel called upon to smash KELLOGG ourselves. The hideous facts in the case of this creature KELLOGG are these: KELLOGG was sent to Congress by Some Republican people, somewhere, in Illinois. He stuck to his Party with commendable tenacity until this slight trouble commenced about Our Union. And when this slight trouble about Our Union commenced, KELLOGG, in the most atrocious manner, said he considered the preservation of his Country far greater importance than the preservation of his Party, and that he would gladly vote for anything which would secure a fair adjustment of this slight trouble, aforesaid. So the perfidious KELLOGG joined CRITTENDEN, ETHERIDGE and CLEMENS, and made a gallant effort to save the Union. Like those men he kicked Party and all that nonsense to the winds—like them he did not stop to think of What the People Would Say At Home. And the same prints which glorify CRITTENDEN, ETHERIDGE and CLEMENS cannot say too bitter things of KELLOGG, whose position is almost precisely that of the noble trio above mentioned. Consistency is a jewel, but VANITY FAIR fears the "jewelry" of sundry partisan prints in the North is very like that which PETER FUNK sells to poor SPOONS from the interior

A STORY WITH A GAME FLAVOR.

Our special detective reporter brings in a curious story connected with the vigilant eye kept open by our Police authorities, for the discovery of everything conveying the remotest suspicion of arms or ammunition for the South. An officer on duty in South street, a few days ago, had his attention directed to a large, suspicious looking box that lay upon one of the East River wharves. The box, which was of pine-wood, was partly covered over by other boxes, so that the address upon the lid of it was only partially discernible. Nevertheless, the words "Cartridges," and "Pickens," were sufficiently manifest to justify the officer in reporting the matter to head quarters. This was done; and the Superintendent immediately detailed a strong posse of police to the spot, with orders to seize, detain, cart up, and otherwise defeat the diabolical purpose of the infernal package. After some trouble, the box was dis-embarrassed of its superincumbent load, and the Sergeant was proceeding to remove the lid with chisel and hammer, when his eye fell upon the address, which now, with the initials in full view, read, "Partridges" and "Chickens," instead of "Cartridges" and "Pickens." When the officers saw how the game lay, they dispersed in various directions; each of them—according to our reporter—deducing this moral from this little mistake, viz:—That however attentive a policeman may be to his Ps and Qs, he should not forget that a similar obligation exists for him with regard to his Ps and Cs.

AN OUTRAGE.

A correspondent of mild and genial sympathies sends us the following, from the Charleston *Mercury*:

The Philadelphia *Argus* says the following strange notice was served on a Mr. MATTHEWS of that city, a respectable druggist doing business at the Northeast corner of Twelfth and Callowhill-streets:

PHILADELPHIA, 18th January, 1861.

SIR: At a stated meeting of the W. A. C. O. Z. Club held this evening, (a society organized for the purpose of suppressing secession and treasonable sentiments), it was resolved, that you be notified to vacate the city within forty-eight hours from receipt of this notice, and in the event of your not complying to do so, to inflict such punishment on you as the treasonable sentiments you have given utterance to may demand. The society have been apprised of the disunion opinions you have expressed, and have determined to rid the city of all such persons as yourself. You will therefore comply with the request embodied in this note, or abide by the consequences.

F. A. T., Secretary.

VANITY FAIR agrees with that cheerful paper, the Charleston *Mercury*, in pronouncing the above "an outrage." The W. A. C. O. Z. disappoint us in the course they have seen fit to adopt in regard to the keeper of this "Shotercary Pop," to quote a new and sparkling joke from the negro minstrels. It is true, we never heard of the W. A. C. O. Z. before, but we hardly thought they would have done it. As the late GEN. N. BONAPARTE is reported to have remarked at Waterloo, "it knocks us." Our mercurial contemporary is quite right in denouncing it as an outrage. We opine that it isn't anything shorter. There is no occasion—no call—no precedent—for this sort of thing. Can't a Northerner give free expression to his political views in any part of the South? Suppose a dealer in Ipecac and things in Charleston should utter anti-secession views, would anybody harm him, or trouble him in any way? Can't a man from the North say what he pleases in the South? Don't the Seceders believe in Free Speech? Don't we all know how very liberal the South has always been in this respect? but the question is absurd. We flatter ourselves that we do. Hence the outrage in question is especially outrageous. VANITY FAIR frowns upon the W. A. C. O. Z.

P. S. It dont seem to have occurred to the *Mercury* nor Nobody that the Apothearian exile in question is a Big Sell! or that F. A. T., the Secretary, has made a certain Southern editor even more of a fat than usual.

Turn it over, Sonny!

OUR MANUFACTURES.

Wooden nutmegs were the delight of our childhood; they were so nice to play with, and so unfit for anything else. They were the spice of our life in the sportive days of infancy. Subsequently, we cherished immense national pride in the man who, presuming that pigs had as much right to wooden legs as any other gentlemen, glutted the market with hams manufactured out of the ligneous material. Yesterday, in a palatial restaurant, which uses Broadway for a roof, we selected duck for our dinner. Petrifications are usually tender in fibre compared to the texture of the waterfowl that was served up to us accordingly. The albatross of the Ancient Mariner must have been spring chicken compared to it. Weary of mastication without compensatory results, we had recourse to literature. A daily journal was at hand. Glancing over its columns, the first announcement that attracted our sympathies was the following:

"The Lawrence (Mass.) *Journal* says that the Duck Factory there is kept running extra time."

"Waiter!"

"Yezer!"

"What kind of duck is this you have brought me?"

"Wood-duck, sir—first of the season—just arrove from Massachusetts by the cord."

"Wood-duck? ah, I see!—fed upon Connecticut nutmegs, I suppose. The flavor is remarkably fine; but the next time you bring me this kind of wood-duck, see that the cook stuffs it with shoe-pegs instead of sage and onions—that's all."

It has been widely stated by certain journals, that the South will still pine for Northern manufactures. That depends upon the kind of Pine, we suppose, out of which ducks and drakes for the South will in future be manufactured.

Advice to an Ultra Pre-Raphaelite.

"Draw, and defend thyself!"

Ammunition for a "Tea-Fight."

Gunpowder and Canister.

Where is Cobb.

We perceive by a letter from Montgomery, of 9 Feb., that "A strong and vigorous government will go into immediate operation with full powers and ample funds." Here's another chance for Cobb. Where is Floyd? Can't he take a hand?

"2 Troo."

It is stated in some quarters that ABE LINCOLN will turn out the worst President the United States ever had. Too True. He will turn out JAMES BUCHANAN! Ceremony takes place March 4th.

To his 1000 and 1 Imitators.

They say that FOX was abandoned during his life—can't some of you abandon him now that he's dead, and stop your Ravenous Croaking?

Secession of Manhattan Island.

Although New York is not lost to the Union, it cannot be said that it is yet out of the Woods.

What he Does.

JAMES BUCHANAN writes for the New York Ledger.

What does he write about?

"Right About Face!"

"That's a Clear Case."

As the Peorian said when he first caught a glimpse of an Aquarium.

How to treat Louisiana.

A little Cold Tariff without Sugar.



EFFECT OF THE KITE NUISANCE UPON "ONE OF OUR MOST RESPECTED CITIZENS."

THE SONG OF THE PRESIDENTIAL PILGRIM.

"Come ladies all and gentleman, around my platform throng,
'Man wants but little here below, nor wants that little long.'
Depending on which principle, I mean, where'er I go,
To put my trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow."

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,"
Of ocean wild and stranded ship and reckless mutineer;
But, rain or shine, this rule be mine, no chicken-face to show—
But put my trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow.

"O! for a soft and gentle gale, I hear a fair one sigh"
Responding to which sentiment, "Produce that Gale!" say I.
But, high or low the wind may blow—while the sea doth ebb and
flow,
I'll put my trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow.

I hear the free elector's howl, I hear the cannon's roar,
I feel I've been at Buffalo, for ah! my bones are sore.
I know there's worse before me yet—how can I help but know!
And yet I'll trust in Providence, and let my whiskers grow.

F. and A. M.

Our private ROCHEFOUCAULD, (evidently a disciple of the Emperor MAXIMILLION,) weightily observed on reading the eloquent address of the President of the Peace Conference at Washington:
"Virginians! I would rather be your GRAND TYLER, than your MASTER MASON!"

The two Worlds.

The World of Sense, and the other World!

The Song of the new State of Things.
Hail Columbiads!

A Musical Definition.

Belle of Alabama.—"La Donna è Mobile."

The French for "Sold."

In an article upon possible invasion by the South, the *Herald* brings up the war of La Vendee as a comparison for future circumstances in that infant republic, should the North march upon her instead. Considering the way in which the South has sold herself for a Mess of Black pottage, however, and the probable results in general, we are disposed to think that an event of the kind would be characterised by future historians as the war of *Les Vendus*.

Nothing Shorter.

The first pap of the Convention, we observe, was obtained by a Mr. SHORTER, one of the delegates, who went in, doubtless, with an eye to the printing which he obtained. The shorter the proceedings the worse for him.

P. B.

Q.—Why is the Paterson-Bonaparte case, now pending before the Paris tribunals, like a monkey poking the "What-is-it?" in the ribs with a sharp stick?

A.—Because it excites a Natural Curiosity.

So Said.

It is rumored that a new comic paper is about to be started, devoted exclusively to clerical jokes; we suggest that it be called *The White Choker*.

(N. B. This means "Joker," we suppose—Ed. V. F.)

Buy any Clodgings?

The Charleston *Mercury* is jubilant over the fact that the Israelites of South Carolina are unanimously for a Southern Confederacy.

The Illumination in New-Orleans.

Gas!

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 Henry VI., Act 1, Scene 1.

LETTER VIII.

Of Bores and Boring.



ELL—we speak of Bores not merely in the conventional sense of nuisances, but, including that definition, in the higher significance of the Lobby-man whose part is persistency. — BORE, *n. s.*, a low species of Lobby-man, so called from his working at the same spot until he carries his point through. BORING, *pres. part.* (from To BORE, *v. a.*)—Fain would I limit my classic pen to genteel Lobby circles with which it

has thus far been occupied, but never shall it be said that I have sacrificed completeness and historic truth to mere refinement. Never: the Bores shall be done.

The Bore—that is the Bore proper, unmixed with any other type—is a hotel-subsisting being, with occasional exceptions in favor of "congressional" boarding-houses, where the principal articles of diet, lodging (and washing extra) appear to consist of speeches, documents, and yellow wrappers, tied up or lying around loose, franked or frank-expectant. The Bore is perennial, but is only seen at the particular period of the year when Congress is in Session. Whether at the adjournment, he disappears wholly from the face of the earth, like certain insects of a spotty character as to their visible effects; or whether he partakes of the nature of an annual seventeen-year locust; or whether he retires to the mountains and *estivates* (a word for which I acknowledge my indebtedness to my friend the Autocrat, and which is supposed to signify hibernating in the summer-time); whether one, or all or none of these theories, is correct, is a question which I have not the means of resolving, and am reluctantly forced to leave to some future CUVIER or AGASSIZ, seized with the fire of scientific research into the Mammalia and queer Ichthyosauri of the Lobby. The use of the Bore, in the ancient and honorable order of Lobby-men, is analogous to that of the long pole with which my friend Mr. A. WARD tells us he is accustomed to assist his professional labors by stirring up the animals. A little annoyance acts as a healthful tonic on the legislative mind.

Have you ever been in Washington? If so, surely you must have met, pervading the halls and "gents" parlors at Willard's or the National, an oldish gentleman, of massive dignity, (clearly traceable to his whitish hair and goldish "specs," as he terms them) who gets himself up, as to his costume, and generally so far as consistent with the provisions of nature, much in the style of the late D. WEBSTER. Do you know THACKERAY's sketch of "Ludovicus Rex"? The king is analysed by the great satirist into his component parts of a bald, decrepit, stunted, shrivelled-up, and thoroughly miserable old wretch, constituting LUDOVICUS, and side by side the regal robes, in all the glory of high heels, patent calves, sword of the period, ermine, purple and fine linen, and grandly flowing wig, which make up the Rex. Our friend whom I have been introducing to you is Rex: D. WEBSTER in his own fancy, but only Rex, for all that. His name? Oh! I thought I told you at first. BLOPP. You would scarcely believe, but for the unimpeachable authority upon which you now learn it, the amount of labor which that man has expended during the last twelve or fourteen years for the good of a beloved but unrequiting country. Pure

benevolence, I assure you. Strange as it may appear, he has been the real original suggestive J. L. JACOBS of every one of the numerous compromises, each one of which was to have settled the SAMBO AGONISTES question for a temporary forever. CLAY? Miserable old plagiaristic humbug. WEBSTER? Well, yes; a great orator no doubt, but who wrote his speeches? Ask BLOPP, I don't know much about these disputed points myself, but BLOPP does. With his illustrative forefinger, the other being retentively engaged in a convenient button-hole, and his mild, wheezy, drawly voice, and his muddily, rumbling, point-dodging old story, he will simmer to you by the hour of his exploits in the past, his engagements of the present, and his plans for the future. My dear SINBAD, you remember the old Man of the Sea. This is his brother, the Lobby-man; it was the sedentary avoidupois chap that you know. How long do you think you could stand a regular siege of an hour a day without learning St. Vitus his waltz? What would you give to abolish the daily affliction? JOBSBY is not a hard customer and will not make the terms unreasonable, I know.

Do you know GOADEY? That little wiry, sandy, nervous man, possessed of social talents resembling the effects of a Leyden Jar, a scientific plaything used for collecting clerical sparks and saving them up for rash knuckles. His capacity for scattering little explosive miseries among his friends and acquaintances is unlimited. He used to cut out those little attacks on me that appeared in the *Gracchus Argus* or the *Onondaragus Herald of Freedom*, and read them to me for the amusement of mixed companies. Now I rather like to be abused, especially by "obscure cotemporaries," as our paper the *American Star of Empire* and *Wyoga County Atlas* used to say; it shows that the public is aware of you. All public men expect abuse, feel badly without it. There was G. WASHINGTON you know; the papers used to pitch into him like an eminent pick-pocket. But then it is just a little exasperating to have the scorchingest of scorching leaders read out to a miscellaneous and pleased knot, by a wretched provoking little scamp like GOADEY. He knows I am a peaceable man, or else he wouldn't do it. You never hear of his trying that game on Colonel MAWLEY, the fighting Member from Arkansas, or our GOUGE, of Tennessee, or even little TENPEYSES, the good-looking but bloody, minded Member from New Orleans of whom they tell such dreadful stories about going out before breakfast with young PLAQUEMINES, knocking out two of PLAQUE's teeth at the first fire and breaking the hour hand of his watch (which of course, by a singular accident, he had never worn in that pocket before) at the second etoetra, and so forth. Not that GOADEY confines himself to the irritating extract business entirely. Anything productive of extreme exacerbation suits his purpose quite as well. I remember I left town once for a week, because the fellow would come and talk at me with his filey voice about my private affairs, every evening when I wanted to be alone; and, would you believe it, fie, he actually took advantage of my absence to get through a confounded bill that I had been fighting for two years!

But perhaps the most systematic and artistic of my Representative Bores is TORCHER. While I used to dread him as I do a shower-bath in December, I never could help admiring the man's ingenuity and indomitable energy. When TORCHER with his hard eye, and high cheek-bones, and long buffalo-robe colored hair, and tobacco-salivated lips, and his half-worn-out valise (Heavens! with what indescribable horror I first saw it, thinking he had brought a clean shirt, and was going to spend a week with me) full of papers, made his appearance at the outposts of a congressional fortress, demanding surrender in the name of the Lobby, it was as well for the garrison to capitulate at once, for it was only an affair of time after that. I can tell you what it is, you that have just left off that incredulous sneer of untried virtue, if *Atra Cura* should come and sit down by your easy chair and read his papers to you at morning, at noon, and at night, would you, do you suppose imitate the helplessly idiotic persistency of our old friend THEBUS, who, as I was informed at school, sat on forever, and never seemed to mind?

"Sedei aeternumque sedebit, infelix Thebus!"

You know. You see THEBUS was infelix, after all, which I can't help thinking was very silly on his part, when there was really so little necessity for it. TORCHER has embodied in the practice of his profession, the leading principle of the late Mr. FOX's "Raven," with the important exception that his visit is apt to be of a more definite character than that of the very decidedly disagreeable fowl alluded to, and, to continue the ornithological comparison, can be terminated by a suitable contribution of cheese, instead of being of that illimitable duration to be inferred from the remark made by the unpleasant bird when at the end of each verse, it announces its fixed and unalterable intention of never going away again on any pretence.

As a friend, let me advise promptness and cheese.

* Mr. WARE probably means flies.—[EDS. V. F.]

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)
CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Muffles was a gentleman for whom Mr. Primpenny Jr. entertained the highest regard. There was a peculiar versatility about Mr. Muffles which authorized it. He was nominally a student at law in the office of that illustrious advocate, Peter Chilgrin. Peter Chilgrin had a high opinion of Mr. Muffles also. He sometimes observed with a pleasant smile which for ten seconds together showed how little the dentist had ever been obliged to do for him, that Mr. Muffles could open Kent or Chitty in the middle, and read it with as much understanding and profit as if he had begun at the first page. For fear that the professional atmosphere of Mr. Peter Chilgrin's should make his character too hard and dry, Mr. Muffles always took to the office with him some interesting and portable work of fiction which he read for an hour or two, three or four times a day, between his heavier avocations, and thus kept his mind fresh and plastic. Another means by which he loved to attain the same end, was the composition of original romances. He generally began one of these at nine o'clock, A. M., and unless it became necessary to accompany Mr. Chilgrin to Court, by ten o'clock had completed the first chapter, describing the birth of a young person in a hovel, or an accident to a steamboat, which gave another young person an opportunity for the display of great foresight in saving the identical woman he was to marry five hundred pages on. In his bureau drawers at Mrs. McCrowder's, Mr. Muffles preserved several score of these first chapters, which at some future day he hoped to develop into finished novels enough for a library. As yet, however, he had not found the time to carry them on. Besides being an excellent writer of first chapters, he played by ear on the violin, knew something about horses, and had a mechanical turn which he gratified by inventing complicated machines to do simple work, such as rotary tooth-picks to be screwed to a table and turned by a crank, or electrical book-cutter, propelled by six wheels, three levers and a battery. He was acquainted with eight or ten different languages, to the extent of from fifty to a hundred words in each, though the English, as being the noblest and most difficult of tongues, was the only one with which he cared to have his acquaintance a speaking one.

He drew splendid designs for fortifications, and had suggested the idea, in a daily newspaper, of surrounding the Territory of Utah with a stone wall sixty feet in height by ten in thickness, so that if the polygamous inhabitants of that tract ever rebelled against the Government, United States troops could encamp on the outside of the wall, and fire over it at the insurgents. On Sundays he wondered whether he ought not to have been a clergyman instead of a lawyer—and in order that if that should ever turn out to be the proper thing for him to do, he might not be totally unprepared, he was wont to spend an hour after breakfast on those days, in writing one or two divisions of a sermon for his possible flock. On Monday it frequently struck him that he was peculiarly fitted for a doctor—and on his way down town might be seen dropping in at a book store to get the last number of Braithwaite's Retrospect—or, if he had a friend with him, talking enthusiastically upon the charms of squills as a remedy in some sublime disease with twenty Greek syllables for a name. On Tuesday, Mr. Muffles had, perhaps, come into an architectural state of mind, and passed his leisure in painful self-reproaches over the folly which had doomed a man naturally intended for Free-stone to Blackstone, and incarcerated in briefs the genius which should have soared in building-material. On Wednesday, very likely, Mr. Muffles was settled in the unalterable conviction that his true destiny would never be accomplished till he cast off the trammels of conventional city life; till he breathed the delicious air of the hay-field, the cow-yard, and the pig-pen—till he was like Adam, General Washington, Cincinnatus, and Professor Mapes—a farmer. On Wednesday, then, you could not have seated yourself for a moment at Mr. Muffles' side without his asking you if you had ever turned your attention to soils—what your opinion was as to the feasibility of raising elks for the purposes of a dairy-farm—or whether a man could ever expect to be anything else but dwarfed and insignificant in the crowded throng of a great city. On Thursday, Mr. Muffles revolved anxiously in his mind the question of a Principalship in a Female Academy. On Friday—the sea! the sea! the open sea! presented itself to Mr. Muffles as the only proper career for a man

of spirit. On Saturday, he determined to be a capitalist and live on his interest—but feeling in his pocket for some change to buy a cigar over which he might still further meditate the delightful subject—he discovered himself the happy possessor of just three cents—and wished, with a sigh, that he had been born rich as well as handsome.

This peculiar versatility of Mr. Muffles, like most of the gifts of Genius, led people to misunderstand him. They even went so far as to call this versatility vacillation—and did not realize the fact that Mr. Muffles had been studying law for three years without admission to the bar, not because he couldn't have got in if he had wished, but because he desired to know certainly what he was best fitted for. And when people said that Mr. Muffles was an unpractical man—it was because they did not know what interest he took in solid business projects—how he had made the most elegant and ingenious designs for draining off the sand from the desert of Sahara, by a system of gently sloping sewers—and transporting a guano island from the Pacific by a still more ingenious system of tug-boats to fertilize the desert into a garden of Eden.

However much injustice the world at large might do to Mr. Muffles—Mr. Primpenny loved him as a sincere, unselfish friend—a repressed genius of the highest order. He felt sure that ere long Muffles would break upon the world in some astounding eruptive form. That at any rate the geologists of some distant and appreciative age, would disinter Muffles like a wondrous fossil—and say to the new generation—"A MUFFLES!—a misunderstood Great Man!"

It was therefore with feelings of mingled surprise and indignation that Mr. Primpenny, on the morning after his visit at London Gubby's, received the intelligence that Mr. Muffles had been ignominiously banished from Mrs. McCrowder's. Mr. Primpenny was just breakfasting, with the *Tribune* before him, and Teague behind him, when Mr. Muffles took the friend's privilege of entering without a knock, and straightway communicated the above.

"An' it's here they always come from Mrs. McCrowder's, like sows out of Purgatory," exclaimed Teague, frankly. "A pleasant change it is, too—I thried it myself!"

"Teague! not a word till you're spoken to, sir! Sit down, Muffles, my dear boy, and I'll have a steak put on for you. Coffee, Teague! Now tell me about it—how did you come to leave?"

Mr. Muffles answered by drawing a note from his pocket and handing it over for Mr. Primpenny's inspection. It read as follows:

"MR. MUFFLES:

SIR:—Having done what no gentleman could do to interdoce a disreputable carater into the Boosom of a confiding family, who, for I I know, may be a shevaleer-dandoosty, and at enny rate wares a cote with letters painted on the back to advertise a firm for selin Indy rubber, which will never erase its gloomy traces from my memory—I can give you no longer a logment beneath my rufe. When coles was at their highest, you always hadd a good fire in the forth story back, wich I now regret, not because they was 6s a tun, but they wormed a vipir. You was invayriably treeted with consideration doo to a moril mann who pade his bills regler wich you never did. Mennys the time when you had brekfast in yure rum after being drunk the nite before I would not keep a pigg in my house for enny prize tho it mite be called a fair one. I have lett the forth story back, and expect you to vacate to-day or to-morrow. I inclose your bill and you may pay bi letter as I doo not want to see you agin.

Mrs. McCrowder."

"Now, what does that mean? I have left McCrowder's not because I understood any part of the note, save the request to leave—but half because I did not care to stay in the same house with a crazy woman."

Mr. Primpenny, amid much laughter, gave a full explanation of the riddle, and called Mr. Muffles to pitch into his steak while it was hot.

"I really don't feel as if I could eat anything," replied Mr. Muffles, ruefully.

"Why! have you breakfasted? Never mind—that Harvey sauce and the mushrooms cooked after my own receipt, would commend a Revolutionary boot-sole to a gourmand after his tenth dinner-course!"

"No. I havn't breakfasted."

"It can't be that you feel down in the mouth about that McCrowder business?"

"Oh, bless my soul, no!" said Mr. Muffles, winking, and motioning towards Teague.

"Teague, you may go down stairs till I ring for you," spoke Mr. Primpenny, immediately.

Teague obeyed, and Mr. Muffles drew his chair closer to Mr. Primpenney's side.

"Primpenney!" said he solemnly—"is the coal-scuttle business difficult to learn?"

Stuyvesant put down his fork to laugh, and then regarded Mr. Muffles with the air of a natural philosopher studying a new species.

"How do I know?" said he. "If you'd like to find out I can ask the Governor."

"I don't know but I'd like to be introduced to him some time. How do you think he would view a partnership—with a good man you know—industrious—extremely practical, and all that—but not much in funds, at least not till a couple of aunts die, who may leave him a little Central R. R. stock, provided they've forgotten the time he sheared their lap-dog?"

Mr. Primpenney laughed again.

"Really," he replied, "I don't know how the governor would look at such a complicated case as that. I shall be glad to introduce you, at any rate."

"What do you think of these things?" said Mr. Muffles, as, with an expression of mingled anxiety and triumph, he brought forth an immense legal envelope and tumbled from its bursting interior several dozen cards of Bristol board, upon the breakfast table.

Mr. Primpenney took them up and examined them one by one in the most interested manner. They were all elegant designs for coal-scuttles, and evidently resulted from hours of Mr. Muffles' highest inspiration, besides an unmeasured amount of Faber's pencils and the best India ink. There were coal-scuttles in imitation of ruined Greek temples—of funeral Etruscan lamps—pap-boats—rural summer-houses—watering carts—mouse-traps—wassail-bowls—and fishing-baskets.

Coal-scuttles of the Chinese pagoda pattern with a mandarin seated on top, whose nose must be treated with indignity before you could get at the fuel. Coal-scuttles on a plan of the most marvellous mechanical ingenuity, and almost requiring a West Point engineer's education to understand as well as originate them, possessing as they did a complicated piece of clock-work in their interior, which needed only to be wound up at day-break to keep shooting the proper amount of coals into a grate every two hours during the twenty-four. Coal-scuttles to be executed in India-rubber, so that you could fold them up and put them in your pocket, or turn them inside out and clap them on your head, as the very nattiest sort of water-proof hat. Fire-extinguishing coal-scuttles. Coal-scuttles of bronze stamped with sentences taken from such ancients as had written upon the sweets of domestic life, and thus particularly suited to country fire-sides where Latin is spoken fluently. Coal-scuttles that, by an infringement on the musical snuff-box patent, played, "Scotland's burning!" when they were empty and the grate doing well, or when the former were full and the latter needed replenishing, delicately reminded the proper attendant by a little snatch from "The Light of other days." Coal-scuttles aesthetic—coal-scuttles practical—coal-scuttles moral—even coal-scuttles theological, containing a plate whereon might be engraved the particular creed of the serious family which need them. Coal-scuttles of all kinds, conceivable and inconceivable.

"What do I think of them?" replied Stuyvesant at length—"Why, that they're wonderfully done! miracles of beauty and ingenuity! When in the world did you find time to accomplish them? You, of all men—with that rush of work you must be having this season at Chillgrin's?"

"The fact is," said Mr. Muffles sadly, "they're my recreation. I've been doing them at odd times through the last week—when Chillgrin was up at Special Term. He hasn't any eye for the beautiful. Well, I haven't any heart for the law! Primpenney, my boy! I'm going to give up the confounded bore, and for days, yes, weeks, I've been growing more and more into the conviction that my destiny is hardware. If your father should like these draughts—perhaps he might take a fancy to me. Then I would be sure it was hardware. If he proceeded further to say that I was a valuable man, or anything of that complimentary sort, I should feel myself providentially led towards coal-scuttles as the particular sub-division of hardware. I would prefer taking your advice as to any proposition about a partnership, but if I didn't speak to him now, in a year or two, when he found he couldn't get along without me, he'd be likely to speak to me, wouldn't he? So I'd keep on designing, and he might give me a small proportion of the profits, until I was in a position to relieve his venerable shoulders of the business. I should apply myself steadily to it for twenty years—keep a house in town, and board on Staten Island through the Summer months. At the end of twenty years, I'd have a country-seat up the river, somewhere, where I might work off the dyspepsia, (which I'd by that time be sure to have, through intense application,) in hoeing asparagus and helping the gardener roll his

gravel-walks. You should always have a seat at my fireside—the best of my table, and the finest spare bed-room in the house. Oh! Primpenney! wouldn't it be magnificent?"

In view of this gorgeous picture, Mr. Muffles' dark blue eyes became suffused with a tranquil moisture, and putting his hand on Stuyvesant's shoulder, he drew that gentleman towards him with the sincere air of a man who is conferring unimaginable comforts on his dearest but most peculiarly-straitened friend. Even to Stuyvesant it did not occur, in the midst of the felicitous vision, that Mr. Muffles was basing it on capital contingently belonging to himself. He only remarked in a tone of affectionate interest: "But, Muff, why leave the law? Why abandon the brilliant career that certainly opens to a man of your genius?"

Mr. Muffles' countenance again became overshadowed, as he announced with a sigh—

"Prim—mind now!—it's a solemn confidence—I'm in love!"

"Muffles!"

"An inscrutable—but an inevitable fact. I've been there exactly two weeks and twenty-three hours. I fell into it as unexpectedly as I'd have tumbled down a hoistway, or a pair of cellar stairs, or a hole in the sidewalk—a fortnight ago yesterday noon. It was a circumstance over which I had no control. I don't think I'd have done it if I had. It has been to me a cause of great misery already. It will be, doubtless, a greater cause hereafter. But I can't help it. I must track my destiny to the end. That's the reason why I must leave the law which doesn't support me—and if possible go into hardware, which is said to do it nicely—and for which I am inflexibly convinced I was intended at the period of my birth. I was always playing with the poker and the shovel, as soon as I could creep. Besides, those drawings seem to indicate that turn. Why do I wish to support myself? Because, for the first time in my life, love, and marriage with the heart's idol, seem inextricably associated. I have an unconquerable consciousness that I am growing thinner every day! Oh dear no! no Harvey sauce in this particular state of mind, thank you!"

"Who is the girl?"

"That's just where it is! I don't know. It seems utterly superfluous to say that if I did I'd run and cast myself at her feet and hear my doom—then go and throw myself off the highest place I could find—if that would be the slightest gratification to her!"

"Anything but superfluous *that*," replied Mr. Primpenney, with the air of extreme condescension to youthful passion, which he had acquired through his long and wicked life abroad. "I should call it gratuitous. But you're a genius, my dear Muff, and geniuses are always extreme—that is, till they see the world and learn Equipoise. *Equipoise*, Muff—*Equipoise*!—well—you'll learn it—it will come in time. Women must be studied. They look strange and unfathomable, like a sheet of music, to a man who has only sung them by ear—they're easy enough to the eye of science, however. Still, I can't blame you—Oh no! been there myself. What's the celestial being like?"

"You may well say celestial—and not be in fun either. I met her, I told you, a fortnight ago yesterday. She was buying note paper at Crown's—I was there by a wonderful coincidence, doing the same thing. She turned to me, suddenly, to ask a question, thinking I was the clerk—saw I wasn't—blushed, and asked my pardon. I thrilled to the finger tips! I shouldn't be surprised if I blushed, too. She had the divinest voice I ever heard—a perfect Æolian harp!"

"Harp attachment? No prior attachment indicated in the voice I hope?"

"Oh don't joke, Primpenney! Her eyes were a heavenly blue—her face round and suffused with health's own carnation—her mouth pure, yet ripe and delicious—her nose, the least little bit in the world curved—up, you know—she wore a blue silk—no, she floated in it, like rosy cloud in a clear sky—there were seven flounces to it; I counted them as I would my own pulse in the critical moment of a fever. She wore corn-colored gloves—not a number higher than fours—a bonnet of the same, exquisitely trimmed—one Etruscan and one cameo bracelet—and when I looked at all those things first and my own last winter's suit second—Oh! she is the child of rich parents, said my heart, and I, 'what can a poor man do but die?'"

Muffles hid his face in his hands and choked himself down as if he were an unusually tough piece of Mrs. McCrowder's beef-steak.

"What was her stature?" asked Mr. Primpenney to carry his friend past this painful dead-point of sentiment.

"She was short—not over five feet one, I should say. What! do you know her?"

"A regiment like her in New-York, of course! You might as well describe me a pin and then ask me to tell you where it lived on the pincushion! Have you seen her since?"

"Six times on Broadway, in walking from the office. On those



A SLIGHT HINT.

Lady of the House (log).—"O MR. POPPLEWIT WHAT SHALL I DO? THERE'S THAT SWEET GIRL MISS FINK WHO IS STAYING WITH ME, HAS TAKEN TWO OF THE BEST PLACES IN THE GERMAN; THEY ARE DANCING THE FIRST FIGURES AND SHE HAS NO PARTNER.

N. B.—Miss Fink is generally regarded as the scourge of German. Immense delight of Popplewit.

occasions she invariably saw me. Our eyes met—and after that moment of delicious rapture—dinner, sleep, peace of mind were impossible! Once too, getting into the stage she showed me the side of her exquisite face—that dreamy glimpse was worse than the others—it was despair!"

"Well Muff—I'll tell you what we'll do. Give me your sketches to show the governor. He'll take an interest in them any way.—He lives in coal-scuttles. If he still wants a partner, as he did when he was so good as to ask me—perhaps he'll do something for you after a while. At any rate, I'll try to have him. Meantime you see the lady as often as you can, and if possible find out where she lives. Who knows but Crownen may tell you? If he can't, why follow her unostentatiously up some day—"

"But what if I never see her again?" "Bah! one's always seeing girls again. There's no end to 'em! That won't be your trouble when you get a little older. I'll find some way to manage an introduction for you, and here's my hand for all the subsequent help in my power. For the present eat breakfast. After breakfast come around with me to the Governor's. I want to see that dear mother of mine, and it will be just like her to ask us to stay to lunch. Such lunches! She makes her own apple jelly, and Oh! the deviled turkey of our cook! *Ris de veau aux champignons* very likely too. Have you time? Where's old Chillgrin today?"

"Up at Special Term, goes to Court of Appeals by first express this P. M. Yes—I have time. Don't say a word at home of what I've told you!"

"Bless you, no? How Lottie would make fun of my old Muff that I've told her so much about, if she knew it had actually fallen in love!"

The friends finished their steaks, drank a bottle of claret together, and then carrying the coal-scuttle designs set out for Isaiah Primpenny's on the Avenue.

Reaching there they found the dear motherly Mrs. Primpenny in, and Mr. Muffles was introduced to her. It delighted Mr. Primpenny to see how kindly she took to his friend—how much his gentle and pensive manner interested her. Men are always so grateful when their lady friends appear to show this interest in their gentlemen friends, with certain obvious exceptions. Why can't the sweet creatures do it oftener?

As expected, Mrs. Primpenny invited them to stay to lunch. When the time for that delicious divider of the day approached,

Some Good Advice.

In dealing with an undertaker always pay him his prices, and never screw him down, for sooner or later, he will surely find an opportunity to retaliate on you if he waits till the day of your death.

By our Composer.

Why did not South Carolina have the honor of furnishing the first President to the new Confederacy?

She contended against a Quad-wrangle of States and they out Jeffed her.

Similia Similibus.

For Free Trade in the Southern Confederacy, administer Free doses of sugar. Sweets to the Sweet, You Know.

By our Grammarian.

Why the President has no mood of his own. Because he is Simply Supine.

"Hic, Hæc, Hoc."

Grammarians are wrong. The Hic always comes after the Hock.

she asked them to walk in to the white, flavorful, silvery and odorous table, without waiting for Miss Lottie who was out shopping, and would probably take her little tiffin at the uptown Taylor's.

Mr. Muffles had scarcely divided his luxurious second joint of deviled turkey—and was wavering between the rival attractions of the cranberry and apple jellies—when a merry laugh like silver set to music resounded in the hall just outside. The next moment the dining-room door flew open, and a rosy-cheeked apparition bounded in, amid a cloud of blue silk, at once to light, butterfly-like, on her brother's lips, and send the blood back in a spurt to the heart of Mr. Muffles.

"My particular friend, Mr. Muffles, Lottie dear."

Lottie stood silent for a moment—and then blushed to her eyes—laughed to make it appear that that was the cause of the color—took Mr. Muffles' outstretched but trembling hand, and said—

"Havn't I seen you at Crownen's?"

"Yes, Miss Primpenny."

"A fortnight ago yesterday—"

"And six times since."

"To be sure!"

"Muff! you don't mean to say—"

"Yes I do, Stuyvesant," whispered Mr. Muffles, in a tone of agony—Oh, for Heaven's sake keep still!"

So Stuyvesant mercifully did keep still for the present.

(To be Continued.)

Another Gooseberry.

Little boy Bu, come! blast your "Horn!"
The Bears in the Cotton, the Bulls in the corn;
What? is this the way you Mind your eye?
Asleep in the White House—under the Rye!

The Highest-born Lady on Record.

MINERVA: for mythology informs us that she made her first appearance on the top of JUPITER's head.

By our Dreadful Contributor.

When COLSON sews on a button don't her fingers become a Singer's Sewing Machine?

THE MAN WHO BLOWS THE BUGLE.



O VANITY.

I've met with a heavy blow, not from Fortune but from Boreas round the corner in the shape of Mein Herr SCHMIDT with a brass bugle in his fists. I wish he had smaller lungs or a larger conscience, as it is I am driven nearly deaf, and although

I am not Mad, full soon shall be—
and then SCHMIDT, "stay, bugler, stay, I'll smash you into smithereens."

Sunday mornings he arises at sunrise, throws open his window, gazes at the rats in the back yard; seizes his bugle, aims at the largest one, blows a blast upon his horn, and kills that rat as dead as a nail, first shot; he always shoots sharps. And then, after performing a Dead March over his lifeless remains, turns his great fishy eyes to the window of a pretty neighbor, and plays

List to the Mocking Bird.

Ye Gods! But it's when he comes home beery o' nights that I feel like a demon, and wish to be AZRAEL for five minutes. Up goes the window, and out comes the ringing, jangling, jarring, tearing, swearing, grating, crashing notes to the tune of

Call me Pet Names, Dearest

and when I did, and throwing open my window, swore at him the entire gamut of German oaths, wishing him hail storms and thunder weather, he serenely paused, and then broke out from LUCIA—

I'll Pray for Thee!

What could a man do? Clearing my voice, I sang in Baritone profoundo

Would I were with Thee!

To which he cheerfully replied,

Good Night, Good night, Beloved!

Do you suppose I was then allowed a little rest? No, sir! He went for more beer, and I'll tell you how I knew he went for more beer; when he returned to his room he commenced on the bugle,

When the Swallows homeward fly!

I wrote him a note politely asking him to practice in the cellar, he answered it thus. "You blays mit books and baper, I blays mit mine puggle whereumsomever I bleases. Ja! I bin 'Merican, und bin freedman. Ja! I blays mine puggle in mine champer so longs I life."

What shall I do! I have lately heard that VERDI has composed an air for the bugle in which there is a *sostenuto* note three minutes long. I will buy the music, send it to HERR SCHMIDT, and earnestly hope that in endeavoring to do it he will blow himself inside out.

If this succeeds, you shall hear again from

SADLY BLOWN.

The Difference.

Some Coercionists think a warlike naval expedition should be sent to take Charleston; others say one should be sent to Sack-Its-Harbor!

Breathless Interest.

Twenty-five per cent. It takes a man's breath away to think of it.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

OFF OLORDI, Feb. 12th.

DEAR VANITY:—By blood and field! *Foison des aventures!* I must write my life, when it is finished...

... Fancy how such a book would sell!

I left Fiddeldiddi on the ninth inst., for this place, in the ninety-nine gun ship *Tantrum*, the command of which I was requested to take for a brief period.

When only a few leagues from land we were espied by the *Corpo di Baccho* frigate, FRANCIS II's own private war-vessel.

She chased us.

A 48 inch columbiad, mounted amidships, on a swivel, enabled us to do her some damage. Imagine, if you can... though I don't suppose you are able... a cannon-ball forty-eight inches in diameter, and weighing nearly three tons, sent crashing into the hull of a vessel every four minutes!

The *Corpo di Baccho* is one of the fastest sailers in the world, and we soon found that the *Tantrum*, (an old ship, built at Springfield, Illinois, in 1808,) could not keep away from her.

So we prepared for a close engagement.

The drums beat to quarters. The hammock-netting were belayed to the weather earrings, and the cross-trees securely brailled up; the flying bowlines were made taut to the after hatch, and all was in readiness. The gunners stood to their posts, gonfalons in hand; the Horse Marines cantered gaily along the decks, and a strong detachment of police were in readiness to prevent the slightest disturbance.

Thus, with the awful silence of strength and anticipation, we drifted down upon our doomed but dreadful foe...

A little puff of white smoke arose from her lee bow, between the anchor-sheet and the sky-sail boom...

A chain shot came ricochetting along the surface of the water, astern of us...

Then another.

And another.

Suddenly, a blaze, like that of the lurid lightnings of heaven, lit up the dark splendor of twilight, and a roar as if of ten million thunders rent the dusky firmament on high, and all the blue ethereal sky.

We had discharged our guns on the weather side... forty-four guns... simultaneously...

Every ball took effect!

The enemy's frigate was lifted entirely out of the water, to the height of ten or fifteen feet, and came down with such a tremendous splash as was never seen in those regions before. Every pane of glass in her windows was smashed, and the commander, a young Florentine named CASABIANCA GIUSEPPE STEFANO COBRA DI CAPELLO, was set down so forcibly on the quarter-deck that his vertebral column was driven several inches into his skull.

I immediately manned a pinnace with a company of flying artillery, and boarded the enemy. The commander was suffering severely with the headache.

"*Comé va, signor?*"

"*Mal à la testa,*" he replied.

"Haul down your flag," said I.

"Go to the devil!" he replied.

I called a patrol sergeant and had him arrested at once. He begged hard not to be taken in, but one of my rules is that discipline must be maintained, so he was locked up for the night.

This was the first. We took eighteen other ships of war before morning, and the prize amounted to a million of ducats apiece for each of the officers, so you see I am quite well off just now...

You may stop sending me remittances until further notice.

We are lying just off Olordi, an old seaport of some importance. There is a cathedral, a university, a large public library, a convent and a town-hall in the city. I have just given my artillerists permission to shell the convent.

After reducing this place, we intend to sail against Rome. I wish you would inquire, my dear VANITY, whether or no I could import red-hot shot from New-York on reasonable terms. They are high-priced and hard to get, here. Of course they must be packed in tow, cotton, or something, to keep them from cooling.

I am yours.

McARONE.

P. S. I have been told that a gifted youth attached to a public institution in your city, has liked my correspondence so well that he has "marked it for his own," and traveled on the strength of it as a humorous person... a constructor of jests. It shows his good taste. He steals too wisely, but not well. Be Frank, O, fair young purveyor to the seekers of wisdom; claim not the good works of another and a better man, and accept with due humility the blessing of

McARONE.

MOVEMENTS OF MR. LINCOLN.

The steps taken by Mr. LINCOLN to give Baltimore the "go-by," may be characterised as the most important movement made by him during his preliminary Presidential progress. Considered as steps, we suppose that the movement in question, coupled with the costume in which it was performed, will be handed down to posterity as "The MacLincoln Harrisburg Highland Fling." Certain Scottish chieftains are distinguished from common pipers by the prefix of the definite article to their patronymics. "The MacNab" may be taken as a case in point. Mr. LINCOLN, then, having assumed the chieftainship of a mighty clan and selected the costume of a Scottish chief to perform the part in, ought surely to be entitled to the definite article, and to receive and govern during his term of office by the style and title of "The MacLincoln More."—In this connection the *more* is a Gaelic addition to a title, and means *big*. It bears no reference whatever to Baltimore. As a piper will be an indispensable appendage for "the MacLincoln More," we suppose that the distinguished personage in question can do no less than appoint THURLLOW WEED to that important position. THURLLOW will make a very efficient piper. He has been playing one tune for a long time; and as it is a well known fact that the Scotch bagpipes always do that and cannot do anything else, the instrument will be just the thing for him to blow.

Our ubiquitous artist, who was at Harrisburg and elsewhere during the performance of The MacLincoln's celebrated "movement," has sent us the annexed sketch. Although the Kilt cannot be called a very definite article of costume, yet, as the definite article is worn by the chieftain for a prefix to his name, the adoption of the kilt can hardly be looked upon as a misdemeanor. The precautionary measure of "letting his whiskers grow," taken by The MacLincoln, will now be fully appreciated by the public. Scottish chieftains invariably "let their whiskers grow;" they are obliged by feudal tenure to do so. Pipers also: so that THURLLOW WEED had better consult authorities as to the best mode of producing the necessary articles. It will be remarked that the Feather worn by the chieftain in his bonnet, is peculiar if not abnormal. It was placed there by WEED, unknown to the wearer; and is described by our ubiquitous artist as resembling the wing-feather of a swan rather than that of an eagle—being remarkably large and White.



THE MACLINCOLN HARRISBURG HIGHLAND FLING.

SOMETHING LIKE A HUSBAND.

My Dear Vanity :—I rise to a "question of order!" In the *Tribune* of February 15, under head of "The President Elect En Route," I read this astounding fact viz:—"an elegant dejeuner was provided by Mrs. I. S. Jewett, wife of the Steubenville and Indiana Rail Road." Is it in order for Rail Roads to have wives—"hev it indeed cum to this?" If so, Mormonism is nowhere, or if anywhere, that boot is on the other leg entirely.

What a new and interesting phase of married life this opens to our view! What a Big Thing, what a *Chose Enorme* must such a Husband be, in fact what an extensively, lengthy, and enormously grand entity. Surely he cannot be handy to have around in the house, in Town or in the Country, and yet out of doors must always be a source of great anxiety to his wife, as he will indulge in trains, often of the fastest sort, even in Jersey Lightning Trains, which but sooner bring him to his end, and owing to his Conduct, or misconduct, must be continually getting into the Station House.

But for the benefit of young ladies who might desire to make a permanent investment in such securities, I would suggest the feasibility of Turning the Tables on an unruly Husband of this kind, by Spiking him down to iron Chairs, keeping him on a diet of Tea (made from T rails of course) with an occasional Frog as a Meet Offering. In fact I have heard of such things, and of Switches being used with good effect, where Moral Suasion failed to keep him from paths that lead to destruction and the grave.

Can the Ties of wedded life, such as this, be of a Tender character? Are they not rather heavy burdens, hard, tough, of the Oak-oakey? Do Damsels take these Bonds of matrimony at par, are they willing to have a Husband who is always in the Stocks, exposed to attacks from infuriate Bulls and Bears, a Husband who is always Railing, whose Cares are numerous, and who too often, like his wife, proves to have been only a Dam-sel? (Vide La. C. and M. R. R.) (Mr. Editor I disavow that last "goak." It is interpolated by a sufferer, whose Chest bears marks of the Bears of 1857.)

But the novelty of such an union as the *Tribune* informs us of, quite overcomes my mind. I must stop, and read one of the *Herald's* editorials to calm my perturbed imagination, before looking to HORACE for more valuable information, meanwhile avowing myself,

A TRUE VANITARIAN.

THAT SALUTE.

Patriotism is a very nice thing, especially just about this time And if there is any one particular day on which Patriotism might be allowed to shine, we think that the twenty-second of February ought to be considered that day. But, Gov. MORGAN, don't you think that your ideas of the proper amount of Patriotism are rather too powerful for you? You ordered our dear, old Foggy (Gen. Charles W. of course) to order somebody else to direct that some other military man should superintend the firing of a salute—mark the word—of *five hundred guns* on the day above alluded to, in honor of the memory of GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Now, we respectfully submit that that was a very Insalutary proceeding for those immediately concerned, as well as those living in the neighborhood of the Battery.

It strikes us, Gov. MORGAN, that our patriotic feelings would have been sufficiently gratified if the number of guns had been limited to, say, one hundred; and we do think, that if you had desired to do especial honor to His Memory, you would have attained your purpose by saying to yourself, "I will hie me to New-York, and there will don me golden lace and plumes, etcetera, etcetera. Then to the Battery will I go and from me galyant steed dismount to bravely take the lanyard in me own right hand and yank it at command. And this will I repeat till thirty-four good sounds and loud shall greet the ears of dwellers on the Jersey Flats, that may I say with proud disdain to Gen'l CHARLES:—"Alone I did it, boy!"—and so, you see, Governor you would yourself, have honored Him as Governor never did before; you would have spared the ears of numerous unoffending people, and lastly would have saved the sum of several dollars which might have been expended to advantage in some other way; say, in paying freights to hungry Kansas.

Now Governor, please don't give us occasion to speak to you again on such a subject. Good morning!

Song for the New-born Confederacy.

(Appropos to the Flag Dilemma.)

"Buy Baby Bunting."

How the Cotton States can Save their Credit.

By giving Heavy Bale.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.
FROM A FUGITIVE SKETCH.

VANITY FAIR SEES RIGOLETTO.

Or Miss KELLOGG. It don't matter much which. Both are very pretty.

You're all familiar with the story, we suppose. *Le Roi s'amuse*, you know—French novel—W. E. BURTON Englished it—the sad old story of *Triboulet* which was probably true some centuries ago, back among French *Henris*, and *mignons*, and court sins, and shames. It has a horrible moral—a ghastly one—the iniquity of the principle of a privileged aristocracy which can do whatever it pleases with the purses, but more particularly by the persons of the mudsills. Romance never shot so deadly a shaft as this into Intense Respectability. For which reason the gayest and upper-tenderest women in *VANITY FAIR*—yea the *jeunesse dorée* and the literary lions who move with them, all flock to see *Rigoletto* and think the plot really a fine one. Which it is. Long live *VANITY FAIR*! Hip, hurrah! But don't think—Oh, Vanity Fairest of women—you whose eye rests on these pages; whose rustling resille is reechoed by the agonised twangs of our heart-strings, and whose fan and rosy-gloved fingers last night in the opera were to us, and many more, new sign-posts on the primrose path down hill—don't believe fair Eyes, that *RIGOLETTO* is dead. He and his and the DUKE, and Countess CEPERANO all live—and we are of them.

We have sung of BRIG. This time we elevate *STIG* in *RIG*. For *STIGELLI* is a grand *duca*, and, when the curtain rises, makes love with irresistibly graceful puppyism—just as if a *Duca* had cause to pride himself on winning ready made love—and just as if *STIG* were really such a Guilty Gilded Nob. (Joke on *jeunesse dorée*, You See.) *RIGOLETTO FERRI*—court fool—urges him on—mocks old nobleman—*MONTERONE*—who comes to complain of the ruin of his daughter—is cursed by *MONTERONE*.

And the curse works. His own fair daughter *GILDA KELLOGG* has been tampered with by the *Duca*—is carried off by courtiers, her father being induced to assist, believing that he is assisting in the ruin of another lady. Its a Moral Drama, You Observe. Pretty Miss *KELLOGG* got well through the *debut*—and a house full of friends who throw a hundred dollars worth of flowers is not bad to take under the circumstances. *Ha bene fatta, farebbe forse migliora*.

The daughter is carried to the palace, ruined by that unprincipled Duke *STIG*, and carried away by her father. Then comes Revenge. *SPARAFUCILE*, a bravo, is induced to murder the Duke. Inveigles him to his smithy with a sister. Where he sings *la Donna é mobile*.

Is *MADDALENA ADELAIDE PHILLIPS* a real witch—a real *Gitana* we mean? *VANITY FAIR* who has seen the original flash article thought it had come to life in her wild rollicking pranks. How she laughs—how she romps! 'Tis a grand concerted piece of five sentiments—the Duke *poussiring* *MADDALENA*, the father and daughter outside watching the unfaithful ducal debauchee—the bravo polishing his rapier! The music is true music, and like that *baccano* we told you about 'tother day, haunts one. Duke retires, *RIGOLETTO FERRI* and *GILDA* depart—all quiet—*SPARAFUCILE COLETTI* prepares for murder—is dissuaded by *MADDALENA*—he promises if any one comes before midnight, the corner shall die instead—all overheard by *GILDA* who loves the Duke yet, and as a great many women would do (despite all that is said against them) comes herself and is killed, bagged, and given to her father. Who finds out the cheat and dies—as he well might.

C'est *RIGOLETTO*. 'Twas well sung, well sustained, and well adapted to please the most fastidious. When it rises again may we be there to see. Its Moral as we said before is excellent, and double edged. One being that Grand Dukes—nobody else in particular—should behave. The other—the *canaille* should bear patiently the inflictions of their betters. Whichever you please my little dears. Great is *VANITY FAIR*, and the opera is its pulpit, and We are its Prophet.

By our Mathematician.

Our special Mathematician whom we employ to calculate our change and measure our line of policy, says that the tangents at which the Southern States will be thrown off by their revolution can be found only in a careful study of the Sines of the times.

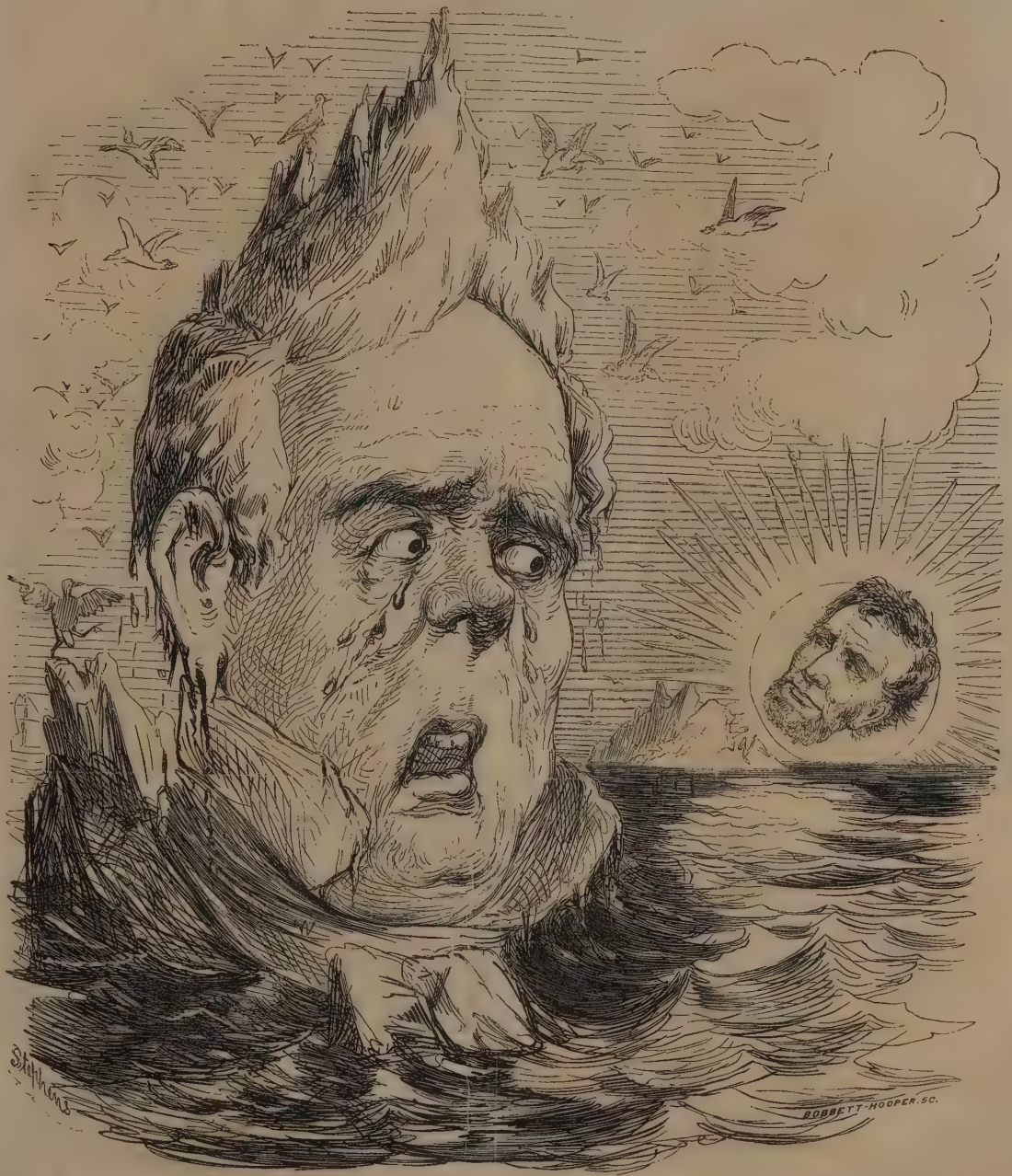
The Rugged Path.

A city daily, in noticing the sale at auction of sundry mysterious articles belonging to the late chaste order known as the sons of Malta says "the Rugged Path was not sold." Members who walked over it were, however.

The Southern Cross.

An Octoroon.

VANITY FAIR.



OUR GREAT ICEBERG MELTING AWAY.

FROM THE TEN CENT LADY.



I AM the monster in female form compelled by a djinn of an artist to sit on the Dime for 1860, and hold a cane with an old stocking on top of it, in my left hand, while I keep a shield steady with my right—not hand, for he has given me none—but with a forked radish where a hand should be. My right arm, in order to keep the shield steady, has been made about the size of my leg; but my left fore-arm you will note, is excessively slight, and adapted to its easier

task. My head is very small, the artist deeming it unnecessary to give an overplus of brains to one whose whole duty it was to take her ease by looking at E in the word States. My neck, like a scared terrapin, is drawn in, but can be elongated at pleasure. My legs are entirely out of proportion to my body, but as I only have to sit still they are of little account. My right shoulder is very high in the air, but it is elevated in order to sustain as much as possible the weight of my arm, which is like a Frankfort sausage. As for my clothes, I am reduced to my last shifts to protect myself from the gaze of the many blackguards through whose hands I pass. Oh, that the artist had given me something to cover my right arm! The Goddess of Liberty half clad, when muslin is only ten cents a yard. Fie, for shame!

The anatomy of my figure, my dress, my ignoble duties of holding an old stocking on a cane, and a shield with a very sharp point and very dull letters—would be endurable had I the light of that grand old galaxy of thirteen stars to gaze at—but it is gone, or as Emerson says for short, “‘Tis gone!” and in the place of the galaxy, I am surrounded with a legend like a camp meeting crowded here and scattered there.

I have never seen my name, for it is engraved on my back, but a man through whose hands I passed the other day said that the letters composing it were like show-beef; too much fat here, too little lean there. That the wreath surrounding the letters was made of Lilliputian corn, and Brobdignagian wheat and tobacco, and that it was the first time he had ever seen oak leaves two feet long! He considered the introduction of the horse-leeches alongside the wheat an admirable idea, typical as it was of the blood-suckers at Washington, under the pusillanimous guardianship of Ten Cent Jimmy.

I remember, my dear VANITY, that in 1858, when you were only in the spirit; and not in the body, how bitterly you laughed at the Turkey-Buzzard stamped on the cent coin of that date, and that thanks to your words the buzzard flew off before the Indian head of 1859—a head, by the way, well executed, characteristic and appropriate.

In conclusion, I pray and entreat all good Americans, loyal and true, to unite together and demand that our coinage shall no longer be the laughing-stock of the world. That liberty, holy and pure, shall not be caricatured as it is now on every coin, save the meanest and smallest—the cent! And that as future generations will judge of our cultivation, our intelligence, our claims to civilization, by our coined money, we may not win for ourselves from them the title of rude and uncultivated, by the execrable designs now defacing our coinage. So mote it be.

LIBERTY ON THE DIME.

Assault with a Pistol.

Whenever we see the above heading to a city paragraph, now, it reminds us of the recent outrage committed upon a sea captain by the bullies of Savannah, for we think what a pity it is that the abused mariner was not A Salt with a Pistol on the occasion referred to.

The Cross Stitch.

When a woman intends to give a man the Mitten she generally begins by Knitting her brows.

One Strong Advantage of Fort Sumter.

It can never Get Out of Water.

A NEW THING ON THE PROGRAMME.

Within the past few weeks we have received nearly a hundred letters from gentlemen of eminence, in every walk of life, asking our advice upon the propriety of ventilating their little things, in that popular sheet, the *Programme*. Our reply has invariably been that of the Spartan Mother to her son on the eve of battle—(our Greek man is out,) “go in!” As a sample of this interesting correspondence, we subjoin the following:—

SENATE CHAMBER, Feb. 24th, 1861.

“V. FAIR, Esq.

Dear Sir:—Pardon the presumption which prompts one who only knows your name, and who must confess himself a novice in all that pertains to the world of light reading, to approach you upon a subject intimately connected with his future career. I have heard of great successes achieved by certain business men in the metropolis whose guiding star you may proudly vaunt yourself to be, by publication of their wares in a poetical form, in a cotemporary of yours, called the *New York Programme*. I am emboldened to ask your counsel upon the subject of adopting a similar course with regard to a little thing of my own which I feel very anxious to recommend to the American Public. Do you think I would succeed as nicely as SMITH BROTHERS? Would I do as well as ROBERTS? I am able to snatch but brief intervals between my lighter senatorial duties for the labors of poetical composition, but I enclose a few verses for your inspection, hoping that if you are satisfied with them, you will make a reasonable contract with your cotemporary for the publication of about six lineal yards of the same.

Yours, most profoundly,

JOHN J. CRITTENDEN.

P. S. You pay the *Programme*, and I'll pay you. The Treasury being empty, we fellows in the Senate who keep house, receive due-bills on the butcher, baker, and grocer. As you have enough to eat I suppose you won't want them. Those of us who board, are permitted to run up bills at WILLARD's to a certain amount, (I regret to say the limit of that amount compels us to sit at the second table, and when WILLARD hands them in to the Treasury he gets his pay in Government coupons. WILLARD does not chop his hash as fine as he used to, and no member can have more than one fried egg, which results from the above. We fellows will not be allowed to butter our bread on more than one side, neither, till JOHNNY DIX gets in the new loan. Wherefore I shall be obliged to return what you disburse on my behalf to the *Programme* man, in the shape of jokes. As I am just beginning, you can call them only 25c., when you balance. This is a joke. Why is BILLY SEWARD like MARTIN FIRECRACKER TUPPER? Because he's accused of Turgid-verse-ations (Teigversations.) I don't like that *d* in “turgid,” because the joke is not so apparent as if it were out, but I guess they'll be able to see it. An early reply will oblige, &c.

J. J. C.”

The enclosed poetry we sent to the *Programme*, but as it will be crowded out for several weeks by SMITH BROTHER's new stock of poetical spring goods, we have concluded to give our promising young friend from Kentucky a lift by putting it in our own columns.

A RURAL EVENING SCENE.

AIR.—Wait for the Wagon.

As Julia Carey Reinhardt
Was coming through the rye,
There was a quiver on her lip,
A tear was in her eye.

CHORUS.—Oh my lovely Julia!
My lovely Julia Carey!
My Julia Carey Reinhardt.
I beg you not to cry.

The sun is sloping downward
Toward the Western hills,
The sky is calm and holy,
But grief her bosom fills.

CHORUS.—Oh my lovely Julia! &c

The clouds like sleeping again
Breathe airs of fragrant dew,
And everything is happy
My Julia C. but you!

CHORUS.—Oh my lovely Julia! &c

Come lie upon my bosom
Beneath this drooping elm,
And tell your AUBREY MORTIMER
What sorrows overwhelm!

CHORUS.—Oh my lovely Julia! &c.

Exactly she complied
And did as per request,
She laid her *PHALON-odored head,
On my *SMITH Brothers vest.

CHORUS.—Oh my lovely Julia! &c.

And while she tells her bitter grief
My raptured breath I smother,
She sobs in broken syllables
"I have a-bub-bub-brother!"

CHORUS.

"That brother is a Congressman
But to my sup-pup-prise,
He won't vote for Kik-CRITTENDEN'S
Kik kik-kik-Compromise!"

CHORUS.

The shadow of the el-lum tree
Is traversed by another,
A manly form breaks through the rye,
'Tis Julia Carey's brother!

CHORUS.

He lifts her in his stalwart arms,
And bids her dry her eyes,
"I guess," says he, "that after all
I'll go the Compromise."

CHORUS.

The stars peep out, my Julia C.
Smiles with no grief to clog her,
Puts up her cambric, and my friend
Invites us down to lager.

CHORUS.

Now all who loves that form of beer,
Sweet smiles, or starry skies,
Vote off straightway and vote for J.
J. CRITTENDEN'S compromise!

So much for our young friend from Kentucky. We received on the same day another poetical advertisement, with a particular request that it should be inserted in the *Programme*, previous to the return of a celebrated divine, whose re-appearance on our melodramatic boards might otherwise fail to elicit the much desired sensation. As it has been crowded out of our Cotemporary by the same ubiquitous SMITH who squelched the other little thing—we find a corner for it. It is short, and the last with which we will sacrifice our reader's comfort on the shrine of personal advancement.

SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

AIR.—*Let Erin remember the Days of Old.*

I stood in the shadow of old Mont Blanc,
And wrote a book about him,
But I thought of the Colored Man all the time,
And those cursed scamps who flout him!

I climbed to the top of the Pyramids,
And guessed their height to a figger.
But in the yellow Egyptian light
My principal thought was—the Nigger!

I drank camel's milk on the Bedouin sands,
Ate oats in the land of McPherson,
But I tasted, I swear, in my grub everywhere
The flavor of Colored Person.

I went to see the Sisters Seven
On LAURA KEENE'S stage spectacular,
They talked like the devil—but oh dear me!
It wasn't the true vernacular.

If you want to hear *that*, the sulphur and fire
That is relished by true believers,
Tell cussin done in true Clerical style,
Drop in at GEORGE B. CHEEVER'S.

The Southern Flag.

In the Southern Congress they are still undecided as to what flag shall wave over them. Crescents and crosses, stars, and for all we know garters, find advocates. Halt there!
Put a Red Eye Flag On.

*Don't you think that the merchants named might be induced to contribute a little something towards the expense in consideration of that? J. J. C.

EXIT JACOBUS.



The last hour is at hand!

JAMES—adieu!
We repeat it tearfully, mournfully distinctly—adieu!
This is the last booth—we mean the last number of VANITY FAIR in which we can talk to you as President of so much of the United States as your enormous genius has left.

JAMES—CARLYLE said that ROBESPIERE ought to have been a sour, narrow Methodist preacher. Y o u

were meant to shine in small vestry meetings—to dabble in ward elections—to talk scandal with highly respectable old ladies, and distinguish yourself generally by a white waistcoat.

And you are going!

Adieu! We're glad you're going to a peaceful Rye land surrounded by very little water, where you are popular. How queer it seems that you should be popular anywhere. Adieu. No more shall we compliment you as present President—no, not one solitary more. When you turn over our volumes and recall the days when we were wont to distinguish you, perhaps you may wish yourself President again. But don't do it. We made you celebrated JAMES—we did our best by you. In your Retirement, pray for VANITY FAIR.

HALF BAKED.

My Dear Editor of Vanity Fair:—I have always had a desire to be a witty man. As SHERIDAN once said, "it is in me." The only trouble is to get it out. In this matter you can aid me. What I want is an Editor. I have a splendid idea of jokes and such like witty things. My only trouble is in perfecting them. Somehow or other I can never do that part of the business. If you will help me in this matter, I can be the most valuable contributor you have. Just now I have on hand a whole lot of conundrums to which I want answers, and almost as many answers to which I want conundrums. I will send you some of them. Perhaps it would be interesting to your readers to make up the questions and the answers for themselves.

For instance, here is a splendid conundrum. All that it wants is an answer to complete it.

Why is President BUCHANAN like the late NICHOLAS BIDDLE?

You see, they were both Presidents, and one had the United States and the other the United States Bank, and both failed in their management.

I am quite certain that there is an answer to that conundrum which would make it a first rate one. Now here is another.

Why could not the Southerners in Congress be soft-soaped by the delegation from Wall Street?

You see Mr. LATHERS was one of the delegation. Some of the fellows who do such things up so neatly for you can make a great hit on that. There is the same chance with my answers. Take for instance the words,

Delusion and effusion,
or
Convict and conviction,
or
Prison and misprision.

All these words are good answers to questions bearing upon our present political difficulties. The fact is that the air all about us is as full of jokes as it is of music. All we want is the person who can catch the fleeting joke and evolve its wit as Musicians do its melody. If you can do any thing with these ideas, I will send you more. Meanwhile I am yours. JOKOSUS.

The Great Literary Question of the Day.

What will WALT. WHITMAN'S Leaves of Grass be when they are dried, and posterity has raked 'em—Hey?

Our Botanist Again.

General Twiggs, who commands the Southwestern division of the United States armies, has just surrendered all the Government property in Texas, and further more accepted a commission from the State of Georgia. It seems to us that Twiggs has literally put himself up a tree by this move. The Spring season is at hand, and we would respectfully and botanically suggest that it would be a favorable season for shooting Twiggs.

Wallackadaisical.

Mr. LESTER WALLACK has just produced a comedy with the attractive title of "Central Park, or the House with Two Doors."

As if there was ever a house that hadn't two doors.

VANITY FAIR presumes that the distinguished dramatist made a mistake and intended to say that the house in question was of the Tudor order of Architecture.

Just So.

"A characteristic of the Black Republicans is to be lavish of other peoples' money, but particularly chary of their own.—N. O. Weekly Delta"

Such being the case—and the Delta of course knows—what ne plus ultra niggers FLOYD, COBB and Co. must be. As us some more dem hard qesh'un.

By Our Secessional Contributor.

Why is Brittania like a bad school-boy?
Because the former rules the waves, and the latter waives the rules.

A poor Cobb-web.

The one spun by RHETT at Montgomery.



OUTSIDE THE UNION.

Piratical Boy—"Hi! JOHN, YER IN A BAD FIX; YER HANDS IS FULL, AND YER CAN'T HELP YERSELF, AND YER NEEDN'T HOLLER FOR HELP, COS THE FOLKS INSIDE THE UNION CAN'T HELP YER; SO JUST FORK OUT A COUPLE OF EYESTERS OUT O' THAT ERE BUNCH, WILL YER, UNLESS YER WANT ME TER WHISTLE THE REST O' THE BOYS UP!"

THE HEAVY WEIGHTS OF LIGHT LITERATURE.

The sapient tariff committee in looking for "ways and means" to supply the treasury at the expense of common sense, have already run against several snags in the shape of enraged diamond merchants. But the funniest imposition which they propose to impose, is the duty on books from England. By this wise provision, all books published in that country more than thirty years ago, are admitted free of duty, while all published since that time, excepting pamphlets and periodicals (which are otherwise provided for) pay a duty of Fifteen Cents Per Pound!!! Think of that, gentle and sentimental reader—your SHAKESPEARE, your BYRON, and your MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, the immortal, submitting to an estimation by weight! Conceive, oh MINERVA! if this example should establish a precedent, how we should have little boys running into bookstores and demanding "a pound"—of COBB, (not HOWELL) or lovely ladies, desiring in dulcet tones, "a pound and a half of TENNYSON." Then should we witness the paradox in political economy of our heavy "Old Fathers," such as BENTHAM, and BUNYAN, and BENTLEY, and BURTON, (not WM. B.) and all the other busy B.'s of the period, being admitted free; while our modern light literature should be forced into the scale, and instead of being measured off by the gentlemanly denominations of £. s. and d., should insignificantly submit to the plebeian lb. oz. and dwt. We do beseech the framers of this painful bill, to pause awhile and consider the dire results which must ensue from its passage.

VANITY FAIR is well aware that this style of book-sale-ing against the wind of common sense, has long been in vogue (French pun) in China, where it is indeed perfected. If a book there falls short of a pound, the dealer at once tears so much from some other work as squares the balance. But we are not Chinese, and protest against the adoption of any such heathen Celes—no, we mean Infernalisms.

We have a notion that some old chap who imports extensively of books published more than thirty years ago, has had a finger in this literary pie; any way we consider the Bill decidedly a counterfeit one, and sincerely beg the "Fathers" not to let it pass.

WESTON.

Whenever a hog-reeve or Select Man is elected in New-England some queer individual invariably loses a most maniacal bet; and shortly after the closing of the polls, starts off somewhere with one leg strapped to his neck, or a portion of his head thrust into his mouth, or with his boots and hose stuffed into his vest pockets, or in some similarly absurd shape. He is sometimes closely followed by his neighbors, who stick penetrating pins and things into him in case he falters. He generally wins the wager and gorgeous accounts of his feat appear in the newspapers. He is ever after regarded as a very extensive individual and usually becomes the happy possessor of a two-wheeled chaise, a seat in the Gin'ral Court, a pair of bull-pups, and the respect and esteem of a large circle of relatives and friends. The originator of these wild bets was a Corporal or General, or something of that sort, named P. BURLY BORE, who wheeled a citizen of Newburyport "and another barrel of rum" from that place to Boston, amidst enthusiastic applause. The last person who seeks fame in this way is Mr. E. P. WESTON, a youth of some twenty-two summers, and a citizen of Providence. He failed in finding a man who was anxious to bet that A. LINCOLN wouldn't be elected, and so gave out that in case A. L. should be victorious, he—WESTON—would walk to Washington. Of course he had a perfect right to walk to Washington, or to walk off the bridge into the River, or to "walk chalk Ginger Blue," but what does it signify?

Why seek fame at the expense of sore feet and a damaged constitution? Why not ride to Washington? Why go to Washington at all? Why not go to Taunton? We know full well why a hen crosses the street—it is because she desires to get on the other side! But what sense is there in WESTON walking to Washington simply because A. LINCOLN, who, from the singular circumstance of having received the most votes, is about to assume the genial duties of the Presidency? Don't be so absurd, WESTON. Take VANITY FAIR's advice and return at once to your fond but too indulgent parents.

The Virginia Garnett.

How dost thou like this jewel?

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 Henry VI., Act 1, Scene 1.

LETTER VIII.

THE PRESS GANG.



O awriter oppressed by the want of novelty, and "matter"—the Freedom of the Press is a glorious thing and a grand theme. I shall not forestall my great national autobiography by any further remarks on the subject.

When I say the Press of America is free, I assert a fact which, aside from its novelty, is political rather than pecuniary in its application, and wholly consistent with Terms Cash, Invariably In Advance.

Have you never observed how many admirable but illusive paragraphs in our independent and honorable dailies are contributed by that talented and versatile writer? Do you know how they pronounce his name? Just shake hands with yourself against your knee—chink, chink, just so; you have it exactly. Cash Terms, Terms Cash, Invariably In Advance. This may remove some little uneasy uncertainty which may have existed in your mind concerning the connection with the Latest News from Fort Sumter! ANDERSON refuses to surrender! We all use (we don't) SNIDDICKERS' Liver Pills and W. S. (this is a modest pen, sir). The Cry is Still They Come! Everybody is Rushing to the Apollo Clothing Emporium, 2006 Broadway, corner of the Bowery, sign of the Big Red Scissors. Don't forget the number, etcetera, and so forth.*

Do you know SLUSHMEYER? No! I'm surprised. Why he is in the "best society" and has the *entrée* to all the best houses; I mean the biggest, of course. The venal scribbler prejudice is fast dying out, I assure you, and we are beginning to recognize at last, the merits of that very superior article, a steel pen, tipped with gold. SLUSHMEYER is the man who got your name wrong when you went to the fancy ball and mistook LADY WASHINGTON for a Marquise of the time of LOUIS QUATORZE or HENRI QUATRE, which highly respected parties seem, according to popular superstition, to have enjoyed a monopoly in the Marquise line. He is the man who calls you our universally respected fellow townsman, or our amiable and accomplished hostess, or our gentlemanly and accomplished host. You wouldn't believe that those wild acrobatic letters in the New-York — (fill in the name with your special abhorrence; the paper you don't take but only borrow) emanate from the brain, covered with a shiny billiard-baldness of that well-dressed, but rather fluffy looking, stubby little man there. That is SLUSHMEYER. He is the representative of the literature of the Day. He is one of those dashed letter-writers of whom you are so much afraid. Ah! you may laugh at his insignificant appearance, but don't let him catch you at it, for he never forgets, and as young CARRAWAY LEE remarks after the manner of the times, "he do sling a nasty old pen."

I tell you, sir, he knows everything that is going on, and everything that has gone on, and everything that shall or will go off; and what he don't know he guesses. His motto of life is "Sufficient for To-morrow." Have your fling at him, if you must, for asserting on Monday what he contradicts on Tuesday, ridicules the possibility of on Wednesday, confirms from the very best authority on Thursday, proves indisputably on Friday, and exposes as an absurd *cunard* (as the dailies will say, meaning not a steamer, but "duck, an idle rumor," which spells itself with another a) on Saturday. Laugh at him if you like, but remember that these be his daily bread, and that even a member of the "Reportorial Profession" (whatever that may be) must live, even though you may not fully perceive the necessity of such a course. He is a weathercock of consistency, differing from all other known

weathercocks in shifting to raise the wind instead of to indicate its direction.

He and his profession are, indeed, the only members of the great Third House who are admitted *per se* (as the phrase of the day hath it) upon the floors of the other two Houses. If the word he drops to his member as he passes up the aisle to-day doesn't have its due effect, to-morrow he will speak to a constituency of fifty thousand "enlightened" readers. That was a very common-place remark of the late Cardinal RICHELIEU (Sir E. B. L.'s I mean) about the Pen being mightier than the Sword. That part about "in the hands of the truly great," especially.

My rural friends, who have a private mythology of their own and imagine a legislator as a superhuman being, spending his life in speeches and the franking of speeches, and spoken of, with black borders and adjourned over for, and caricatured in brass by CHARK MILLS when he dies, may wonder how a few words from the pen of a "reportorial" Lobbyman should produce so extraordinary and powerful an effect on their own peculiar brevet demigods. To such of those friends as are not wholly abandoned to agriculture, I submit two remarks which ought to be final:

Man is mortal.

A member is a Man.

Try it yourself, and see how you will like being made the laughing stock or the scorn—but of fifty or a hundred thousand credulous readers per offended, reporter. New members will take the advice, (the older ones don't need it) of a man who knows, to say the least, a thing or two, if not more, and yield to the charge of his solid columns provided it isn't unreasonable. Why, bless my soul! It's nothing when you are used to it, and if you only make up your mind to it you will never taste the oil, so neatly is it disguisable in orange juice. "Oh, Mr. SAPHOCHILD," SLUSHMEYER will say to you if you ever have the misfortune to be in "the House," "There's a little bill coming up on Wednesday in which some old friends of mine are interested. Ah, h'm, I wish you'd just look at it and see what you can do for us. We don't want anything but what's right, you know."

There: you see how easy it is!

But, odds! calthrops and thumbscrews! Look out for the — (blank as before) of Thursday morning, if you and SLUSHMEYER shouldn't seem to see things in the same light.

Whew!

At least, that is my opinion!

Every Dog has his Day.

We were greatly frightened on reading in an Alabama paper, a short time since, an account of a family named DAX, seventeen members of which, if we remember rightly, took up arms in the cause of Alabama, when secession came to be favorably considered by the residents of that section. The smallest of these seventeen DAXs is six feet seven inches high in his bare feet, they do not wear socks in Alabama. He weighs about three hundred pounds, and has a good appetite. As he is quite a small man compared to his sixteen brothers, he is a great pet among them and costs no end of money on account of sweetmeats. A "Southern Planter" has kindly forwarded to our office a specimen of the cigars manufactured expressly for these DAXs. It took two of our editors to smoke it—one at each end. Every Dog has his DAX, and of such is the body-guard of Alabama.

The Rattlesnake.

Whene'er at Charleston, S. C.,
Folks undertake fortifications,
With Fascines every loop they lay,
With Fascines barricade each station;
And then hoist up the Serpent flag,
To culminate their Fascination.

By a Northern Housekeeper.

Why is South Carolina like a mattress?
Because it is full of Wooley Hair that must be kept down, while
the whole concern is supported on Tick.

Senator Sumner.

Now is the winter of our discontent
Made gloomier, SUMNER, by thy obstinacy.

By an Ex Post-Master.

Why can't you live a day in Pensacola?
No P. M. there.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER X.

The discovery that Mr. Muffles was "spoons" on Lottie—as he would have expressed that gentleman's state of mind with regard to any body else but his own sister—combined with the entire failure to discover whether or no the young lady were spoons on him—awoke in Mr. Primpenny's mind a feeling of great anxiety. He began to reflect that Muffles was a delightful fellow to know, but was he exactly the sort of man for a brother-in-law? He could commit to Muffles with perfect faith the training of his trotter—the carts of his dinner-party, the selection of his boxing gloves, the management of his own daily life. But could he entrust him with the happiness of his sister? It was a subject on which Stuyvesant thought long and well.

Mr. Muffles and he had not only taken lunch at Isaiah's on the day chronicled in our last chapter, but had staid to dinner. Mrs. Primpenny having asked Mr. Muffles if he wouldn't do it, the young man replied "with pleasure" and showed in his face that he meant it; all this without consulting Stuyvesant who sat but a yard off and felt mightily like saying that they had an engagement. At least, without further consulting him than to beg pardon for not doing it, after he had accepted the invitation and refusal was too late.

At dinner, as a matter of course, Mr. Muffles was introduced to Mr. Primpenny, Senior. The guests were so disposed that Mr. Primpenny Senior could spend the leisure moments of his dinner rumination in studying Mr. Muffles' profile. Mr. Primpenny Senior took advantage of the chance and kept revolving in his mind through all the courses, the questions whether a young man who wore his hair parted nearly in the middle, could possibly hope to succeed in the coal-scuttle line of life, also whether that Grecian nose didn't indicate a perverse tendency not to carry an umbrella. Mr. Primpenny Senior could not have given any reason to himself why he asked these searching mental questions about Mr. Muffles, save that he held the established conviction that all young men were heretically opposed to the moral discipline of umbrellas—tried to dodge the great eternal fact of coal-scuttles—and were therefore to be distrusted as incendiary and disorganizing. Furthermore—though this was such a subtle reason that by no possibility could he have acknowledged it even to himself—that Mr. Muffles was a friend of Stuyvesant's, and because Isaiah loved Stuyvesant too much to abhor his wicked ways, the suspicion and discountenance which glanced off of him, ricocheted and hit the nearest man who was of his reckless way of thinking.

Mr. Muffles had frequent occasion to turn his head in the direction of Mr. Primpenny Senior, Miss Lottie occupying the seat between the young man and her father, and needing, though she said nothing about it, the most constant attention to a plate where no young man with human feelings could think of permitting roast goose to be without its proper accompaniment of apple-sauce, and least of all, Mr. Muffles.

Every time that Mr. Muffles turned in that direction he caught Mr. Primpenny Senior studying him, and with inward agony sought to square his face into the most practical shape possible, the shape most calculated to convey an impression of great natural aptitude for success in coal-scuttles. He did this by a wonderful telegraphic instinct known as *love*—set in operation by the battery of Mr. Primpenny Senior's face, and operating as powerfully as if they had enjoyed a long consultation together. He was half on nettles—half on roses. In the first condition, because he knew that a man who had become the embodied idea of life-long and successful coal-scuttles was not the man to be prejudiced in his favor. In the second, because the delightfully anxious thought occurred to him, whether Mr. Primpenny Senior might not be studying him, for the reason that he suspected a *mutual* passion between him and Lottie, and wished to make the darling of his heart happy in the man of her choice if it could in any way be made consistent with her future happiness.

Every time that Mr. Primpenny Senior was caught, he was deeply abashed—and fumbled about vaguely with his hands as if he were feeling for his umbrella and wished to put it up, but had committed the first great error of his life in mislaying it. On these occasions he invariably concealed his embarrassment by the remark, shot point blank at Mr. Muffles as if it were some striking-

ly original projectile to which he conscientiously served as howitzer, that the season was advancing rapidly. Once he varied the phrase by saying explosively "buds bursting," and a second time by a similar utterance to the effect that the spring was an early one. To all of these propositions Mr. Muffles assented on the spot, with a flattering earnestness which mortified him as soon as he heard his own voice, and made him miserable for five minutes with the fear that he should be thought attempting to get on the right side of the venerable man in whose hands his fate lay suspended. Finally, when Mr. Muffles had looked around a dozen times, and caught Mr. Primpenny Senior studying him as many times, and heard a corresponding number of repetitions of the meteorological aphorism, and assented each time with a disgraceful alacrity, he got into such a state of bewilderment that he did not dare to look in Lottie's direction at all, and had to steady himself by gazing on the kind maternal face of Mrs. Primpenny, whom he presently engaged in cheerful conversation.

All this time, Lottie, with an appetite from her long walk, which lunch had not extinguished, addressed herself to the goose and apple-sauce in so vigorous a style that Mr. Muffles was still further harrowed up within, and got into a fearfully tangled state of mind by proposing to himself how much roast goose and apple-sauce a girl could really eat who returned the heart's best but still unspoken affection. The only relief to his mind appeared in the fact that when he asked her if she would have more apple-sauce she blushed—but whether it was from the sound of his voice, or delight at the peculiar form of the proposition, or ordinary good health, who could say without the power of divination?

As for Mrs. Primpenny, she absolutely persisted in being cheerful and sensible. There was no such element in her character as the pensive and distraught—and was there anything in a successful dinner and the fact of her children about her, to introduce either of those fresh principles for her better development? So she seemed to pay no attention to the fact of Stuyvesant's silent and murky manner, save to smile him into occasional monosyllables, and press on him the delicately mashed and browned potato, which she remembered as his childhood's first love among things esculent.

But on the whole, to everybody except Mrs. Primpenny, the dinner was by no means a festive and hilarious banquet. Mr. Primpenny, Sen., rose from it like a large boy, who, in spite of all his study had failed to get the lesson, and was going off to the pedagogue's private room to be thrashed for it. Stuyvesant pushed away his chair with an off handish air, which seemed to say that he had no further use for it or anything except innumerable segars and Pythagorean meditation. Miss Lottie jumped up quickly, and began playing a rapid waltz on the piano, where Mr. Muffles presently joined her in the faint hope that there would presently be some leaves to turn over, to make him forget the sensation of several pairs of cold tongs down his back, and a cushion or two of pins equally distributed over the surface of his body. Mrs. Primpenny alone remained tranquil and asked him if he sang—then if Lottie and he couldn't sing a duett.

Mr. Muffles said it would give him a great deal of pleasure, if Miss Primpenny liked to. Miss Primpenny made a similar reply, on the condition that Mr. Muffles liked to. Then they both fired at each other the cross question, "what do you sing?" and as always occurs in such cases, neither could by any possibility remember, just because they wished to remember at this particular time. At length there occurred the felicitous and entirely original idea of turning over the music-books till they came to a duett they both knew. Miss Primpenny sitting on the piano stool, and Mr. Muffles leaning over her, they whirled the leaves, stopping every now and then to criticise some piece which, by a striking coincidence, they had both liked or disliked all their lives. It may here be remarked that one great source of anguish to Mr. Muffles was the fact that Lottie hurried by all the songs that had the slightest reference to *love* with the utmost rapidity. Mr. Muffles deduced from this the conclusion that she had an absolute aversion to him, an exceedingly sensible conclusion which young men always make on such occasions, and a conclusion also, which, though it be impossible to keep it longer than a gentleman could hold a nice red-hot stone, still burns very badly while it stays.

At length, after much suspense on the part of Mrs. Primpenny as to whether they were going to sing at all, they concluded to try "When the Swallows." It was an old song, but then one never tires of it, you know.

Stuyvesant, who had been lingering on the boundaries of the parlor in a state of silent reflection, retreated as soon as he heard the first sound of this song. He felt dissatisfied with he knew not what, and these unfortunate swallows, as being "spoony," were the first tangible thing against which the feeling could be directed.

He retreated to his father's study, the curiously misnamed room where no study was ever done, and the same in which was held

he conversation of our first chapter on the subject of the partnership. Isaiah was writing business letters with a great gold pen that looked like a Banker's specie-scoop—and in the course of his long and eventful life, had indeed served him a very similar purpose. As Stuyvesant entered, he looked up, said, "In a minute, sit down," and concluded the letter with a great square signature like a battalion of grenadiers all the least little bit intoxicated, and leaning in the same direction. This being accomplished, he laid the scoop away on a great cast-iron rack over his cistern of an inkstand—smote a sheet of blotting paper on the letter with his fist, and said,

"What is Muffles?"

"What is he? How do you mean, sir?"

"Merchant—Lawyer—Minister—Broker—Captain in the Navy—gentlemen of leisure—loafer—what is he?"

"He's a lawyer. That is, he's studying law in Chillgrin's office."

"Oh! ah! Chillgrin, heh? Chillgrin is a good name. How does Chillgrin like him?"

"I'm sure I can't say. He is a fellow of wonderful genius—"

"That's not at all in his favor. Go on."

"I am not an intimate friend of Mr. Chillgrin's, consequently I'm not admitted to any private confidence on the subject of his likes and dislikes. He can't help *admiring* Muffles, I'm sure."

"No! Why?"

"Because he's one of the most versatile men that ever lived—has the most comprehensive mind. I suppose that Muffles could fit himself to become Indian interpreter to the War-office at six weeks notice—or Professor of Astronomy in a College—or President of a Rail Road—or Engineer to the Croton Board, in as short a time."

"Does the War-office want an Indian interpreter?"

"Not that I know of."

"Is there a College at present with a vacancy for an astronomer? A rail road without a President? Is the Croton Board anxious for an engineer?"

"How can I tell? No—I suppose not."

"Then, sir!" replied Isaiah, bringing down his fist again upon the unoffending blotting-paper—"What's the good of his being ready to be those things?"

"Those are nothing but illustrations."

"*Il-lus-trations*!" said Isaiah, with measured contempt. "Stuff! I tell you, sir, the trouble with all young men of this day is *il-lus-trations*! You want to know what a young man can do, and instead of doing it he gives you *il-lus-trations*! Send for a blacksmith to make you an iron fence round your lot in Greenwood, and he hands you a pretty little sheet of embossed letter-paper with pictures of iron fences to select from. You take your pick, say to him, 'there! put up that!' He goes away and erects some horrible monstrosity that looks as much like the picture as you look like General Washington. It's set crooked—it rusts—it tumbles down—in a year you have to get another one. There's *il-lus-tration* for you! It's so with the grocer's advertisement of good butter, and the butcher's praise of his steaks, and everybody's recommendation of everything, all *illustration*! The world, sir, at this day, is all one confounded pictorial newspaper—full of handsome pictures of ugly men, and dry airy plans of wet nasty building lots, and representations of forts, and court-houses, and vessels, and battles that bear no more resemblance to the original than a crowbar bears to a tooth-pick!"

"You're a Pre-Raphaelite," said Stuyvesant, with a smile.

"Heh? What's that? Don't be impudent, Stuyvesant?"

"Oh, no! that's considered very high praise. But it's an illustration—so I withdraw it."

"When I was a boy, print and pictures were dear. Action was cheap. A man had to roll up his sleeves and strike, *then*. He didn't hand you a picture of a man with his coat off and a hammer in his hand, and tell you that that did just as well. To come back—what can this Muffles do that's worth anything? Can he do what he has to do? No illustrations now!"

"To tell you the truth, he doesn't like what he has to do; he doesn't like the law."

"That's not the question, sir! Can he do it?"

"No man can do well what he doesn't like to do. What a singular interest you seem to take in Mr. Muffles!"

"Do I? Well, sir, what's to prevent? Have you any objections, sir?"

"None in the least—I'd like to have you—"

"So I thought! Well, sir, I *won't*—I won't take an interest in him! I'm not to be coerced into taking an interest in any man!"

"I have no desire to coerce you, sir."

"Of course you hav'n't. You know you couldn't. Did I say you could? But what do you bring him here for—introduce him to the society of your mother and sister? I believe, sir, he's a dangerous young man! A bad companion for you, sir! He has

infected your mind with a dislike to practical life—led you out of the paths of duty and business—made you an airy, aimless, flighty, highy-tighty, rattle-brained fellow like himself! Such company has been your ruin, Master Stuyvesant!"

Isaiah herewith groaned and became silent. The idea of the innocent and plastic Muffles having led him away, the experienced and worldly-wise Stuyvesant, was so ridiculous to the latter young gentleman that he laughed inwardly. But his eyes had been opened by his father's last remarks. He perceived that Isaiah was thinking of the very same subject as himself—that his interest in Muffles was only a rebound from his interest in his daughter. Yet here sat the father and son, both revolving the same anxieties, and, by one of those strange mental restraints, which, like a waking nightmare keeps grown-up people from disembosoming to each other, like children, their half-acknowledged thoughts, talked at cross-purposes without coming to any understanding.

Perhaps there could have been no worse time to do it, but Stuyvesant felt perversely impelled by the very fact that he could not openly broach the question which both had at heart, to show Isaiah Mr. Muffles' drawings.

"You say he is not a practical man;" said Stuyvesant. "Look here! In this envelope are some designs of his for your very business—which is certainly the most practical in the world. He did these in a few hours—and it seems to me that it would be invaluable to have such a man at the head of the pattern department."

With that, Stuyvesant emptied the envelopes on his father's table.

The old gentleman at first looked toward the designs with a gaze of contempt. Contempt then mingled with professional curiosity, and finally with an air like that of a dog who does not know whether he is hungry or not, but thinks it may be as well to secure a bone while it is in reach, put out his hand and took up one of the drawings. It was the Grecian temple coal-scuttle. "Humph!" said Mr. Primpenny Senior. "Merchant's Exchange! pretty thing to carry coals in!"—and tossed it back. Then he studied the Chinese pagoda pattern with an involuntary interest which Stuyvesant hoped was growing, but finally said Humph again, and added "Visionary!" One after another he lifted the pictures and examined them—sometimes with ill-concealed admiration in his eyes which lasted for a moment, but was always succeeded by the Humph, and impatient gesture of rejection. Finally, when he came to the ingenious invention for discharging coals at regular intervals upon the fire by clock-work, the moral, theological, fire-extinguishing, and musical coal-scuttles, when he had examined the explanations thereof, written in Muffles' most delicate hand, and requiring the utmost use of his spectacles, he whirled them away in a bunch—grew very red in the face and exclaimed with perfect abandonment.

"Sir! I tell you it's a failure! A perfect failure! If you think to insinuate this Muffles of yours into my good graces, into your mother's and—into your mother's regards, and into the bosom of my family—you're altogether mistaken, sir! I have a family to preserve—I am its guardian—and if you choose to put yourself out of it, that is not my fault. But you cannot bring strangers into it—utter strangers—visionary strangers—strangers without visible means of support! No sir! Not while I live!"

Stuyvesant kept silence for a moment, being taken quite agast, and before he could speak again, his father resumed.

"You are no longer a minor. I am not responsible for you. I am willing to support you, labor for you, as long as I have the means or power. But you must not bring your disreputable acquaintances into this house!"

"I have none such, sir!" replied Stuyvesant, reddening, "Mr. Muffles is every inch a gentleman!"

"No! None such? How many inches of gentlemen were there in a vulgar, beery, bloated, beastly fellow, a middle-aged—even an aged, reprobate, who yesterday afternoon broke into my counting-room and insulted me before my clerks by charging me with the ruin of his daughter? Did you see that exact number of gentlemanly inches? Did he call upon you? He said he was going to."

Stuyvesant grew fiery to the forehead. Every possible emotion varying through all the shades of anger and shame raged within him, and he could not speak.

"I will not ask you," continued Isaiah, "who that gentleman was. I expect that our family will be brought to shame by some scandalous case of breach of promise, or something worse, which will take me into court, compel me to testify to all kinds of disgraceful things—put the family into the newspapers, and bring your mother's and my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. But, sir, you shall not ruin all the peace of the household. I have given you an establishment. Stay in it as long as you can—dishonor yourself by wicked and abominable associations—but don't

bring them into the family! And look, sir—I am going to put a stop to all this—mighty quick, too!

Stuyvesant arose—his face feeling like some badly managed grate, whose blower the attendant had neglected to take off in time—muttered something about his supposing that he had a home where he could bring his friends, but finding himself doubly mistaken. Then his father and he returned to the parlor, where they found that during their absence Lottie and Mr. Muffles had got on so far that they were singing together, the duett, "I would that my love," and without the slightest symptoms of embarrassment—Mrs. Primpenny meanwhile applauding.

Stuyvesant waited till the song was through, and then in a marked manner, remarking that Mr. Muffles was now keeping bachelor's hall with him, and they had an engagement which would take them home early, bowed his adieu to his father, kissed his mother and sister, and dragged out Muffles, who, apparently, was in such a state of good humor, that without providential interposition he would have kissed everybody all around.

It was only a couple of nights after this, that Stuyvesant attended a German dance in Hoboken. He noticed, during the evening, that the beer had an unusually bitter taste, and a remarkably soporific effect. Towards the small hours of the morning he was obliged to excuse himself from a pretty Fraulein whom he had engaged for the next waltz, and sitting down on a bench in the saloon just out of the ball-room, was instantly sound asleep.

Two gentlemen in cloaks, who told the barkeeper they were his friends, now took him up between them, and bore him out to a carriage, which drove rapidly away through the darkness.

(To be Continued.)

A WAIL FROM PHILADELPHIA.

Politics! politics! politics!
My mind's in a terrible state;
Never a matinee, party, or ball,
Not a reception or fête!

My dress coat hangs up on the wall,
Where it's hung since the last winter's dance,
And will probably hang for all time,
By the side of my evening pants.

I fear I shall want them no more;
And my boots (BENKEET swears they're his best),
Will appear never more on the crash or the floor,
But coquet in the dark with my vest.

And to fill up the cup of our sorrow,
The Bachelor's Ball's at an end,
For papas say their "daughters shan't go"
Unless things in the meantime should mend."

What a horrid condition of things,
When ladies forget the last fashion,
To talk of the news from the South,
And to vote HORACE GREELEY a thrashing.

If you speak of BRIGNOLI and COLSON,
They answer, "But YANCEY and COBB?
Of the garrison now at Fort Moultrie?
And the Arsenals seized by the mob!"

Why can't Carolina be still?
Why can't CALHOUN rest in his grave?
And why must they come in the way
Of the German? (oh long may it wave!)

I'm sure the Republican party
Would gladly give up all they've won,



"CUPID ARMED" AT THE SOUTH.

SUGGESTED BY THE FOLLOWING REMARKS FROM THE *N. Y. Herald* OF FEBRUARY 15TH.

"The Southern population are all fighting men from their childhood. They are always armed with revolver, or bowie-knife, or rifle."

Did they realize half of the mischief
Their actions already have done.

I'm afraid we must all become statesmen,
Be chosen our Country to save,
That over the heads of our children,
The Star-spangled Banner may wave.

Then I'd have to give up all my waltzing,
And try to forget the Galop,
Oh, why don't men cherish the Union?
And why do the Fates treat us so?

MURDER BY FIRE!

"Another Tenement-House Massacre!"
So our neighbor of the *Times* heads it—appropriately enough.
A fire in Fortieth street, where seven persons perished miserably in the flames.

Perished in spite of law, humanity or decency. Read!

"The building, with its miserably narrow stairway and decayed woodwork, was nothing better than a trap for human life—a tinder-box liable to ignition any moment, and so arranged as to make escape, after a fire had got fairly under way, almost impossible."

And so it came to pass that HENRY WOODS, after turning back to save his wife and five children, was burned alive with them.

There are contrivances—MACKENZIE'S is one, and most effectual too—which, when affixed to such houses, enable every soul to escape. Why is it that the landlords who own these murder traps are not compelled to render them something less than deadly?

Then to render it perfect, the scene

"Was further aggravated by the breaking out of an old grudge between two of the volunteer Fire Companies, who should have been at work extinguishing the flames. Regardless of the disaster within the walls of the flaming house, the members of Engine Company No. 1 renewed an unsettled difficulty with the members of Engine Company No. 18,—pistols, clubs and brickbats being freely used on both sides, we are told; and this contest being a second time renewed in Eighth avenue, after the police had interfered and separated the combatants in Fortieth street."

We make no comments—the bare facts tell their own abominable story. If the Devil be not rampant in New York, we should like very much to know where he is to be found.

South Carolina Jurisprudence.

Secession is nine points of the law!

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE PELICAN STATE.



THIS variety of Pelican (*Pelecanus Louisianiensis*) is to be met with along the great tract of low lands around Lake Pontchartrain—a tract inhabited chiefly by a tribe of people known as the Alluvial Flats. It, in common with all other marshy creatures, resides a good deal among the flags with which its native fens are providentially fringed. Recent authorities inform us, however, that it has of late experienced much difficulty in pitching upon the right kind of Flag to reside beneath, on account of the reckless manner in which the Alluvial Flats have cut down and trampled upon the good old one that once flourished so healthfully among them. Of all places, New Orleans appears to be the favorite head-quarters of the Pelican State; on account, perhaps, of the facilities there afforded it for obtaining its Daily Pic. Since the promulgation of the new tariff issued by the Congress of the Southern Confederacy, the Pelican State feeds chiefly upon the following nutritive articles, which are exempted from duty by that tariff:—Bacon, pork, hams, lard, beef, flour of all kinds, wheat and flour of wheat, and flour of other grains, Indian corn and meal, barley and barley-flour, rye and rye-flour, oats and oat-meal, gunpowder and all the materials of which it is made, lead in all forms, arms of every description, and munitions of war and military accoutrements, percussion caps and living animals of all kinds, also all agricultural productions in their natural state and fire. Previous to the issue of the tariff above referred to, the Pelican State lived almost exclusively upon whiskey; but that luscious esculent has been taxed by the Congress of the Southern Confederacy with a duty of 30 per cent., thus reducing it to the position of a merely occasional luxury, for the P. S., which cannot afford to indulge in it at its present exorbitant rate of 30 cents per gallon. The materials principally used by the P. S. in constructing its nest, are cotton, sugar, rice, corn, potatoes, hay and tobacco. Of these it usually has a large supply on hand, and from present appearances is likely to have more. On reference to sundry authorities, we find that the family of the P. S. is both widely disseminated and respectable. LINNÆUS, for instance, informs us that the genus *Pelecanus* includes the Pelicans proper, the Cormorants, the Solin Goose and the Boobies. We cannot conclude this article without expressing our admiration of LINNÆUS, for the sagacity with which he thus recognized a Great Fact, and the courage with which he published it.

P. S. In order to maintain lucidity, it may be as well to mention that these letters, whenever they occur in the above article, stand for Pelican State.

VANITY FAIR TO MAYOR WOOD.

NEW YORK, March 11th, 1861.

VANITY FAIR presents its compliments to His Excellency, the Mayor of New York, and desires to be informed by whose authority, on what pretext, the Flag of this Nation was not displayed from the City Hall on the fourth day of this present month, upon the occasion of the Inauguration of the President of the United States.

Mr. FERNANDO WOOD will have the goodness to remember that the City of New York has *not* seceded from the State, nor yet from the Federal Union, and that, consequently, he is by no means Emperor of Manhattan and Dictator of the opinions and wishes of its inhabitants, who, having been from time immemorial, accus-

tomed to see the Stars and Stripes floating from their public buildings upon the recurrence of the great Event above alluded to, feel no desire to have this eminently respectable custom unceremoniously ignored by any such person.

VANITY FAIR wishes Mr. WOOD distinctly to understand that his conduct, in disregarding the generous forbearance exercised toward him, has not met with that degree of approval which would suffice to blot out the recollection of who and what he is.

A LAY OF THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Once the Southerners talked of oppression,
Of meddlesome acts, and so forth,
Of raids and such deeds of aggression,
From JOHN BROWN, and the men of the North.

They said the election of LINCOLN,
They could not and would not endure,
They deemed it too dreadful to think on,
An evil which nothing can cure.

The North shouted LINCOLN for ever,
BRECKINRIDGE, the South said, was the man,
But ABE was elected so clever,
And then 'twas secession began.

Little CARRIE led off with her PICKENS,
And Georgia came next with her BROWN,
Both said they would go to the dickens,
Before they'd an inch knuckle down.

And Florida bullied and blustered,
She who trembled and crouched like a lamb,
When BILLY BOWLEGS his men mustered
Yet boldly defied Uncle SAM.

And Texas and other States followed,
And threatened and made a great spirt,
So frightened were they that they holloed,
Before they were certainly hurt.

They captured and stole for diversion,
Took money and garrisons fine,
But all of them cried out Coercion,
If Uncle SAM said, these are mine.

Forts Moultrie, Barrancas and others,
And mints and sub-treasures too,
Fell a prey to those peace-loving brothers,
Without any further ado.

They vied with each other in daring,
And blindly rushed on for a fight,
For life not a red copper caring,
While pillaging thus in their might.

But Florida, so goes the story,
Outvied all the rest in her deeds,
Marched on to the battle in glory,
To put Mrs. SLEMMER in weeds.

But PICKENS she wanted to capture,
She came, saw, and conquered 'twas said,
Took one pair of breeches with rapture
And felt that for freedom she'd bled.

Mrs. S. their return soon demanded,
The Florida troops stood their ground,
High words to no purpose were banded,
The breeches were not to be found.

But fearing the wife's indignation,
Who vowed she would soon man a gun,
They sent her off home for vacation,
And felt that the battle was done.

O ye who are fighting for glory,
Ye brave and ye valorous ones,
Forget not while life lasts, the story,
Of Florida's chivalrous sons.

Latest from California.

By Pony Express, we learn, under the head of Shipping Intelligence, "Ship Busted, up for Cork." We can't see what a Busted vessel wants with Cork.



Artistic Photographer.—NOT YOUR EXPRESSION, SIR!—YES SIR—MUST BE PRE-CISELY AS YOU LOOKED, SIR—IF YOU HAD SMILED, SIR—WOULD HAVE BEEN TAKEN, SIR—MORE DIGNIFIED, SIR, AS IT IS—DELICATE THING, SMILE, SIR—SOMETIMES COMES UP SIMPER.

Gent.—NOT MY SMILE AT ALL—DEMNED UNSATISFACTORY.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

By OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ROME, Feb. 18th.

DEAR VANITY:—Since my last, I have for the first time in my brief but varied existence, been inducted to the great mystery of the heart.

In short, I am in love.

I have yearned for fame in my time. I have longed for wealth. I have aspired to the possession of power. I have coveted a good head of hair. I have desired manly beauty, high-living, terrier-pups, diamonds, brown-stone fronts, malachite writing-desks, powerful biceps, a long life, meerschaum pipes, and virtue, at various eras.

Well, most of these boons are now mine. . .

But am I content?

Not so much as formerly.

Now, I yearn for one kindred son! . . . a heart to beat in unison with mine, and mine alone. A sweet sympathetic heart that can appreciate me, the unappreciated; understand me, the misunderstood. . .

And I am in a pretty fair way to get what I want.

The soft silver light of the moon threw misty bars of shimmering shine athwart the dusky olives that flank the ramparts of the Licentian Hills. The night was bathed in liquid beauty, and the nightingale murmured his voluptuous hymn to the wind-waved roses of the Randangean Gardens.

Rome slept. . .

Anon, uprose into the marrowy atmosphere of the Italian Summer sky, a soft serenade, whose dreamy cadences swept sonorously over the gray and dew-damped roofs of the Eternal City; mingled with the delicious clangor of the light guitar. . .

That was me, singing.

It seemed as if heaven rained pellucid streams of music; that the vines and olives cuddled beneath the mountain's massive shade, quivered audibly in the long flood of melody that drew from Rome across the sweet-sickened air of the marshes, to faint and die in the odororous purple of the cloud-argosies that hung their phantasmal splendors along the jewelled West.

There, that is in the style of Miss PRESCOTT.

To be brief, I sang at midnight, on a moonlight night.

A *jalousie* above me opened, and a bouquet fell at my feet, dropped by a hand as fair as that with which DIAN formerly beckoned ENDYMION. In the bouquet was a note, saying that I sang exquisitely, and that the writer was passionately fond of music. Further, that if I would pass the same spot the next morning, I could see one whose heart had been touched by my refrain, but whom I must refrain from touching.

It was signed PIUSETTA.

Away with war and tumult! I came to conquer. . . I am conquered! I came in the *Tantrum*, and I am in *tantrum* now! I saw the maiden at the *jalousie*, on the morning after my vocal triumph, and though I saw her but a moment, methinks I see her now. . . all my fancy painted her. . . like a red, red rose. . . morn, noon, and night, where'er I may be, ever I'm dreaming fondly of her, and would I were with her every day and hour, for she's all the world to me.

But. . .

I fear for the future.

She. . . PIUSETTA. . . is the daughter of the Pope, by his first wife, and is intended for a religious life. She is a superior lady, and His Holiness wishes her to become a Lady Superior. She is now a nun.

CAVOUR, who is here, asks me what style of woman I like best. "Nun!" say I. . .

I have called upon PIUS, who, as I have before indicated, is not at all a bad fellow. As yet, however, I have said nothing about his daughter. I shall make my marriage with her one of the conditions of the terms of my treaty with him. If he refuses, I shall join my vessel, the *Tantrum*, and open fire upon the city.

I have been told that I would find Rome a hard nut, but I think I can shell it.

GARIBALDI has gone to Hungary. He is enlisting the sympathies and sons of the people there. Let Austria, Prussia, Russia, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, France, and Europe generally, in fact, including Finland and the British Possessions in North America, tremble! *Le jour de gloire est arrive!*

Though I be something gracious and courtly in love, I am terrible in war. Great joy is within my flagons, but upon my sword sits Death, the Conqueror, enthroned. *Basta!*

And JOSE GARIBALDI is just like me.

And I am yours,

McARONE.

Letter from United States Senator Lane.

We have great pleasure in publishing the following letter from that brilliant statesman, the Hon. JOSEPH LANE, of Oregon. It may seem somewhat paradoxical that a Pacific statesman should be so ferociously warlike, but that is evidently none of our business.—We cannot comply with Mr. LANE's request in regard to hoisting the Palmetto flag, but we will say that we admire his (We allude to Mr. LANE, and not the flag, of course) boldness, candor and eloquence:

SENT CHAMBER, Washington, }
March the third, 18 60 *encl.*

Eds. Vanity Fair:—If god spairs my live I shall seessed with In 20 dase. Jouson of Lennyssa is ferment me but he haist got no intellcet into him. Sivl war is sartin & I wants to here the Kannin Ross. Hist the Palmettoe banit from on top your ofiss & let it waive to the Brees. Don't mucillate this manner-script and be partical not to make no Mistalks in the spellin and punktoate it proper, amerykan Staatsmen suffers from scrofulus papers which tries to bring them into ridicool by mucillatin there mannerscripts.

On to the frey! the god of Bottles smiles upon the palmettoe flag.

yours respectfully,

JOSEPH LANE.

Here They Are!

The English, because they found no little slippers in the ladies apartments in the Emperor of China's Summer Palace, argued that the small foot dynasty has passed away.

Bulls! had you have visited Central Park when the New York-eresses were on the ice, you would have seen where the dear Little Slippers were.

Shave for a Penny.

Enquire at the Jersey Central Railroad Office. But don't make a note of it. Notes are at a discount of four per cent there.

Logic and Epaulettes.

CHASE's plan of taking Fort Pickens by stratagem—an Illicit Process of the Major.



Delusive Druggist.—THERE'S 'IS HEEFIFY IN WAX, SIR, WISKERS AND ALL. TRY ONE OF THEM POTS, AND IN THREE WEEKS YOU'LL BE AS 'AIRY AND 'ANSOM AS 'IM.

MUSINGS ON THE MORNING PAPERS.

BY OUR CENTENARIAN.

"President BUCHANAN, thinking that Capt. POPE referred disrespectfully to the President of the United States, and thus violated the fourth article of war, has ordered him to be Court-Martialed."

This is the old question of "Pope or President?" again revived.

"Galveston advices state that Capt. HILL refused to evacuate Fort Brown, or to surrender the Government property."

Evidently that HILL is a mountain on Gen. TWIGGS' shoulders.

"A collision between the Federal and State troops in Texas is imminent."

Certainly, it is a mathematical fact that two bodies cannot occupy the same space at the same time.

"The Poney express from San Francisco arrived at Fort Kearney, yesterday."

The editor spells "pony" with an "e." If Pony were spelled oftener, he would have more Ease.

"Hail, Gentle Spring!"

No, don't; please don't. Reign, if you will, oh vernal season, but don't hail, particularly.

"Blessed is he who dies in the flower of his youth; it is as if he had risen from the midst of a feast before he was intoxicated."

Blessed is he who dies in the *flour* of his youth; it is as if he had risen from the midst of a meal before his cravings of hunger were sated.

"The sweepings of the HARPERS' establishment are worth \$1,500 a year."

The sweepings of the cross-walks cost more than they are worth.

"Many politicians claim to stand upon the Constitution."

Yes: as men do on kindling-wood—only to break it.

"The Seceded States are said to be sick of their course."

But they are now Recruiting.

REFLECTIONS.

BY OUR REFLECTOR.

It's all very well for poets and lovers to talk of mistletoe boughs, and all that sort of thing, but when the lover makes a hasty descent down the steps, and the Missile Toe comes after him, it isn't usually supposed to be quite so agreeable.

Successive generations have boasted of their Golden, their Silver, or their Iron Age: but it has remained for the people of the United States, in these days of Floyd and of negro slavery, to possess the right to mark this as their Bondage.

Vanity Fair to Virginia.

Virginia has voted she would not secede,
Let this to her honor be said,
That she who the States as the foremost did lead,
Can't now by six others be led.

"Take any other shape but this!"

When are you authorized in judging that
a man cannot keep his head above water?
When he has Sunken cheeks, of course.

For Our Havana Subscriber!

Will the new territory of Colorado be free or slave?—*Colorado Claro* or *Colorado Oscuro*? Answer by next steamer—and don't forget the Flor de Cabanas.

Tribute to the "Six Feet Four."

"Lincoln sweetness long drawn out."

"His (LINCOLN'S) speech cannot be read without the conviction that he means what he says, and where we miss the politician, we find the honest man."

Would that an honest man were found wherever we miss a politician.

"On to is good English."

Very well, then. As a Beak-on to the face is a toper's red nose, to warn voyagers off the bar.

"ANDREW JOHNSON, of Tennessee, has been styled a 'Second JACKSON.'"

There is small difference between a Jack and a John.

"What would old Uncle SAM say to the Mint Seizers at New Orleans?"

What's Funds to you may be death to me.

Reinforcements for Major Anderson.

We think the public has been hasty in its censure of the late Public Defuncionary, for not sending succor to the gallant commander of Fort Sumter. We observe that the batteries of that fortress are mounted with "10 inch Columbiads." If these are the famous BARLOW'S Columbiads, (though in that case the Bore is put at a rather low figure), the place is impregnable. No human ingenuity could force its way through such defences as these. Let the land-side of the fort be made terrible with a few "Conquests of Canaan," and the Charleston people will soon cry for quarter. Henceforth let no one deny the practical benefits of literature to a nation. The pen, in the hands of a BARLOW or a DWIGHT, is indeed mightier than the sword.

The Beau Ideal.

A Washington Correspondent writes:

"The tall dark form of Mr. LINCOLN appeared against the illumined parlor window of the hotel, the target of every eye."

That is, a Bow Ideal was in every peeper!

VANITY FAIR.



DARING LEAP.

MADE BY THE CELEBRATED ACROBAT LITTLE GIANT.

ROBERT HOOPER'S



Driver.—PLENTY OF ROOM FOR ONE MORE, SIR.

Gent.—THERE'S NO ROOM.

D.—NO ROOM—THERE'S CORDS—AFRAID OF BEIN' SQUEEZED, HEY? YOU OUGHTER HAVE A WHOLE COACH TO YERSELF—YOU OUGHT—AH! H! H! (*Sarcastically.*)

OUR WOULD-BE MINISTER TO SARDINIA.

Out in the cold, out in the cold,
JIMMY has vanished and JAMIE is sold,
Sold at a figure remarkably cheap,
Sold very long and broad and deep;
Left like a stick high and dry on the shore,
Sold as "Poor Pierce" once sold him before,
Cheated of Embassy, cheated of gold,
Out in the cold, JAMIE, out in the cold.

Out in the cold, out in the cold,
Let Decency laugh when the story is told,
And Honesty smile when some greenhorn believes,
That honor is EVER found among thieves,
Filth and falsehood, treason and shame,
Swallowed to win an Ambassador's name,
Fooled again as he was of old,
Out in the cold, JAMIE—out in the cold!

Out in the cold, out in the cold,
Could not lackey WIKOFF have at least told,
That when two are trading, and each is a scamp,
There's always treason at last in the camp,
But 'tis strange to see Treason's blackest elf
Her darkest poisoner poisoned himself,
Cheated by him to whom he was sold,
Out in the cold, JAMIE, out in the cold.

Out in the cold, out in the cold,
And the same old story again will be told,
And the same old slang and the same abuse,
Will be thrown on BUCHANAN—oh what's the use?
Why ask what no human nature could grant,
And then rave because you have missed what you want,
Over brassy and over bold,
Out in the cold, JAMIE, out in the cold.

Awful Hub-bub.

According to the printed evidence in the Boston papers, Mayor WIGHTMAN seems to have worked himself, the Police, and the Tremont Temple rioters all together into a very intricate snarl. Now VANITY wants to know why the brotherly Athenians, assembling on that beloved Park of theirs, the Boston Common, just as the sympathizing Africans on an earlier occasion are represented to have clustered around and upon their dear Mungo Park, can't unite for once in that touching song,

"Let us pity the poor WIGHTMAN."

A Carp-pet shaken out.

The *Evening Post* relates a story of a carp that was caught the other day, near Calais, with a ring fastened in it, bearing the date 1704. Our illiterate contributor says that this proof of the tenacity of life in the carp makes it obvious that this fish cannot be alluded to in the well-known Latin phrase *carpe diem*.

Invisible Planet.

Our reporter, not finding his own name recorded in the papers among the distinguished guests at the recent levee at the Astor House, congratulates himself (having barely escaped from the crowd with his life,) that his name is not more publicly associated with an Astor-risk.

March 4th.

The Pat-riots last worred to JAMIE :
Good Bye!

A Query for the Southern Congress.

Whether a Standing Army ought to be provided with Flying Artillery?

Out in the cold, out in the cold,
How he sneered and yelled over FORNEY of old,
(Another's loss is his sweetest bliss,) But FORNEY's fall was a triumph to this,
Begin, begin with your notes of sin,
The played out, worn out, wiry din,
The swindler is swindled—the seller is sold,
Out in the cold, JAMIE, out in the cold.

Good Little City.

If proof were wanting that Philadelphia was the most virtuous little place in the world, the following advertisement, which has appeared in the *Bulletin* of that city for the last two or three months would prove it :

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS,

"THE FIRST SIN,"

A beautiful Marble Statuette, by ANGELINE, on exhibition, for a short time.

Visitors will please bring their Opera Glasses.

If the First Sin is so small that it requires an Opera Glass to see it, why, Solar microscopes, let alone spy-glasses, couldn't see the other sins. Great are the Cosmopolites.

Theatrical.

The dramatic critic of the *Atlas*, in a notice of Mr. FRANK GOODRICH's lately published play, "Flirtation, and what comes of it" says that, so far as regards plot, the play is "a sad miss." Now if the dramatic critic of the *Atlas* had been a man of the *World*, instead, he would have known that, without a "sad miss," Flirtation is nowhere.

Why.

Why didn't they pay the Washington Commissioners by the day?
Because they did Piece work.

THE HERALD JENKINS.



The Jenkins of the *Herald* goes to the inaugural ball. Jenkins is as usual vulgar, happy, ungrammatical and sentimental. Jenkins commences at the beginning, as he would say himself, with a description of "the edifice" where the ball took place. A house is always an edifice with Jenkins. Jenkins, with the inevitable provivities of his race, hastens thence to the dressing rooms which he describes as "sumptuously garnished with a punch-bowl," which decoration is certainly suggestive of the propensities of the fair Washingtonians. Jenkins next finds his way to the ball room, "a white muslin palace of Aladdin trimmed with blue" as he poetically calls it. There for the first time in his life he sees ladies, and having seen them, proceeds to slaver them with his vulgar commendations. Mrs. BERGMANN, wife of the Belgian minister, according to Jenkins, "exhibited much grace and high culture both on the floor and in conversation." Does Jenkins here delicately hint that Mrs. BERGMANN fell? or does he mean to assert that the lady in question spent a portion of the evening seated on the floor, entertaining her friends in that oriental but awkward attitude? Of Mrs. ROOVER, he says that "no lady can discharge her husband's hospitalities with a more winning and graceful way." We have seen a shrewish wife turn her husband's bachelor friends out of door after a certain hour, but never could see either grace or attraction in such a discharge of a husband's hospitalities. Is this what Jenkins means? And so all through. Bad manners, bad grammar, servant's gossip about dress and diamonds, appraisal of ladies' costume, reportorial enthusiasm about supper, and all that tasteless fulsome of epithet for which the American reporter is famous. The *Herald* Jenkins is a great creature, but he is out of place. He ought to live in Hayti, and celebrate the high-life negro balls. The Duchess of MARRONS GLACÉES and the Count de VOLAILE AUX TRUFFES would be delighted with such first-rate notices as Jenkins gets up for the *Herald*.

Will She Secede?

By the State census of New Jersey we find that she has yet eight slaves left. Fearful that these, and her favorite son, HENRY ELLETT, recently appointed Postmaster General in the Southern Confederacy cabinet, may induce her to Go Out of the United States!!!—we would suggest that the State, in order to remove the lesser cause, the negroes, procure the services of ° H. W. BECHER, (this ° stands for Star Papers and Preacher,) to lecture the inhabitants and egg them on to desperation, and then squeeze out of its back-bone, the C. & A. R. R. Co. enough money to buy these eight colored brothers and present them to her favorite son, the aforesaid HENRY ELLETT; she will thus concentrate her afflictions and rid herself of the eight more terrible in the eyes of BECHER than Ate in the eyes of Jove.

OUR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

The wear and tear of intellect on VANITY FAIR is so enormous that the most brilliant writer or artist lasts only three months, at the end of which time he becomes either idiotic or consumptive. As VANITY FAIR considers it a sacred duty to provide for those who have sacrificed themselves in his service, and as the number of pensioners on his bounty was increasing with frightful rapidity, the matter became of considerable importance, and V. F. became sensible that even his magnificent fortune would soon be unable to sustain such charges. After some consultation and much cogitation he hit upon an excellent plan for providing for his protégés and relieving himself. He resolved to demand from Mr. LINCOLN in their favor all the foreign missions. It is needless to say that the request was no sooner made than granted; and V. F. had the pleasure of appointing a number of more than usually incompetent men to the different embassies. O'TITIAN, who has worked himself into a state of almost drivelling idiocy—goes to France. He does not speak a word of the language, and is given to drink, so that none of the traditions have been violated. Our Rosewater poet, the young gentleman who being now slightly impaired in his upper story, devotes his time to his hair, goes to Russia. He begged so hard for the mission on account of the bear's grease that V. F. had not the heart to refuse him. Our principal artist, who from being a model of manly vigor has dwindled to a living skeleton, goes to the Court of St. JAMES'S. He can spit straighter, chew more tobacco in an hour, whittle away his chair faster, and shoot quicker than any man in the United States. It is supposed that he will be highly acceptable at the British Court. Acting on a similar principle we have filled up all the appointments, and we are proud to think that this administration will be as inefficiently represented abroad as any that have gone before it.

QUIET COMFORT.

A wealthy tobacco planter and manufacturer of chewing tobacco died lately in Virginia, and the following is the conclusion of his obituary notice:

"It is easy to calculate his wealth, but who shall estimate the amount of Quiet Comfort he was the means of shedding abroad through the civilized world?"

A distant chewing acquaintance suggests that Solace, Horse Shoe, Consoler of Man, Dill's Fig, Farmer's Fancy, Sugar Pear, Shilo, Planter's Pride, Rose-Twist, Red Fox, or Billy Bowlegs are all better known brands of chewing tobacco than Quiet Comfort; and that one or more of these should be inserted in the above notice, as he had never heard of Quiet Comfort in connection with chewing tobacco.

A lady contributor wishes to have "Liquid Abomination" printed in place of Quiet Comfort.

While a testy old gentleman, O. S., desires a prayer unto the printer that he will place "Vile Weed" for Quiet Comfort, and "squirting around" for "shedding abroad."

The Dickens will have it "Disgust" in lieu of Quiet Comfort.

To please all parties we print it as each one wishes it.

"It is easy to calculate his wealth, but who shall estimate the amount of Billy Bowlegs, Solace, Horse Shoe, Liquid Abomination, Vile Weed, Disgust, he was the means of Shedding abroad and squirting around the civilized world?"

No matter about any more. Says PANURGE.

Light and Darkness.

We learn from the shipping lists that the ship *Daylight* has just arrived at this port from Hong Kong. As the Southern Confederates appear to be sadly in want of a Ship of State, just now, it might be advisable for them to charter the vessel referred to, and commission her in that capacity. In their existing state of darkness, how cheering it would be for them to see the *Daylight*! how daylightful the change from their present gloomy "look-out for Nox!"

Serious.

CINCINNATI, Feb. 13, 1861.

Editors VANITY FAIR.—GENTLEMEN:—Is it not rather paradoxical, that although you may attend a funeral in the afternoon, you nevertheless make a mo(u)ning call.

From your friend, &c.,
READER.

P. S. Positively original.

Shouldn't wonder if it was—with Somebody.—Ed. V. F.]

THE GRAMMAR OF ART-GOSSIP.



E sure that when a man—that is, a particular kind of man—has made himself master of a few such adjectives as “silvery,” “juicy,” “pasty,” “tea-boardy” and “atmospheric,” he feels within him an impulse to lavish them upon works of art; he hears a voice: it is the voice of self-content: it says unto him: “Arise, and write out an Artful Dodge; that is, a long string of items about the works of the painter and

the sculptor. Shake out choice conventional adjectives from the pepper-box of your memory upon the poor stuff that goes from your pen. Take it, while hot, to Printing House Square, and the chances are that you will get five dollars for it, and that your Artful Dodge will elevate you to the dignity of an Art Critic.”

The *Herald* seems to have secured the valuable services of some such Artful man as the kind referred to above. The *Herald's* remarks about pictures, for some time past, have been “opal-escient.” That last adjective is borrowed from the *Herald's* “artful” man, whose adjectives leave none by which they, themselves, may be worthily characterized. “Transcendental” would only tarnish them, if applied—just as the shine is taken off a Spoon by contact with a Pickle. In his substantives, the Artful man of the *Herald* is not quite so successful. Talking of a rising artist of this city, for instance, he says:

Loup has some glorious female heads in his study, with those elegant accessions that a man of talent knows so well how to introduce.

If the “artful” man succeeds in securing the introduction of “accessions” into pictures, we hope that he will take out a patent for the idea, and that the same may obtain for him a large “accessory” of fortune.

Further on, the Artful man forgets both his adjectives and substantives in a strange way. He becomes “atmospheric,” in fact, and says, vaguely:

Hicks has been sketching young Booth in Sir Edward Mortimer and Shylock. They are very truthful.

Who? Which? What? Are MORTIMER and SHYLOCK very truthful, or young BOOTH and HICKS, or all four together? We hope that Mr. THOMAS HICKS and the brilliant young tragedian just mentioned are “truthful,” both of them, and think it is quite likely that they are; but we don't exactly see why the fact should be formally announced to us by the *Herald*, under the head of “Art Items.”

As it is necessary for an Art-Gossip man to display familiarity with the French language, the “artful” man of the *Herald* does that. He introduces the word *genre*, in contraposition to the word “Cuban,” as follows:

NHUNG, a new candidate in art among us, has already created a sensation by the novel method of his treatment of Cuban as well as *genre* subjects.

Here, then, is a new principle laid down by the Artful man of the *Herald*; a principle to be carefully considered by every artist who has Havana in his eye—we had almost said in his mouth, for all artists should consider it. A “Cuban” picture cannot be a *genre*, and vice versa. *Genre* is a smashing word. We know a very celebrated art critic who pronounces it John Ray, and is aware of its derivation from a man of that name, who invented the kind of picture to which it is applied.

There is a great deal more in the *Herald's* Art-Gossip than has ever been dreamt of by us in our wildest want of philosophy. Is it the production of one master-hand, or the joint result of many poets and painters grasping one graphic pen with BRIAREAN vigor? In portions of it we think we often recognize the senior editor of the *Herald*, and author of “MARIANNE.” Who but that great “distinctive” poet could have told us of a sky “delicately woofed with opalescent and topazescant clouds, culminating in tufts of ruby or fading into an enriched saffron-purple, in a celestial twilight pyrotechnic that glows a moment and then is lost for ever?”

What a gorgeous bit of color is there, my friends! Especially

the “saffron-purple,” which is a new invention by the way, and much in favor among artists, just now, for the purpose of forcing their whitish-blacks.

RATHER 'STONISHIN.

The following intrepid patriots, according to the Washington correspondents, will accept fat foreign missions rather than have a row with President LINCOLN:

Mission to England—TOM CORWIN, JOHN P. HALE.

Prussia—GUSTAVUS KOERNER, N. B. JUDD, of Illinois.

Sardinia—GEORGE P. MARSH, ANSON BURLINGAME, KARL SCHURZ.

Spain—R. H. DANA, Jr., WM. C. BRYANT.

Austria—Chevalier WEBB.

Consul to London—W. S. SCHOULER, of Boston.

Honolulu—JAMES A. DIX, of the Boston Journal.

Callao—J. C. ABBOTT, New Hampshire.

JOHN C. FREMONT will be offered the mission to France; CASSIUS M. CLAY that to Russia; SCHURZ is backed up by SEWARD and the entire Teutonic element.

Our correspondent states that Senator FESSENDEN, of Maine, desires to represent his country in some foreign land beyond the seas. Rumors are also afloat that other eminent gentlemen of the Republican party are anxious to distinguish themselves abroad.

VANITY FAIR objects. We have heard very bold, and we may say sanguinary words from some of the gentlemen above-mentioned, and cannot understand why they wish to leave the country now, when the prospect for a lively fight is at least fair. The genial HALE, in particular, was not long since entirely willing to hear the cannon thunder, and now that the cannon is apparently about to commence that pleasing pastime, what in thunder does he want to go to England for? And the ferocious FESSENDEN—why does he wish to bask in the gay and festive scenes and halls of dazzling light of a foreign Court? Why not linger here and go to the tented field? We insist upon it, that HALE and FESSENDEN and C. CLAY, shall go to the tented field. Also “JUDD.”

It cannot be—we will not believe—we will permit ourselves to be torn to pieces by wild omnibus horses before we will believe—that these gentlemen are like Captain BOGGS, of Ohio, at the battle of Buena Vista. “I led my company up to the cannon's mouth,” said he, “and there I left 'em!”

SHRUNK.

The beautiful but uncertain game of faro involves the use of circular-shaped pieces of ivory or horn, as we have been informed. They are called Chips. Once upon a time a veteran Western gambler enlivened one of the bleak villages on the Lake Superior coast with his brilliant presence, and proposed to blend amusement with instruction by opening a faro-bank in that precinct. He had unaccountably lost his stock of chips, and was compelled to use white horn buttons in their stead. He thought, however, that the buttons would answer the purpose, as he had seen none like them upon any of the overcoats and pea-jackets which he had encountered in that eminently nautical and fish-like place. But one night, after having enjoyed a splendid run of flats, he discovered that he could not crowd half the buttons into his box. An ingenious tailor, it subsequently appeared, had visited the room with a lot of buttons precisely like those used by the veteran, had chanced the desperate game, and had lost his—Buttons!

The veteran became ashy pale. He cast the delusive buttons upon the floor, and staggering to the wall, gasped thus: “Gentlemen, there's either been fraud at this table to-night or else that there box has shrunk! I'm inclined to think it's the former.”

A few weeks since certain politicians of the North gave strong indications of softening their red radicalism. When they intimated that they were ready to meet the Border States half way in the matter of compromise, we, in the gushing innocence of our soul, believed they were in earnest. Perhaps they were. Perhaps they perpetrated no fraud. VANITY FAIR prefers to believe that their Patriotism has Shrunk.

Such a One to Pronounce.

Why should the Border States remain in the Union?
Because Missouri Loves Company!

A nice little Mess for the Journals.

The new President's Mess-age.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XI.

When Mr. Primpenny awoke, he found himself in such an untelligible situation, that he doubted his having waked at all, and was half inclined to go to sleep again that he might try it over and see whether he couldn't do it better the next time. He lay on his back in a square, dark box, just long enough for him to stretch his legs in, if he were not particular about bending the ankle joint—and against one side of this box he heard, at irregular intervals, an impatient fluid knock, as of some large body of water irritated at being kept out in the cold. Extending his hand in the opposite direction, he encountered a muslin curtain, which, as he touched it, gave forth a tinkling sound, from certain rings, by which it seemed to be suspended. The memories of travel returned to him—of passage by sundry steamers, and tossings in divers berths, wherewith he had beguiled the former reckless and abandoned years of his life—and a cold perspiration stood upon his forehead, as he acknowledged to himself that he was at sea.

Yes—in more senses than one, at sea. The lights of the ball-room—the buxom German frauleins, swimming in their tireless perpendicular waltzes—the men who steered them, erect and regular in their rhythmic whirl, as so many animated tee-totums—“Kellner,” with his great pyramid of lager-glasses, and his colossal vases for Weiss-Bier, which needed only a piston to make the uninitiated take them for the cylinders of some strange glass steam-engine—the benches around the sides of the room swarming with anxious maidens waiting for their turn in the Terpsichorean spinning-jenny—the fat musicians, whose brass mouth-pieces had gone into retirement in a boundless forest of moustache—these were Mr. Primpenny's latest impressions—they still flashed on his eyes and sounded in his ears. And now—he was in a berth, with the sea dashing at his very cheek! Was it nightmare? Was it a dream caused by that bitter something which he had noticed in the beer? There had been several sailor-looking men at the ball—had he been carried to the ship, by mistake, for one of them? Or—dreadful thought!—had he been drugged and sold by a marine pimp to some captain short of hands, and brought on board in a state of unconsciousness, to wake and find himself bound on a three years whaling voyage into some terrible northern sea, where he would chap his hands with dirty harpoon lines, eat blubber, never go to the Philharmonics, get the scurvy, and be lost to his agonized home? Ha! Thought still more dreadful! Was all this the revenge of the McCrowders?

The suspense was too horrible to be endured. He madly thrust back the curtain, and leaped to his feet. The fact that one of those feet struck in a pail of water standing by the berth seemed nothing to him—indeed, rather restored him to consciousness. By a half light which streamed through a tiny booby-hatch in the deck above his head, he inferred that the particular time of day was early dawn. That light also revealed to him a cabin empty of all human life except himself. This fact awakened another frightful suspicion—*was he sent adrift?* But there were several pair of musty old boots swinging from hooks on the nearest brace—a ragged red woollen comforter in a berth opposite his own—a newly built fire roaring in a stove set in gimbals about the middle of the cabin, and not far from the size of an exaggerated foot-box, and these indications, together with certain others, in the shape of recently used plates, fragments of pork and ship-biscuit, emboldened him to believe that other forms of civilization must be near by.

Mr. Primpenny groped his way to a ladder which stood upright just beyond the booby hatch, and ascended until his head touched the cover of another hatchway. His utmost efforts were insufficient to lift it, and after struggling in vain, he began knocking on it frantically, in hope to attract the attention of some possible person on deck. Listening intently between the intervals of his labor, he heard a stifled conversation going on between a deep base voice and a high tenor directly above him. The only words of it that he could catch were “Is it safe yet?” and “Yes, I guess so.” After which the hatch cover was slowly raised, and Mr. Primpenny permitted to emerge into the early daylight.

Staring around him perplexedly he discovered several new facts. An unbroken field of tumbling blue water stretching away on the right, to a still bluer faint thread of shore. A single mast just before him, a creaking boom and gaff extending at right angles

from it, and a bellying sail curving them by its stout dray-horse pull, as a brisk morning wind threw its invisible bulk against the canvass. A furred jib also, and all the other indications of a smart little coasting sloop. Furthermore, two men whom he had never seen before, though the managers of last night's ball might have told him that they were the gentlemen who had evinced such care for his welfare, asserting themselves his friends, and bearing him to the carriage.

One of these was a stout, round man, with a red, nut-cracker sort of a face, and so much body in proportion to his legs and arms that he had the appearance of being an eccentric species of lively turtle, who had been taken in early childhood, and converted from going on all fours. The other was in every respect except that of robust health the exact antipodes of the converted turtle. A tall, muscular man, well-knit and broad-shouldered, long-limbed and heavy-handed, bearing the weight of any number of years between fifty and sixty, as if he did not mind it at all, and hoped to carry at least a score more before he got through with the job of existence.

Stuyvesant approached the pair. The short round man held the tiny little wheel of the smack, and the tall wiry one was sitting by his side on the low taffrail smoking a pipe.

“What does this mean?” asked the young man, addressing his conversation generally.

“Who are you talkin' to, Captin’?” replied the man at the wheel.

“To you as much as anybody—to both of you. I wish to know what the meaning is of this performance, this taking a gentleman to sea without his leave—this—”

“It's a mystery, Captin', that's what it means—I think it's safe to tell him that much?”

“Perfectly safe,” replied the tall man to whom the last words were addressed, “I may say moreover, that it means good will, and friendly intentions generally.”

“And no squawkin' on his part, you know,” added the helmsman.

“No, you're not to make no attempt to get away, nor to hail vessels of we pass in hailin' distance, nor to do nothin' that will be likely to attract attention.”

“And lastly, finally, also in conclusion, to do onto others jist what you expect them to do to you, because the consequences will be accordin', sence sich is the golden rool.”

Stuyvesant for a moment stood perfectly dumbfounded, then trembling with rage exclaimed,

“Do you think you can keep me here? Villains!”

“Villains is not purty,” said the converted turtle, “as a general thing, gentlemen don't say it. But it's perfectly nat'ral that you should git mad. We was told to expect it. I think it's safe to tell him that much?”

“I'm not sartin'” replied the tall man. “'Tain't best to be tew leaky, Crumbles. The fact is Captin' Knickerbocker, that we know all about you. We mean to treat you well—we shall be most particler careful of your comfort—you're to hev everything you want, in moderation,—and no bodily harm's to come tew you whatsoever. But I may as well say now as any time, that the very fust symptom o' highy-tighties that you exhibit, will be the signal for your goin' down into that are cabin and stayin' till you git over 'em. That's a mighty onpleasant thing to say—and now I've said it, don't let me hev to say it agin, but let's forget all about it and be friends—for you will find us sich, Captin' Knickerbocker.”

“Our intentions, Captin' Knickerbocker, bein' no ways hostile,” repeated the converted turtle, with his peculiar nut-cracker smile—and at the same time, both Mr. Primpenny's friends extended a hand for him to shake, in the most amicable manner.

Again Mr. Primpenny reflected. “They call me *Knickerbocker*—*Captain Knickerbocker*,” thought he. Then he thought aloud—

“Oh yes! I see it! You labor under a mistake, my friends. You take me for *Captain Knickerbocker*. Now, I don't know *Captain Knickerbocker*, but I havn't the slightest doubt that he looks exactly like me—indeed that if you saw us together you'd take us for twins. And very likely—as a man of that name I think might be apt to get into a queer scrape, for the family are quite lively—very likely he has given good grounds for this singular treatment which happens, by error as to the person, to have fallen on me. Nevertheless, I am not *Captain Knickerbocker*—and you will do me a great favor by putting me on shore at the nearest good landing-place.”

“We know who you are, young man—I think it's safe to tell him that much, heh?” said the lively turtle.

“Quite safe,” responded the tall man. “We do know you *pair*-fectly. And you will oblige us, as well as be doin' a ke-indness to yourself to consider that set settled. The reason o' this here mystery will be explained in time. Till then, remember that we're under your orders for anything you may want, in moderation—

and you're under ours as fur as not goin' off this smack. There ain't but one boat—that's padlocked to the taffrail—I've got the key in my pocket, and—how fur is it tew shore, Crumbles?"

"Shore's two pints off the starboard bow—ten miles, sou', sou' west by sou'."

"Which makes swimmin' impossible. Dew yew feel as ef yew could take a little breakfast, Capting Knickerbocker? The boy's asleep forred in the—what do you call that are hole boarded off from the cabin by a partition, Crumbles?"

"Fok'sal," replied Crumbles tersely.

"In the fok'sal. We'll wake him up—and you shall give him orders whenever you want breakfast. We've got pork and salt mackarel—a box of ice with beef-steaks onto it—some tomatoes in cans—a keg o' applesass—a bag o' coffee—etcetery, etcetery."

"All of which was most affectionately provided by your conignor—safe to tell him that much?" said Crumbles.

"I don't mind ef he does know that," replied the tall man. "You will please to address me as Perkins whenever you have any complaints to make as to the quality o' your accomodation—or any remarks to offer on gineral subjects. The former, accordin' to our best endeavors will be seldom—the latter I hope will be frequent, whenever we git better acquainted."

With these words, the soi-distant Perkins held out his hand again in such a truly hearty and affable manner that Mr. Pimpenny could not resist the temptation to consider the whole thing a charming adventure—something in fact, for a chapter in his autobiography—and determining for the present to make the best of his inscrutable position, shook the proffered member politely, and made an additional attempt to vibrate the rigid flipper of the converted turtle.

After breakfast and a pipe the day wore away pleasantly to all parties. The weather was very fine—so was the breeze—and from Mr. Pimpenny's experience of yachting, the Susan Jemima (which was the smack's name as discovered in red letters up and down her neat cutwater) made about eight knots an hour. Toward the middle of the afternoon, either the wind hauled a little or the smack altered her course—(Mr. Pimpenny's nautical knowledge did not enable him to say which) for the sheet was trimmed in closer aft, and the dimmest possible white line of shore was observable on the opposite bow from whence he had seen it in the morning.

Unable to worm anything out of his shipmates by the most lawyer-like traps of suggestion or the most direct probes of interrogatory, Mr. Pimpenny beguiled his abundant leisure by hunting through the dark cubby-holes of the smack for some clue to his captors, his whereabouts, and his destination. He looked inside the old boots that hung from the brace in the cabin. There had evidently been a name at some former time on the red lining of the legs, but it had been diligently scraped off by a dull jack-knife, leaving only the perplexing tail of what might have been either a final y or g.

He had as poor luck with the bed-linen of the berths—discovering only "Susan Jemima" marked thereon in a crabbed, sea-joggled hand, and this he knew before. There was a small library in the cabin, but almost all the books were new and without inscription of any sort. When he found an old one, like "The Complete Navigator," or a copy of Marryatt's Novels—the fly-leaf had been torn out. Evidently, as the converted turtle had asserted, all this meant *mystery*. Not a clue of any kind could he discover.

Considering the fact that he had left at home a bachelor establishment in full blast—his friend Muffles without a protector—a father, mother, and sister, whom in spite of all his prodigal-sonship he loved with great fidelity, and who just now might be unaware whether he were alive or dead—Mr. Pimpenny bore his compulsory cruise like a philosopher. He settled himself down to the level of his absolute and necessary facts in such a sedate and cheerful style, that Perkins and Crumbles seemed also to feel at ease for the first time since he met them on deck, and complimented him to the extent of saying that he was a Trojan. Whenever it seemed not absolutely indelicate to mention the subject to their patient and self-possessed cargo, they also added,

"He'll see all this here mystery cleared up some time—I think it's safe to tell him that much, heh Perkins?" and

"Sartin, Crumbles, quite safe, so he will, and he deserves it, as sure as my name's—Josh Perkins."

One curious fact to Pimpenny was this. After he had been on board two days and a half, a little blow came up. He was a pretty good sailor, and from his previous experience had learned not to mind blows. But to his utter astonishment on coming up the ladder about seven A. M., he discovered the taller man of his two captors leaning over the lee rail, his bronzed face paled to marble, with green semi-circles beneath the eye. Absolutely sick! Could this be a sailor?

Towards evening, on the sixth day, land became visible right

ahead. Crumbles called the boy to steer, and once more smiling after his nut-cracker fashion, proposed, in brief words, that they should celebrate the home-like appearance by a little hot rum. In this proposition Perkins joined, and, not to appear unconvinced in the presence of his compulsory hosts, Mr. Pimpenny assented. They three accordingly descended to the cabin, and in a few moments that most delicious of all improper beverages was compounded, by aid of a tea-kettle roaring on the minute galley-stove before-mentioned—a demijohn, the sugar box, the nutmeg-grater, and a brown paper of allspice buds.

During the course of the festivities, Mr. Pimpenny was induced to sing "A wet sheet and a flowing sea," with great acceptance. Crumbles, in his high squeaking tenor, poured forth "My own Mary Ann," and Mr. Perkins, excusing his voice on the ground that it had lately been racked by sea-sickness, and long previously by a bad cold on the chest, essayed that stave, which we have heretofore mentioned as so much in favor among certain of the New England lower classes, "Peggy Gordon."

By the time the last echo of the festive music had died away, Mr. Pimpenny had yielded once more to that dire somnolency which overtook him at the German ball. His two friends deposited him safely in his berth, and ascended to the deck. By the time that midnight had quite closed around the vessel it was moored to one of the wharves of a town which Messrs. Perkins and Crumbles evidently knew full well, but which Mr. Pimpenny would not have recognized, even had he been in the full possession of his consciousness. There is, therefore, no present necessity, since all this history has reference to Mr. Pimpenny in particular, of giving its name.

The Susan Jemima had been made fast but an hour and a half, when once more a carriage drove down to receive the person of Mr. Pimpenny. He was lifted into it—the tall man stepped in beside him—through the window shook the flipper of the lively turtle—and directing that person, who, on board the smack had been known only as "the boy," to mount the box and take the reins, rolled Mr. Pimpenny rapidly away through the night.

When Mr. Pimpenny awoke again, he was even still more surprised than on his astonished waking aboard the sloop. He was laboring along between high, glittering sand-hills crowned with rugged pines, in a country that showed no sign of human habitation. This much he could see through a dingy coach-window, and on the opposite seat, the upright, rugged, and smiling Perkins. That person still spoke to him with the utmost geniality, and from a mighty hamper beneath his seat, produced all that was necessary to satisfy hunger or thirst, in the shape of sandwiches, brown-stout, bottles of chow-chow and walnut pickles, cold corned beef, hard-boiled eggs, sherry, a fresh flagon of drinking-water evidently drawn from the last forest spring they had passed en route, cold roast fowl, and a string of Bologna sausages, which almost made our traveling friend feel himself back among the Apennines.

"Naow," said Perkins, "you've only got to behave yourself pair-fectly quiet, my dear Capting Knickerbocker, and all this mystery'll be unravelled in time. But ef, when we pass any settlement, you make a fuss, and try for to diskliver yourself to the folks, why, I'll just say that you are my crazy son, and I'm a takin' you hum from the as-sylum. They'll all believe me tew, for they know me along this road. But ef you behave yourself decent, nothin' 'll be said or done to harm yew."

Mr. Pimpenny had no power to enforce his objections to this course, if he felt them. For Mr. Perkins looked as if he weighed a ton to every pound of the young man's, and furthermore whenever, during the three nights they were en route, the horses halted, it was in some dense wood far away from human habitation, where a bed was neatly made by Mr. Perkins in the carriage on which Mr. Pimpenny was exhorted to stretch himself, while the older man and the boy, after feeding the horses from receptacles beneath the box, and tying them unharnessed to the nearest pines, laid themselves down in buffalo robes to guard the carriage and sleep weaselsleeps in the mild air of approaching summer.

They had been about three days on land when they began to climb a huge mountain. The road which hitherto had been tolerably well marked through the woods, suddenly became a faint track—stony, stumpy, and walled by great white barricades of birches. Mr. Perkins finally found the horses laboring so much that he invited Mr. Pimpenny to walk with him. That gentleman gladly alighted, wishing to stretch his legs after so long an interval of rest, and together the two men began ascending the mountain.

"Where are we?" said Mr. Pimpenny involuntarily as he looked down the steep shelving plane of birch and pine tops on one side of the road, or up the almost measureless, everhanging crags, draped in similar mixture of deep green and white on the other.

"Wish I could tell you, Capting, but raly, I ca-a-a-n't! You'll find out *some* time. Till then be patient and you'll be treated right, *jist* right, an' no harm 'll comé tew ye!"

For nearly an hour they climbed that steady, rough ascent. They got so high up that the far-soaring eagle wheeled just above their heads around the top of the stunted pines, and just as they turned a corner by which a huge white boulder stood like a sentinel of the fort of savage nature, just as the toiling carriage reached them from behind, just as they had completed the ninth day out from the gleam and the beer of the Hoboken ball-room, a neat little cottage of shiny white clapboards and bright green windows burst upon their sight, and Mr. Perkins exclaimed,

"We're to hum!"

The carriage drove up through the rude gate, at the inner end of whose top-rail hung a big balancing stone, and disappeared in a log shed beyond, which seemed meant for a stable. Through a smaller gate entered the two foot-travellers, and out of the white door of the cottage ran a girl of twenty years, with cheeks rosy as health itself, curls black as the crow's wing and twice as shiny, a lithe, but full, ripe form of woman's middle height, big brown eyes, clear and joyful as a dark forest spring, and a pair of round bare white arms which she threw around the tall man's neck, crying,

"Oh father! father! I'm so glad to see you!" To which that father replied with a kiss.

"My dear Melissy, this is Mr. Primpenny."

(To be Continued.)

Masterly Inactivity.

JEFF. DA-VIS-Inertia.



A DAMPER.

Party Interested.—O THUNDER! THEY'RE TALKING 'O BUILDIN' ANOTHER STATE PRISON, AND HERE AM I, A 'GETTIN' MYSELF TOUCHED UP SPICY, AS IF THESE WAS TIMES TO BE FRODLICKIN' IN!"

UNCLE SAM AND A COERCIONIST.

(To whom the old gentleman giveth his opinion freely about Fort Sumter.)

COERCIONIST.—What! and give them up Fort Sumter? shall the dastard word go forth,

To affix such foul dishonor to the manhood of the North? Shall that brave and noble standard, never yet to shame unfurled, Be torn down by traitor bandits, 'mid the jeerings of the world?

UNCLE SAM.—I say YES! my warlike nephew, and—if you will only try

To cut short your highfalutin—I will strive to tell you why: In the first place then, good nephew, you can't keep it if you would;

And the game ain't worth the powder to attempt it if you could. In the second place—just tell me—have you ever paused to think Who they are that thus have brought us on to Ruin's deadly brink? Are these men not all your Brothers? and—though fienziéd folly reigns

Till they seem to scorn, in madness, the blood flowing in their veins,

Will you spread this foolish quarrel, and no further temper show Than if foreign foes and despots dealt the keen insulting blow? Just suppose now that—in passion—your young boy should seize a knife

And declare, if you approach him, he will take away his life! Would you try to grab the weapon? or would you, a parent kind, Try to lead the little scapegrace, by degrees, to better mind? If the youngster cut his thorax he'd be worse off of the two, But "coercing" him to do it were no benefit to you!

COERCIONIST.—But the world will think us cowards!

UNCLE SAM.—Let the world, sir, go to grass!

UNCLE SAM can mind his business, or we're at a pretty pass. He's a Hero—not a Coward—who can claim the manly heart That, while shrinking from no danger, shuns a fratricidal part; Who can only view with horror his loved country overthrown,

'Mid the wail of little orphans and the hapless widow's moan! Ask the man who calls you coward: what blood flowed on Bunker's height?

And what names were wrapped in glory at old Yorktown's 'daring fight?

Point to Lexington or Moultrie—to the Delaware!—Champlain! And then tell him: What your Fathers did, their sons can do again!

That your arms in which, commingling, your brave Fathers' life-blood flows, Never quail but when in BROTHERS you are doomed to meet your foes!

No, my lad, a thousand Sumters formed of perfect chrysolite, Were indeed a sorry ransom for the *first-drop* spilled in fight! Let it go, my honest nephew, leave this little thing to me, For I know my Southern Hotspurs soon their fallacy will see, And discover all those scoundrels who, with fabricated lies, Have been filling them with anger, throwing dust into their eyes. In the meantime don't imagine that I'm going, like an ass, To shoot cannons in my dwelling, just to shiver my own glass, You shall never see my Eagle, with its proud and dauntless breast, Go to work—like dirty buzzard—to pollute its own good nest; But I'll see you hairbrained fellows come—before not very long—To shake hands, to ask my pardon, and confess you *both* were wrong.

By our Theological Contributor.

Why is the Maid of the Mist like Pride?
Because it goeth before a fall.

Un-Bear-able.

Bull-baiting as practiced at the Restaurants near Wall street.

Gratutous Advice.

Don't take it.

EAST SIDE THEATRICALS.



clusively of stewed veal would become uninteresting after a century or so. A man would want something else. The least particular man, it seems to me, would desire to have his veal "biled," by way of a change. So I, tired of the thread-bare pieces at the Broadway houses, went to the East Side for something fresh. I wanted to see some libertines and brigands. I wanted to see some cheerful persons identified with the blacksmith and sewing-machine interests triumph over those libertines and brigands, in the most signal manner. I wanted, in short, to see the Downfall of Vice and Triumph of Virtue. That was what ailed me. And so I went to the East Side.

POOR JACK SCOTT is gone, and JO. KIRBY dies no more on the East Side. They've got the blood and things over there, but alas! they're deficient in lungs. The tragedians in the Bowery and Chatham street of to-day don't start the shingles on the roof as their predecessors, now cold and stiff in death, used to when they threw themselves upon their knees at the footlights and roared a red-hot curse after the lord who had carried SUSAN away, swearing to never more eat nor drink until the lord's vile heart was torn from his body and ther-rown to the dorgs—rattling their knives against the tin lamps and glaring upon the third tier most fearfully the while.

Glancing at the spot where it is said Senator BENJAMIN used to vend second-hand clothes, and regretting that he had not continued in that comparatively honorable vocation instead of sinking to his present position:—wondering if JO. KIRBY would ever consent, if he were alive, to die wrapped up in a Secession flag:—gazing admiringly upon the unostentatious sign-board which is suspended in front of the Hon. IZZY LAZARUS's tavern:—glancing, wondering and gazing thus, I enter the Old Chatham theatre. The pit is full, but people fight shy of the boxes.

The play is about a servant-girl, who comes to the metropolis from the agricultural districts, in short skirts, speckled hose, and a dashing little white hat, gaily decked with pretty pink ribbons—that being the style of dress invariably worn by servant-girls from the interior. She is accompanied by a chaste young man in a short-tailed red coat, who, being very desirous of protecting her from the temptations of a large city, naturally leaves her in the street and goes off somewhere. Servant-girl encounters an elderly female, who seems to be a very nice sort of person indeed, but the young man in a short-tailed coat comes in and thrusts the elderly female aside, calling her "a vile hag." This pleases the pit, which is ever true to virtue, and it accordingly cries "Hi! hi! hi!"

A robber appears. The idea of a robber in times like these, is rather absurd. The adroit robber would eke out a miserable subsistence if he attempted to follow his profession now-a-days. I should prefer to publish a daily paper in Utica. Nevertheless, here is a robber. He has been playing poker with his "dupe," but singularly enough the dupe has won all the money. This displeases the robber, and it occurs to him that he will kill his dupe. He accordingly sticks him. The dupe staggers, falls, says "Dearest ELIZA!" and dies. Cries of "hi! hi!" in the pit, while

THE Broadway houses have given the public immense quantities of Central Park, Seven Sisters, NANCY SYKES and J. CADÉ. I suppose the Broadway houses have done this chiefly because it has paid them, and so I mean no disrespect when I state that to me the thing became rather stale. I sighed for novelty. A man may stand stewed veal for several years, but banquets consisting ex-

a gentleman with a weed on his hat, in the boxes, states that the price of green smelts is five cents a quart. His announcement is not favorably received by the pit, several members of which come back at the weeded individual with some advice in regard to liquidating a long-standing account for beans and other refreshments at an adjacent restaurant.

The robber is seized with remorse, and says the money which he has taken from the dupe's pockets, "scorches" him. Robber seeks refuge in a miser's drawing-room, where he stays for "seven days." There is a long chest, full of money and diamonds in the room. The chest is unlocked, but misers very frequently go off and leave long chests full of money unlocked in their drawing-rooms, for seven days; and this robber was too much of a gentleman to take advantage of this particular miser's absence. By-and-bye the miser returns, when the robber quietly kills him and chucks him in the chest. "Sleep with your gold old man!" says the bold robber, as he melodramatically retreats—retreats to a cellar, where the servant girl resides. Finds that she was formerly his gal, when he resided in the rural districts, and regrets having killed so many persons, for if so be he hadn't, he might marry her and settle down, whereas now he can't do it, as he says he is "unhappy." But he gives her a ring—a ring he had stolen from the dupe—and flies. Presently the dupe, who has come to life in a singular but eminently theatrical manner, is brought into the cellar. He discovers the ring upon the servant girl's finger—servant girl states that she is innocent, and the dupe, with the remark that he sees his mother, dies, this time positively without reserve. Servant girl is taken to Newgate, whither goes the robber and gains admission by informing the turnkey that he is her uncle. Throws off his disguise, and like a robber bold and gay, says he is the guilty party and will save the servant girl. He drinks a vial of poison, says he sees his mother, and dies to slow fiddling. Servant girl throws herself upon him wildly, and the virtuous young party in a short-tailed coat comes in and assists in the tableau. Robber tells servant girl to take the party in the short-tailed coat and be happy—repeats that he sees his mother (they always do) and dies again. Cries of "Hi! hi! hi!" and the weeded gentleman reiterates the price of green smelts.

Not a remarkably heavy plot, but quite as bulky as the plots of the Broadway sensation pieces.

Cheerfully yours,
ALPHONSO THE BRAVE.

SIA FELICE

Boston, March 9, 1861.

"Dear V. F.—

Is the following worthy of your incomparable Journal?

CONSOLING FOR S. C.

Although Sumter has so weak a garrison, it is undeniable that PICKENS has a Stenmer.

A Provincial admirer of V. F. will be made happy by the insertion of the above, if it reaches your high standard."

It don't reach our high standard—nothing near it—but if VANITY FAIR can make one human being—and, above all, one Bostonian—positively happy, by his own confession, in times like these—why let it go. Set it up—by all means! Well-a-way, on how little does earthly happiness depend. One man sees only a certain sack of muslin, full of budding, palpitating beauty, between him and endless bliss—Messrs. GREELEY, WEED, RAYMOND, and the rest, think it lies in getting the Inside Track—our particular friend, Miss JOSEPHINE HOOPS, believes it is attainable with that stupendous opal and diamond brooch for sale at TIFFANY'S—and lo! here is a mortal who will be supremely blest if he can only see one little sorrowful nibble at a pun served up in these immortal pages.

Set it, up by all means! The Sunday papers have done it some sixty-four times, and we shall mortally offend the Septuagint of gentlemen who have sent it in to the Incomparable (that's Us, you know), in all manner of shapes—boiled, fried and stewed. But no matter. You only knock out an I and put an E—Oh be happy, Provincial Admirer, and hold on to it, and in your prayers remember VANITY FAIR!

Antithetic.

Agreeable element in Landscape—Water-fall.

Disagreeable ditto in Senate—Wig-fall.

This is what our German calls *Art und Unart*, or a Nicety and a Nasty.

Treason of the Darkest-Hair-Dye.

Twiggs's.



Hoosier.—“HA’AR CUT?—GUESS NOT., AIN’T HAD A HA’AR ON TO ME NIGH TEN YEAR, ALONG’O FEVERNAGUR. BUT MY HAT WANTS TRIMMIN’ UP A BIT—CUT AWAY!”

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

BY OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ROME, March 1st.

DEAR VANITY:—I am but a soldier, and like other soldiers, simple, frank, modest and open-hearted.

Wherefore, I find all this *entourage* of diplomacy into which I have been plunged, most wearisome and vexatious. I am forced to compromise, to dodge, to shuffle, to procrastinate, to play all sorts of fantastic tricks before high heaven, when a trusty blade and a sure eye might settle all difficulties in a tenth of the time . . .

However, my diplomatic life is about over. I smell the battle afar off. Ha, ha!

M. LA GUERRONIERE’S pamphlet has created a sensation here. Of course, it is NAPOLEON who speaks in LA GUERRONIERE’S name. The following sentence occurs near the end of the document, and was inserted on account of a hint I gave LOUIS, in a letter I wrote him last month:

Italy is liberated but not constituted, and the hindrance to its organization is Rome!

As soon as PIUS IX read these words, he fainted. On recovering, he sent for me . . .

I went to him . . .

I found him pale and excited . . .

He seized my hands warmly, and invited me to drink.

. . . Generally, he is not very free with his potables.

“My game is up,” he said; I am a gone pontifical coon. Do not be surprised if I abdicate to-morrow. That is all. Think of me kindly. Good-bye.”

He bowed me out before I could speak a word.

That night, as I was entertaining a few friends in my chambers, my servant whispered me that “a person” wished to see me privately at the door. Fearing a plot against my life, I threw on a Scotch cap and military cloak, and cautiously feeling my way along the dark corridors, with a bowie-knife, I soon gained the street-door, where a person in the guise of a fishwoman was awaiting me.

“Addio, amico mio!” said this apparent vender of shad; “I go . . . I fly . . . to seek the refuge, in your own fair land, that is denied me here!”

I recognized PIUS’S voice!

“Farewell, good Pontifex,” I replied: “Hoboken awaits thee. Be virtuous, and you will be happy.”

He turned, took a few steps, halted, rushed back to me, embraced me, and burst into tears . . .

My eyes dimmed.

Then, pressing his hand, I begged him be calm. He dried his tears, picked up his carpet-bag and umbrella, and trudged off into the darkness.

From the expression of his back, as he went, I saw that he was broken-hearted!

Sic transit gloria Romæ!

An idea struck me.

I returned to my friends, and told them that I was forced to leave Rome instantly, on a secret mission. Then I packed my things, hailed a hack, and in an hour was cosily installed in the Quirinal . . .

In Pope PIUS’ private chambers, upon my honor!

Not a soul in Rome, save me, knew of His Holiness’ sudden flight. I popped quietly into his place; dressed myself in his purple and ermine; slept in his bed; ate his meals; ordered his servants about; and, in short, became Pope PIUS, to all intents and purposes . . .

It was immense fun, I assure you.

Every day I attended to the salvation of the world. I received petitions, consulted cardinals, appointed officers, signed treaties, and conducted all the affairs His Holiness formerly controlled. But, as I have said, diplomacy ill befits a frank and single-hearted soldier, all too brave and guileless for the duplicity of a court; so I became horribly tired on the third day of my pontificate.

Then another idea struck me.

To relieve the ennui of business, I ordered PIUSETTA home for a long holiday!

The Superior of her convent didn’t see it, exactly, but people don’t question the whys and wherefores of the Pope’s actions much, I find; so the gracious and lovely PIUSETTA was at once installed in a magnificent suite of apartments in the Quirinal!

(Ah, most ancient and lordly of palaces, never before have thy honored walls rung to the tones of love and the passionate monotone of the fond guitar!)

I told PIUSETTA of her father’s absquatulation, and . . . God forgive me! . . . said that he had deputed me to take his place.

For two weeks, unalloyed happiness was ours.

I came near being discovered on one occasion. Nothing but the most wonderful exhibition of faith, on the part of my valet, saved me.

He entered my room by mistake, one morning, at an unusual hour, and found me in my natural character, instead of wrinkled and white-haired, as I always showed myself . . . thanks to a good knowledge of the theatrical art of “making up.”

“Gran Dio!” cried he; “Sire, you are a young man again!”

At first I was startled into confusion, but recovering my self-possession, I smiled sweetly upon the astounded servant.

“Yes, ALESSANDRO,” I said, “it is a little miracle.”

He believed it!

At the end of a fortnight, I received a tremendous shock.

As I was calmly smoking my bed-pipe, after having signed a batch of death-warrants, the door of my study opened, and in walked the real original Pope!

“I was home-sick,” said he, “and couldn’t stand it any longer. When I got to Marseilles, courage failed me, and I had to come back. What are you doing here?”

“I couldn’t let everything go to rack and ruin, Pius,” said I; “so I have taken your place, merely out of friendship to you.”

“Very well, so far; but now I have returned, you had better let me resume my rights. Have the kindness to leave this room.”

“Look here, Pius, I must have a week, in which to settle my affairs. After that, I will gladly restore your bothersome business, of which I am heartily tired, to you.”

“A week! I will give you an hour.”

“An hour will suffice for me to get aboard my frigate. Then, beware of red hot shot and forty-six pound shells!”

“Don’t be absurd.”

“Then give me a week. Remember, ‘Italy is liberated but not constituted, and the hindrance to its organization is Rome!’ Shall I remove that hindrance by bombardment? France will back me!”

“Enough,” said the Pope; “Take what time you need. Arrange your affairs. You are a wonderful man. I respect you.”

So, in a few days more, I shall give up my present position to His Holiness. My first move was to send PIUSETTA back to her convent, before her father discovered her presence in the palace.

The poor child wept bitterly, when we parted, and so did

McARONE.



PLEASING DOMESTIC INCIDENT.

FREDERICK AUGUSTUS, WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED IN FOREIGN TRAVELS FOR FIVE YEARS, RETURNS UNEXPECTEDLY, BRINGING AN INTERESTING AND HAPPY FAMILY WITH HIM.

AMUSEMENT; EXTRAORDINARY.

Oh dear! O Lud, now! See here, all you people that take any interest in Astronomy, and hold Science to be the thing—read this from the *Albany Argus*:

AMUSEMENTS.

Dudley Observatory,

O. M. MITCHEL, Director;

Open Daily, from 9 to 11 A. M., and from 8 to 10 P. M.

[Sundays Excepted.]

Tickets may be obtained from any of the Trustees.

That's your style! Something after this sort, we presume: "Walk up—walk up!" Ladies and gentlemen, here you see the great, grand, glorious, and generally gorgeous meridian-circle which is put up here for the ladies and the little children bless their little hearts to handle. It was got up ladies and gentlemen by a man as was a terror to all nice people like you and who entirely mistook the idea for which this great Moral and Scientific Show-House was established having an idea that this great grand glorious and generally bifalutin instrument was to be used to measure meridian passages of stars and for various other thingum-bobs an idea which I need not tell you ladies and gentlemen was perfectly absurd. And here you see the bewtiful arrangement of lightin' up the interior with gas and a showin' out of the spiders' lines white on a dark field and black on a light field and here you see the tremenjuous and highly efficacious arrangement of the threads which there is nineteen of 'em ladies and gentlemen sevingteen of 'em running up and down and two of 'em running crosswise walk up—walk up!

Here also you see the great Tabulating Engine also procured by the aforesaid and before mentioned man namely which is to say Gould the terror of Trustees and of visiting-infant-schools and here ladies particularly you see the wonderful provisions of art for although this monster of depravity got up all these bewtiful engines at the expense of much labor and time and had determined to let nary an infant-school and nary a little child (which they are

near to the kingdom of Hevn, mem) in to see 'em yet ladies and particularly the little dears you perceive that nevertheless and notwithstanding here they be and you can handle 'em and pull 'em about (John grind out a few computations of the mean anomaly of Mars for the ladies.) Here you see ladies and gentlemen that this wonderful injine beats the Lightning Calculator all hollow and all you have to do is just to turn a crank and the figgers come tumbling out like drunken soldiers out of a tavern at a trainin walk up—walk up! John stir up the Equatorial and show the ladies the spots on the sun which they is supposed to be pimples mem—which end shall you look through, mem?—whichever end you chooses mem "you pays your money and you takes your choice" as the benign Shelley remarks. Bill see that the little dears blows their noses and don't breath on the glasses. Walk up ladies and gentlemen and if you ain't satisfied ask for your money at the door and I have no doubt you'll get it!"

There! That's something in about the style in which they do things there, I surmise. A big plaything it is with pretty brass toys in it—eh, my little dears?

Well, if STERNE and ARGELANDER and BESSEL and ENCKE and a few more, would only take a leaf out of your book, Messieurs the Director and Trustees, what a nice thing it would be for Science! Oh, so nice!

Nursery Rhymes for Charleston.

Humpty Sumter had a great wall,
Humpty Sumter got a great fall,
President LINCOLN and all his men,
Can't get Humpty Sumter back again.

O tempora. O Mires!

M. MIRÉS, the great banker in Paris, has burst up, and is now in the prison of Mazas. His pursuit of wealth, it seems, was nothing but a Mere race to the jail. If you don't understand the pronunciation of French don't read this joke.

The Poetry of Trembling Flowers.

Rose Terry—fied.

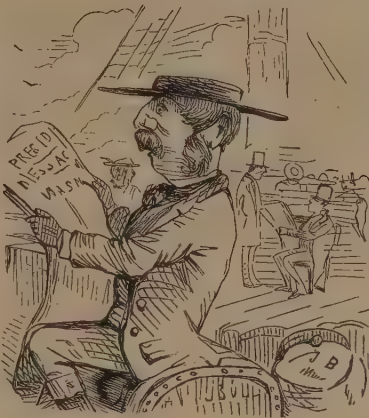
VANITY FAIR.



PROF. LINCOLN IN HIS GREAT FEAT OF BALANCING.

CRUISE OF THE POLLY ANN.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.



In overhaulin' one of my old trunks the tother day, I found the follerin' jernal of a vyge on the starch canawl bote, Polly Ann, which happened to the subscriber when I was a young man (in the Brite Lexington of yooth, when thar aint no sich word as fale) on the Wabash Canawl: (Mondy 2 P. M.) Got under wa. Hosse not remarkable frisky at fust. Had to bild fires under 'em before they'd start. Started

at larst very suddent, causin the bote for to lurch vilently and knockin me orf from my pins. (Saler frase.) Sevrul passenjers on bored, parst threu deliteful country. Honist farmers was to work sowin korn, & other projuce in the fields. Surblime scenery.—Large red heded gal reclinin on the banks of the Canawl, bathin her feet.

Turned in at 15 minits parst eleving.

Toosdy—Riz at 5 an went up on the poop deck. Took a grown person's dose of lickor with a member of the Injanny legislater, which he urbanely insisted on allowin me to pay for. Bote tearin threu the briny waters at the rate of 2 Nots a hour, when the boy on the leadin hos shoutid,

"Sale hoe!"

"Whar away?" hollered the capting, clearin his glass (a emty black bottle, with the bottum knockt out) and bringin it to his Eagle eye.

"Bout four rods to the starbud," screamed the boy.

"Jes so," screeched the capting. "What wessel's that air?"

"The Kickin Warier of Terry Hawt, and be darned to you!"

"I, I Sir!" hollered our capting. "Reef your arft hos, splice your main jib-boom, and hail your chambermaid! What's up in Terry Hawt?"

"You know Bill Spikes?" sed the capting of the Warier.

"Wall, I reckin. He kin eat more fride pork nor any man' of his heft on the Wabash. He's a ornament to his sex!"

"Wall," continued the capting of the Kickin Warier. "Wilyim got a little owly the tother day, and got to prancin around town on that old white mare of hi-in, and bein in a playful mood, he rid up in front of the Court 'us whar Old Judge Perkins was a holdin Court, and let drive his rifle at him. The bullet didn't hit the Judge at all; it only jes whizzed parst his left ear, lodgin in the wall behind him; but what d'ye spose the old despot did? Why, he actooaly fined Bill ten dollars for contempt of Court! What do you think of that?" axed the capting of the Warier, as he parst a long black bottle over to our capting.

"The country is indeed in danger!" sed our capting, raisin the bottle to his lips. The wessels parted. No other incidents that day. Retired to my chased coach at 5 minits parst 10.

(Wensdy.) Riz arly. Wind blowin N.W.E. Hevy sea on and ship rollin wildy in consekents of peppur-corns havin bin fastened to the forrerd hos's tale. "Heave two!" roared the capting to the man at the rudder, as the Polly giv a friteful toss. I was sick, an sorry Pd cum. "Heave two!" repeated the capting. I went below. "Heave two!" I hearn him holler agin, and stickin my hed out of the cabin winder, *I hee*.

The hosse becum dosile eventually, an I felt better. The sun bust out in all his splendor, disre-ardless of expense, and lively Natur put in her best licks. We parst the beautiful village of Limy, which lookt sweet indeed, with its neat white cottages, Institoots of learnin and other evjences of civilizashun, incloodin a party of bald heded culledern men who was playin 3 card monty on the stoop of the Red Eagle tarvern. All, all was food for my 2 poetic sole. I went below to breakfast, but vittles had lost their charms. "Takesum of this," sed the Capting, shovin a bottle tords my plate. "It's whisky. A few quarts allers sets me right when my stummick gits out of order. It's a excellent Tonic!" I declined the seductive flood.

(Thursdy) Didn't rest well last night on account of a upore made by the capting, who stopt the Bote to go ashore and smash in the windows of a grocery. He was bro't back in about a hour, with his hed dun up in a red hankercher, his eyes bein swelled up orful, and his nose very much out of jint. He was bro't aboard on a shutter by his crue, and deposited on the cabin floor, the passenjers all risin up in their birthis, pushin the red curtains aside & lookin out to see what the matter was. "Why do you allow your pashuns to run away with you in this onseemly stile, my misgided frend?" sed a sollum lookin man in a red flannel nite-cap. "Why do you sink yourself to the Beasts of the field?"

"Wall, the fack is," sed the capting; risin hisself on the shutter, "I've bin a little prejudoiced agin that groseroy for sum time.—But I made it lively for the boys, Deacon! Bet yer life?" He larfed a short, wild larf, and called for his jug. Sippin a few pints, he smiled gently upon the passenjers, sed "Bless you! bless you!" and fell into a sweet sleep.

Eventually we reached our jerny's end. This was in the days of Old Long Sign, be4 the iron hos was foaled. This was be4 steam-botes was goin round bustin their bilers & sendin peple higher nor a kite. Them was happy days when peple was intelligent & wax figger's & livin wild beests wasn't scoofed at.

"O dase of me boyhood
I'm dreamin on ye now!"

(Poeccry.)

A. W.

Metallic Influences.

President FELTON, of Harvard College, maintains that the use of steel pens has an injurious effect on the nerves of the arm, producing paralysis, or a feeling of dulness.

It is stated, in connection with the above, that the Hon. EDWARD EVERETT invariably uses steel pens for his lighter, airier, and more ephemeral productions—which accounts for the "feeling of dulness."

A collector of coins informs us that filling the trousers' pockets with gold pieces—say eagles—and buttoning them up very tight, affects the heart to a sensible degree, rendering it callous to the kindlier emotions of humanity. The symptoms extend themselves to the fingers, which clutch convulsively toward the palm of the hand, reducing the sufferer to the morbid condition professionally expressed by the compound adjective "close-fisted." Enthusiastic in the interests of science, we have resolved to test this matter thoroughly, with which view we have had a personal pair of pantaloons constructed with eight pockets and a fob. In order to prevent accidents from a rush of our contributors with the necessary gold pieces, we have caused the stairs leading to our office to be widened by an extension of several yards. *Au pantalon renommé*—try our eight pockets and a fob!

Buchanan and his Fellows.

"Besides distinguishing himself by commuting the punishment of Judge VONDERSMITH, of Philadelphia, President BUCHANAN, just before he left Washington, turned loose upon the world JOHN QUINCY ADAMS FELLOWS, of Buffalo, convicted some time since of robbing the mails.—*Exchange*.

JAMES has turned loose upon the world a-many more Fellows of the same family, all of whom would now be enjoying *pareil partout* clothes, *not* of the fashionable kind—as well as Sing Sing hominy, if they were where Justice would put them. There were COBB-fellows, FLOYD-fellows, and other hail-fellows well met—but there will come a day of reckoning when the Fellows will be called Felons, and so written in history forever.

The Coming Troubles.

Among the sensation headings to Southern news in a late number of a daily journal, we read the following:

NORTHERN COMMERCE TO BE CRIPPLED!

immediately below which ran this very suggestive line:

PREPARATIONS FOR A GREAT CORN CROP!

"Putting that and that together," as the saying is, we see nothing before us but the impending destruction of the North in Toe Toe.

Geographical.

Why are the people of New Orleans the most despondent in the country?

Because they are naturally so Down at the Mouth.

Horace Greeley's Motto.

The Pen is mightier than the Seward!

SCHURZ!



HEM!

Schurz dich Grottel! Fly around, oh, Germania, for CARL expects to travel. Expects Sardinia as the price of his preaching, and exactly nothing less!

Now to the laborer belongs, in the opinion of many, not only his hire, but a present over and above, if he does his work in style, wherefore CARL SCHURZ—albeit his speeches for the Republican cause were not basely unpaid for—may perhaps deserve, from the liberality of Old ABE, “something good.” Something first rate, if you please. Something which will give the revenue of the Dutchiest of Dutchies, and far ahead of a one-horse principality Over There. But not a foreign mission.

No—not a foreign mission. Gott bewahr! Anything but that, Mrs. FLETCHER. That you can’t have!

Because why? Why, because CARL SCHURZ, the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, now before us, says that you’re under condemnation of Death out there in Deutschland. Big Thing for you, CARL. Rope, you know—slippernoose round the gurgler—chokes like averydings. To be sure, it was all for Liberty—or rather *Freiheit*—and you’re an exiled patriot. But wouldn’t it be just as polite—all things considered—to send some gentleman out among the princes and potentates who hasn’t got a rope round his neck. To be sure ’twould be a great crow for you—a very great crow—to sail back in glory whence you run like a good fellow—but ’twould be death for us. Grim and sudden.

CARL SCHURZ, we believe you’re a brick—the way you got old KINKEL out of Spandau and over Germany, shows that. In fact, we know you’re a smart fellow. Now don’t you think it would be more proper and becoming to simmer down, and take what the Americans are willing to give you as a bonus for your services? Don’t be a Germaniac now. Be modest, and you’ll make more in the end.

“SCHURZ!” Folks call it Shirts in English, though it means an apron, and already one contributor cries out “*il faut laver son linge chez lui*”—that is to say, we ought to wash our soiled linen at home. Stay home, SCHURZ, and be washed with some other Soap than Sardinian.

By our Stuttering Poet.

T-t-t-reason’s out! T-t-t-ruth men hate,
Now b-b-b-rave meets brave with “As!-sars!-ass! innate!”
Alas the d-d-day!-the m-mum-manifestation,
When J-Jaw-JONATHAN stands for ASS-ass-assy-Nation!

Wood for Sale.

Apply to the Mayor’s office.

GRAND CONCERT.

BY THE NATIONAL MUSICAL SOCIETY.

The Management take great pleasure in announcing to the public of Washington and elsewhere, a series of one Grand Concert, in aid of the Treasury Department.

Many distinguished gentlemen have kindly volunteered their valuable services for the occasion, and the Management beg leave to present the following programme, with the hope that it will be found instructive as well as amusing. For particulars concerning tickets, time, etc., see small bills:

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. Grand Fantasia and Medley; “The Ride by Night;” introducing “*Blue bonnets over the (Pennsylvanian) border,*” “*Tak your auld cloak about ye,*” and other popular airs.

ORCHESTRA.

2. Romanza; “The President to his predecessor:”

“When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever four years!”

PROF. A. LINCOLN.

3. Reply to the Above:

“It may be four years, or it may be forever!”

J. B.

4. Glee; “Hark, ’tis the Indian Bards!” (*Two Sharps.*)

FLOYD and BAILEY.

5. “The Soldier’s Tear.”

MAJOR ANDERSON.

6. Patriotic Song; “The Palmetto:” ABRAHAM, spare that tree!”

JEFF. DAVIS.

7. *Marche Militaire*; “The Heights of ABRAHAM.” (*For His Own Trumpet.*)

PROF. A. LINCOLN.

8. “The Dance of Death;” Finale on a Single String.

GENERAL TWIGGS.

9. Comic Song; “There was an Old Woman.”

GENERAL SANDFORD.

PART II.

1. Romanza; “The Republican Editor to the Cabinet.”

“Would I were with thee!”

HORACE GREELEY.

2. Canzonet; “The Custom-House Clerkship,” (*Words and Music by A Gentleman of this City*):

“Some love to roam o’er the white sea foam
To a foreign ministry;
But a cosy stand with the cash in hand,
Is the sincere for me!”

THE AUTHOR.

3. Songs of the Old Bourbon; “Ah, don’t mingle!” and “The Mellow Horn.”

J. B.

4. *Fantasia pour la Jewsharp*; “*Les douleurs d’Onésime.*”

RABBI RAPHAEL.

5. Aria; “I dream of my Fatherland.”

KARL SCHURZ.

6. Lament; *motifs écosses*:

“O where, and O, where has the Wheatland laddie gone?” (*Bagpipe and accompaniment.*)

PROF. J. G. BENNETT;

7. Aria, from the Oratorio of “Herod;” “Suffer little children!”

COMMISSIONERS OF CHARITIES AND CORRECTIONS.

8. Andante Pastorale; “We Lie in Clover.” (*Quartette.*)

THE CORRESPONDENTS OF THE LEADING DAILIES.

9. Oratorio Selection; “Behold, I am Black, but comely!”

Ex-Attorney-General BLACK.

The performance will close with a grand *scena* and chorus; the Conspiracy scene from *Vespré Siciliani*, given by a large number of “bankers, merchants, lawyers,” and others.

To Be Let, a Loan.

South Carolina wants \$675,000, "For the military defence of the State." For a month the Charleston *Mercury* and *Courier* have published the advertisement—but nobody has answered it. Strange that a State which has made a tempest in a tea-pot cannot Raise the Wind sufficiently to bring down the Dust. The Alabamians enjoy better credit, for they assert that if the worst comes to the worst, with French Leave, they will have a Credit Mobile-ier. Somebody let them alone!

Cons.

What old Buck enjoys at Wheatland.
Odium Cum Dignitate.

Why should we expect LINCOLN to encourage "Southern Institutions?"

Because being a rail-splitter himself he will hardly interfere with the Custom of Opening the Posts.

Why are the Seceding States like the Plagues of Egypt?

Because Seven Went Out, and "they were exceeding grievous to be borne with."

Bayardistic.

The accomplished roving Editor of the *Tribune*, being attacked by banditti in a lonely spot a few miles from Rome, to the question "where do you live?" is reported to have proudly replied *Civis Romanus sum*—I'm a Roam-er

Bordering on Despair.

The Border States on the Cotton States.



INCIDENT FOR A BOOK OF AMERICAN TRAVEL.

Waiter.—HALF A DOZEN BLUE POINTERS FOR NUMBER THREE!
British Tourist.—POINTER! BY JOVE!—THEY EAT DOGS HERE! THE SAVAGES!
LET ME TAKE A NOTE OF THAT!

THE STRAWBERRIES.

A SUMMER PICTURE.

The garden was filled with odors,
From jasmin and heliotrope,
And the tender moss-rose muffled,
In its beautiful velvet cope,
White currants like beads of amber,
Strung upon sea-green silk,
Mingled their spicy clusters',
With snowberries white as milk.

I watched her plucking the strawberries,
And bending over the bank,
Where the large red fellows lay hiding,
As if from her search they shrank,
And when she bit them she opened
Lips ripe and red as they—
Ah! if I had been the strawberries
I would not have hidden away!

"Are you not fond of strawberries?
Why don't you pluck and eat?
See, here is a noble fellow
Juicy, and red and sweet.
Don't stand there looking so solemn
As if you thought 'twas a sin
To eat of such delicate morsels,
But open your mouth and begin."

"Ah! IMOGEN dear," I answered,
"I care for no fruit but one.
'Tis as ripe and red as this strawberry,
And as full of the blood of the sun.
But you selfishly hold it from me
Nor offer me even a part."
"What is this fruit?" she questioned.
"This fruit," I said, "is your heart!"

The strawberry dropped from her fingers,
And she stretched out her little hand,
And I knew that instead of the fruit, it held
The sweetest heart in the land.
So we left the strawberries lying
In their shadowy leaves that day,
And silently walked in the garden,
While the long hours stole away.

La Cordaire.

VANITY FAIR finds, in a letter from Paris, published in several Legitimist journals in the departments, that

"A deputation, composed of about 150 young men of the law and medical schools, waited on Pere LACORDAIRE, at the Carmes, to express to him their congratulations on his speech in the French Academy. The illustrious Dominican, though much fatigued after his exertions of the previous day, returned thanks in an animated speech; concluding with the following words:—"I believe I am a fervent Catholic, but I am certain that I am an impenitent Liberal."

Good for the Père. "Grandma—I think I should like to have a Testament, and I know—yes, I KNOW, I should like to have a squirt!"

"No Place like Home."

Art itemizers inform us that Mr. GEORGE L. BROWN has lately been at Niagara, making moonlight studies for a painting of the Falls in Winter.

Are our New-York artists blind, or fast asleep, to the subjects waiting for them within Columbiad range of their studios?

A month ago, and Mr. G. L. BROWN might have painted the Falls in Winter, without going further than the Central Park on a skating day.

Motto of Roses.

The Brahmins of the Flower-World—we spring from Budd.

A Fugilistic Adage.

"The more Blowing the fewer blows."

ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.



HE city has been afflicted for a short time by a curious eruption, a breaking out of jewelry stores with large placards in their windows, inscribed, "Take your Choice for One Dollar."

It is all very well to tell a fellow to take his Choice, but there is, in these windows, nothing Choice

to take.

Why should we, or any man, be anxious to possess various small fragments of brass, stamped in fantastic forms, and "of no value except to the loser?"

These storekeepers announce their wares at Rare bargains, but we believe—we know, in fact, that this sort of bargain is greatly Overdone.

SPUTENTUYFEL, who is inclined to be metaphysical, says that the affair is based on a philosophical principle. Every man thinks that there are a few good articles and a great many bad ones in these One Dollar jewelry-mills: and Every man also thinks that he is shrewd enough to pick out the thing upon which the dealer makes no profit. Every man rushes in, then planks down his dollar, and carries off a—What-is-it?—a connecting link between brass and copper!

It is suggested, however, that there is some gold in the rings, pins, brooches, lockets, pencil-cases, etc. etc., of the One Dollar shops. *Oreide*, the composition of which they are made, is said to give off, in vapor, when assayed, a faintly infinitesimal quantity of gold. That which remains, is infinitesimally less!

We know of a young lady, to whom some gentleman, more benevolent than judicious, presented a chain, bought as a "Rare Bargain" for one dollar. The maiden, having no rooted antipathy to ornaments of any kind, twined the chain about her neck. At night, when making her *toilette de nuit*, she observed a dark lead-colored ring about her snowy and swan-like throat, reminding her of *ELSIE VENNER* and some more of a young woman mentioned on page 55 of *ALDRICH's* last volumes of poems, who had

"—a dark blue scar on her throat."

The next day, this young lady of the chain told a friend that the gold had been polished with whiting or something, that blackened her neck. She was duly surprised to learn that it was only brass, and thundering poor brass at that.

The One Dollar jewels are, in fact, much inferior to the average of decent bell-pulls.

The result of this explosion of jewelry is painful. Of course, it plays the dickens with the legitimate business, and the consequence is, that all the respectable stores have to inaugurate a One Dollar department, in which they sell as bad jewelry as anybody. The metropolis is inundated with it. The East Side absolutely gleams, glitters, glows, glares, shines, shimmers and scintillates with it. Every bookbinderess and 'prentice boy possesses a mass of trinkets that, in size and number at least, rival the Crown Jewels of many a kingdom.

And they tell us that the country—the far and pleasing agricultural districts—swarm with similar shops! Woe! woe to the Arcadian loiterer of the coming Summer! *AMARYLLIS* will shine in tawdry bracelets, and *DAPHNIS* will sport a hideous locket. A monstrous mosaic will rise and fall upon the bosom of *PHILLIS*, and the sheep will gaze in wonder upon the gorgeous guard-chain of their *formosum pastor CORYDON*!

But when the Summer has come and gone—when the moist air and earthy exhalations of the country shall have done their work, *AMARYLLIS* will look with disgust upon a pile of greenish and odorous things, stained and blackened by verdigris, and say, with a regretful voice: "These are my jewels!"

To Catch "Birds of a Feather."

Put tar upon the TWIGGS, and the feathers will stick to it of themselves.

MUSINGS ON THE MORNING PAPERS.

BY OUR CENTENARIAN.

NO. II.

"REUBEN TRAVELLER, a well-known citizen of Ottawa, Upper Canada, died last week, in the 81st year of his age."

He has gone to that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveller returns,

"The convicts in the penitentiary of Mississippi are engaged in manufacturing tents for the army of the State."

What kind of tents—Peni—tents?

"Sweetmeats for sale."

Sugar cured hams, we suppose.

"The *Norwalk Gazette* advises its (office-seeking) friends to attend a negro concert, assuring them that 'it will surely drive away the blues.'"

Possibly they may drive away the Blacks also.

"The Charleston and Savannah papers cry out against any duty on ice."

The fire-eaters must have the wherewith to cool their tongues.

"Church's painting of 'The Iceberg,' now in progress, is a Great Work."

Yes—a Big Thing on Ice.

"A Chip of the Old Block. Cadet Lane, son of Gen. JOSEPH LANE, has gone to Montgomery to offer his services to the Confederate States."

At the swing of the battle axe the chips will fly.

"A Hartford newsboy received a couple of eagles, last week, in mistake for a couple of pennies; but he returned them honestly and promptly. His name is PARTRIDGE."

PARTRIDGE perhaps was afraid the Eagles would dispose of him hereafter, and so he disposed of them now.

"What induced fair South Carolina to turn from the path of rectitude?"

Her Pal met her.

"GEORGE E. BAKER, Esq., of Albany, N. Y., has been appointed to the disbursing clerkship of the State Department."

Perhaps BAKER hopes that the bread he may cast upon the waters will return to him after many days.

"The *Cincinnati Gazette* styles the reign of ABE LINCOLN a "new era."

Some deem it a Camera. To them its objects appear to be inverted.

"Texas is now formally out of the Union."

And so she was formerly.

"Minnesota, it is said, furnishes the largest number of office-hunters."

But Minnesota is not to be made game of.

"Harp of a Thousand Strings."

Old ABE, whose chords are thumbed by every "wire puller," and who is now ringing changes at every touch.

Sink, Sank, Sunk.

The Baltimore correspondent of the *Tribune* suggests that Charleston, Savannah, Mobile, New Orleans, and Galveston, should henceforth be known as the "Cinq Ports."

Now as the word *cinq* is pronounced *sank* in French, and as there is but one step from that to the downright particeple "sunk," we should say that the word is applicable enough to "ports" that are letting the water into the ship so fast.

A Con for these Warlike Times.

Why is a soldier of the lowest grade, whose residence is in the barracks attached to the fort on Governor's Island, like a brown-stone front house with all the modern conveniences, including water and gas, on Fifth Avenue?

Because he is a Private Dwelling there.

A—ah oh! Ephraim—bring the fans!

Pretty Close.

Speeches in the Southern Confederacy Congress as reported by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Esq.

Flourish—ordnance shot off—trumpets sound, and drums.

"A go" without which the pencil could not "make its mark."

Plumb—ago.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XII.

At the bachelor establishment, Teague and Mr. Muffles kept house very well together for three or four days after Mr. Primpenny's disappearance. That gentleman had never proposed any such strict limits to his residence, since either his servant or his friend had known him, that they were alarmed by his being absent for several nights in succession. They simply looked for him, and when they did not see him, Mr. Muffles ordered a brace of broiled quail for supper, while Teague danced his favorite lilt in the basement entry, both as certain that nothing was to be done but wait, as you and I are similarly disposed in regard to the next shower.

But when the number of solitary suppers and unapplauded lilt had increased to the number of three or four, when Mr. Muffles returned night after night from Peter Chillgrin's and found not even a note in the well-known hand awaiting him, when Teague became so wearied with blacking the half-soled boots, and brushing the seedy coats of his master's indigent deputy that he began to think very small potatoes of himself, and wonder whether his past prosperity were not all a dream out of which he had waked into a wilderness devoid of new calf skin and broadcloth, then both the friend and the servant had a consultation together. The result of this was Mr. Muffles' delegation to Isaiah Primpenny, to confer with him upon the subject of the missing young man.

"Who are you, sir?" was the first request propounded at the coat-scuttle establishment, for the credentials of the delegate.

"I am Mr. Muffles, sir," was the answer.

"Muffles? Yes, the gentleman who studies law at Mr. Chillgrin's. You make illustrations, sir! *Illustrations*, when you should be at your profession. I've seen 'em. Allow me, though an old man whose opinion is worth nothing whatever to young ones, to say that you'd better stop drawing, and mind the law. I'm very much afraid sir, that you have been instrumental in my son's recent ruin. Yes sir! he is ruined! Good for nothing but to dance and sing *fa la!* I mourn over it, but I can't help it. Now, *you* sir, *you*, have no father behind you, nobody to back you up and keep you from being the beggar you are trying to be, Stuyvesant happens to have. But if you haven't *led* him, and I hope, *merely* hope, I say, that you haven't—then don't *follow* him. He's gone, is he? Well, he'll be back in time. It's only one of his spleens. Good day, sir."

"Stolid and revolting parent!" said Mr. Muffles, as he left the door of the coal-scuttle shop. "Thank heaven, O my venerable father, that I laid you in the grave in my infancy! I might have grown up to see *you* such a man as *that*! I am spared that infamy!"

Mr. Muffles now took into consideration the question whether he could return to live upon the hospitalities of the absent Stuyvesant, hospitalities which came second hand from that friend's unnatural father. He arrived at the conclusion that in honor he could not. He had no idea when Stuyvesant might return, indeed doubted whether, having been so long away without sending word, he would return at all, and most lugubriously revolved in his mind suspicions of foul play which seemed never to have entered the elder Primpenny's brain. He therefore, like all men in desperation of where to go or what to do, bought a *Herald* and pitched into its advertising columns. Selecting the most eligible boarding-place out of several hundred offered, he went to it and secured the room, so favorite to his pocket, on the fourth floor back. Indeed for a long time, life to Mr. Muffles, had taken the form of a succession of fourth floors back, until he began to regard fourth floor back carried to an infinite power as the proper symbol for an eternal state of existence. Having made this arrangement, and ordered the baggage express to call at the bachelor establishment for his traps, he returned to advise Teague that he need no longer provide broiled quail for him. Teague was surprised, as Irishmen always are out of politeness. Indeed if you should tell an Irishman that Brian Borruha was dead, or that he was orphaned of his great, great, great, great grandfather, or that the Queen had concluded not to remove the Cathedral of St. Paul's to Dublin, he would be sure to reply, "Faix and d'ye tell me so?" But beyond this surprise, Teague was not greatly moved. He

wished all sorts of good luck to Mr. Muffles, hoped to see him soon sprightly, which could not be long off, since his master would be back directly, and being deterred by none of Mr. Muffles' feelings of aristocratic honor, determined to keep his place till he was ordered out of it.

Mr. Muffles suffered from the honorable necessity to which he sacrificed himself, more than tongue can tell. But need any man who has been in love be told how much? The breaking up of his ties with Stuyvesant seemed to possess an eternal meaning of despair with regard to those higher ties which bound him to Stuyvesant's sister. The words of the old man seems like the knell of doom. Strange! How progressive young people seem—how radical and careless of these old conservative muffs, so long as they remain light-hearted and fancy-free! The word of an old gentleman is no more valuable to them than a small boy's. But when these young people fall in love.—Ah! what power there is in an old man's single syllable. The venerable party immediately becomes a Clock-Tower of Destiny, they watch his face, they tremble at the movement of his hands, and when he strikes, they hear Hell or Heaven in the sound. Then is it that the venerable party has his revenge over the progressive tendencies of youth. Is not the fact of old gentlemen's having daughters one of the retributive arrangements of nature? Conservatism to the end keeps in its trembling hand the rein of *one* curb bit, remorselessly to use it on the youthful age, Conservatism's pretty girl!

"Stop drawing and mind the law!" Abandon an immediate, easy, and fascinating success for a life-long struggle through swamps and briars! This was the advice of Mr. Primpenny Senior. And before Mr. Muffles could follow it into anything like the barest competency, the daughter of Mr. Primpenny Senior would be a stubby, stolid, merchant's middle-aged wife, and the mother of five or six agonizingly matter-of-fact children! "Stop drawing and mind the law!" There spoke that particular Clock-Tower of Destiny represented by Isaiah Primpenny. Every clang of its stroke sent a thrill of madness through Mr. Muffles' inmost abysses. As he left the door of Stuyvesant's bachelor establishment, he felt like a gentleman who from unselfish motives has pushed away his last plank, and is swimming through a winter sea to a desert island fifty miles off, without so much as a paper of tobacco in his pantaloons pocket.

The thought at first struck him that he would blow his brains out. But again, would he not need them quite as much in the world to come, where he did not know his way in the least, as in this world, where he was more or less acquainted with it? Drown himself? Yes, and be picked up by the Harbor Police, to have Lottie Primpenny read the inquest on him in next morning's *Tribune*! And hanging had always seemed to him a mode of getting out of the world, proper only to the vulgar masses, a sort of third class carriage into the Unknown.

Eventually the ebullient and felo-de-se stage of sentiment was followed by a quieter melancholy. Mr. Muffles was still desperate, but his desperation took the form of longing to cast itself at the beloved feet—tell his love—acknowledge that it was hopeless, and then, with a request to meet him in the regions where love was never thwarted, say fifty years hence, or some mere bagatelle of that kind, to depart into a distant country-place, and live secluded from all eyes, as the rural correspondent of a city newspaper. All this deemed quite possible, even painfully pleasing to Mr. Muffles, as he directed his steps toward the avenue.

Reaching Isaiah's house he discovered that Miss Lottie was in. He sent for her and remained in the parlor, arranging his right hand glove so that he could take it off in a moment when he heard her footsteps in the hall. He also studied the pictures with an interest which he had never felt before. Miss Primpenny's grandfather hung over the mantel-piece, redolent of bald-headed benignity, and Mr. Muffles wondered whether an old gentleman who looked so kind in oil might not have done something for him in common life, had he lived to this distressing emergency. He asked himself, too, what several other ladies and gentlemen on canvases would have thought of him as a connection by marriage, supposing them now extant and that utopian blessedness possible. There was a little cabinet picture of Mr. Primpenny's country-seat at Rye, which depended from crimson cords by the side of the folding-door, and oh! to think that he should never smoke cigars on that charming verandah, with Mrs. Muffles, *née* Primpenny, enjoying the flavor of the weed on that rustic settee by his side! Thus he managed to torture himself very comfortably till Miss Lottie came down. To torture one's self while in love, is a comfort which nobody but a brute would think of denying any young man.

Miss Primpenny ran into the room with an empressment which was perfectly agonizing. She was not pale, she was rosier than usual. Would she not have been somewhat haggard and miserable-looking about the eyes if she had been really in love with

him? Or was that rose-flush a blush of conscious tenderness? With such questions Mr. Muffles agonized himself still more.

"What is the matter with Stuyvesant? why hasn't he been over to see us?" was one of Lottie's first questions. Could Mr. Muffles wring that young heart with anguish by telling her *why*? No! He replied that the young man had gone off on a visit, he supposed, to some friends at the South, and would not be back for a week or two.

"And so, I suppose," said Lottie, "you're keeping house for him in the meanwhile. How nice that must be! I think I'd like to have a bachelor—I mean, an old-maid-establishment, of my own—close by, you know, where I could drop in on my mother every day."

"I was keeping house for Stuyvesant," said Mr. Muffles, pensively.

"You don't mean to say you've had any falling out—brother and you?" asked Miss Lottie, with visible apprehension.

"No, Miss Primpenney; we are the best, the dearest of friends. But I cannot consent, while your brother is absent, to accept of hospitalities which come, indirectly, from your father—so long as I am not sure that he likes me, as well as, Stuyvesant."

"You mustn't mind Father's way," said Miss Primpenney, decidedly. "He's the sweetest, kindest of men—though he sometimes speaks very brusquely. If he has said anything—I don't know that *he* has, but *if* he has, it's only because he's troubled by business matters. He has a great deal to do, and you mustn't let anything he may say make you dislike him. You *won't*, will you?" asked Miss Primpenney, with such a sweet look of entreaty, that Mr. Muffles would have answered "no," as he did, if the request had been not to mind jumping out of a fifth story window.

At the sight of this bewitching expression—this sweet pursed mouth—those winsome, longing eyes—which he had seen in dreams on the face of his *wife*—Mr. Muffles passed the dread sticking point of lovers. He was wrought to the highest pitch of the love-madness—where a man must utter himself, or go down forever into silence.

"Miss Primpenney!" sighed he, "I can do anything for *you*! Your father may like me or not—but if it were *death* to love you, I could not help it! I *must* love you. I have done it a long time—I do it still—*do you love me?*"

With these words, Mr. Muffles took in his hands the plump, fair fingers of Miss Primpenney, and looked into her face with a devouring earnestness.

Miss Primpenney, for a round, rosy little girl, was much agitated. Mr. Muffles could hear her heart beat audibly—away up in her little white throat that heart beat—and its sound, though painful beyond measure, was infinitely more delicious than the clang of that venerable Party who represented the Clock of Destiny.

"Mr. Muffles," said she, timidly, when she could regain her voice, "you come upon me as a surprise. I don't know what to say, nor to think. I am very young—I have not known you long—and I must help my own ignorance by—talking to my—mother."

"But are you angry with me? Oh! you are not!"—

"No—not angry—only frightened. Do not think I am angry—not *not*!" and again, with that puzzled look on her face, there mingled the expression of entreaty, uttered by the pursed sweet mouth, and the winning eyes.

Mr. Muffles had no heart to press the matter further. He had prepared a long, despairing speech to follow his declaration. He could not make it! He could not say, "I shall never see you again—but remember me during the next fifty years, while you in your ermine roll in an emblazoned carriage, and I, in a suburban garret, cherish your image, a heart-broken and wretched man." Lottie was suffering enough already; if the rest were to be suffered, she could supply it from her own imagination. So he kissed her finger-tips with a gallantry which sent such a strange thrill to her heart as she had not felt since the day she tried the galvanic battery in the Philosophy class at boarding-school, and bade her good-bye. An ordinary friendly good-bye, into which he was not so selfish as to infuse any suspicion of the word "forever," and then Mr. Muffles departed to his new fourth story back.

While this passage in the life of two young people was going on in New-York, Mr. Primpenney, as you remember, was on his mysterious way to the cottage among the mountains.

Upon his reaching there, as related in our last chapter, he was received with most sincere, though homely cordiality. For his supper, he found no variation from the usual farmer fare of bread and milk, and cold salted provisions, save a brace of grey squirrels, roasted, which had been shot for the occasion by the hired man.

When the sun had been down two hours, and Mr. Primpenney,

if he were in New-York, would be just going to dinner, Melissa brought a long tallow candle, lighted it at the great wood-fire, and, handing it to Mr. Primpenney, told him that she had attended to his bed-chamber herself, and hoped he would find it comfortable. At the same time, Melissa's father rose from his big chair, whose seat was of braided birch-bark strips, and volunteered to pilot Mr. Primpenney into his berth.

"You don't mean to say you're going to bed *now*?" said Mr. Primpenney, incredulously.

"Sartinly!"—replied the tall man; "it's past eight o'clock—we're very tired—and we've got work to do in the mornin'."

We have work to do! How strangely that *we* fell on the ear of Mr. Primpenney! When had *he* ever done any work? What had *he* to do with anything save to consume the product of other people's work in the way that best suited his own fancy? But without seeking an alternative where there evidently was none, he squared himself to his circumstances, and followed Mr. —what was his name? up to a tiny little bed-chamber, where the fore-post bedstead was of the plainest pattern of stained cherry, but the bed-clothes scrupulously neat, and the mattress, though of husk, looked like a pure white snow-bank which has become eccentrically warm, without melting. In this room Mr. Blank left him, with a cordial good-night.

As soon as his guide had retired, Mr. Primpenney began hunting around him for an indication of his whereabouts. But here, as on board the sloop, he was completely baffled. The indelible ink marks on the towels had been cut out, and their place neatly darned or patched. So it was with all the cotton or linen of the bed appointments. The books in the little hanging library of the apartment had been served exactly like those in the cabin of the sloop. Wherever a volume had once possessed a record of name, date, or place, its fly-leaf had been torn out. Thus, as Mr. Primpenney looked out of his bed-room window on the sighing pines and spectral birches of that mid-forest night, he had no more idea where he was than if he had been washed ashore from a wreck in the South Pacific. There is a comfort in utter helplessness—especially to a man who has never done any work. He is as well off as the most industrious man. *That* is a comfort to him. Again, his past experience leads him to believe that all will go nicely in the end. *That* is another comfort—one which the man who has always struggled with adverse fortune can know nothing about. So Mr. Primpenney retired to rest, and in ten minutes was as sound asleep as I hope you and I will be at one o'clock to-morrow morning.

I shall be spinning this recital to an intolerable length if I follow Mr. Primpenney through all the various occurrences of his residence on these unknown mountains.

I will simply say that on the first morning of his awaking there, he heard the strong bass voice of his captor singing "Breakfast!" and after partaking of that meal by candle-light, was presented with a stout pair of overalls and a hickory shirt, which were all the easier to put on, when he found it was expected of him, for the fact that Melissa informed him she had made them herself. His guardian then conducted him into the woods, gave him an augur, and showed him how to bore maple trees. The sap was already beginning to run into buckets which the hired man had placed there before, and Stuyvesant tried in vain to recollect his earlier geography, that he might get some idea of the particular parallel of latitude in which people would be likely to make maple sugar at this season of the year.

Later in his residence on the mountains, he learned to plough. At first his efforts were as awkward as they were natural—but eventually he became able to hold, with considerable dexterity, an instrument which he had heretofore regarded as the very extreme symbol of laborious degradation.

Whether he were in the field or the wood, the tall man never once lost sight of him. Indeed, from the beginning, he gave Stuyvesant to understand that the first attempt he might make to escape would be followed by recapture, and stricter supervision. But if he only contented himself for a little, all this mystery would be cleared up in the end; and furthermore, he would not be sorry that it had happened. There was such an air of kind-hearted assurance and friendly resolve about the man, that Stuyvesant was fain to receive all he said for granted.

There was another reason why the young man felt more satisfied with accepting his circumstances as he found them—and quietly turned farmer without making the fierce struggle which he would have supposed himself likely to, had his present predicament been prophesied to him during his residence in New-York. Every evening, when he returned from the field and doffed his working apparel, he found waiting for him one of the loveliest girls he had ever seen. Melissa not only had his supper ready, but in the most unostentatious and unconscious way, was willing to talk to him and sing for him. He grew so accustomed to her fresh, handsome

face at the doorway on his return—her brisk, housewifely motions, that he fell into the way of expecting her, of sitting by her side till bed-time, of enjoying her fine, sweet, rural voice, and, before long these pleasures quite replaced those of his nightly opera and billiards. The girl was strangely grammatical—her tones were singularly well modulated by a natural lady-likeness—and he could not understand how these facts came of the district school, where, she told him, she had received her only education. Nor did they—for nine-tenths of them, at least, were born of woman's delicate nature.

One Sunday, after the tall father of Melissa had read the service, excusing himself for not taking his little family to church, on the ground that it was too far off to get back from by "milkin'-time"—he left the two together in the kitchen of the cottage. A pleasantly smouldering fire, just sufficiently warming the room, which hardly needed any fire at all to aid the bland glances of the growing spring, was burning on the big hearth-stone. Melissa and Stuyvesant were sitting on birch chairs, a little way from it—both of them thoughtful—and one, at least, distraught. This last was Stuyvesant, who, singularly enough, was still the first to speak, after the tall man had departed.

"Melissa," said he, "I suppose you can't properly tell me where I am?"

"No, Mr. Primpenny, I can't—I really can't. I must obey my father, and he has told me not to."

"Then, I won't ask you. I won't even ask you what your last name is. But can you tell me when I shall have any news from home? I have been treated in such a strange way, that if I weren't kindly treated at the same time—if I hadn't a feeling, from your father's knowing my name, and other indications, that all this was some queer freak of my father's—some surprise that he means to spring on me—I would certainly have made a great row long ago. I think now that it must be all a joke. I have thought so for some time. But can't you tell me when it's coming to an end? I have been here now six weeks. I have done things that I never would have believed it possible for me to do. And I am pretty sure, that if it isn't explained—I shall make the row to-morrow."

"Mr. Primpenny, I have had nothing to do with all this business! Do believe me, that I haven't! I'm ashamed of it—but I can't help it—I must mind my father. I can tell you that he means no harm to you—that nobody does. It was my advice, when I heard tell of it, not to undertake it at all. But my father is an old friend of your—of the person, I mean, who's at the bottom of it all. That person has lent my father money to pay off a mortgage on his farm. A great deal of money! Two thousand dollars! and so, father felt himself in honor bound to do all he could for his friend."

Mr. Primpenny opened his eyes wider, and drew his chair nearer to that of the fresh, sweet young mountaineeress, who said all that she did with visible pain. At the same time, he took both her hands in his right, and with his left began caressing her jetty black curls. She did not stop him. For a moment, neither of them spoke. Mr. Primpenny was revolving all his strange past life, and wondering why he had never enjoyed this species of innocent dalliance, to such a degree, before. Had agricultural pursuits sharpened his zest? Or was he simply a fool, shut up with one woman among the mountains, flirting with her because he had nothing else to do? Or was he really—for the first time in all his feverish life, in contact with a true, fresh, living specimen of Woman—woman unmix'd, uncorrupted—and in love with her?

Melissa was thinking what a nice young man from New-York was this one by her side, and how strangely he made her feel—as she had never felt when young men from the big mountain neighborhood had taken her hand in country dances at the tavern—as she had never felt even when H Ezekiah Brown had asked her to be his wife. What a strangely free and easy way had this New-York young man! How assured he seemed to be! How he felt of her curls and played with her cheeks as if he had her permission already—though, in words at least, he hadn't, by any means.



'SNOW GO.

BE THE POWERS, WHY DON'T THEY COME TO THE DOOR! BUT YOU DON'T CATCH PAT MALONY LAVING SUCH A NICE JOB AS THIS!

Again, singularly enough, the first of the two who spoke, was the young country girl. In perfect innocence of heart—and because she could not help it, as she might have done had she been brought up in the great world—she asked,

"Do you want to go away from here?"

"No!" said young Stuyvesant, "not till you do!"

There is something fair and equitable in the meeting of city demand and country products, which all mercantile men will understand. No business man can object, therefore, when we say that within the next ten minutes, Melissa was sitting on Stuyvesant's lap, (as the country fashion is—oh, shameful!) and metropolitan desire met rural satisfaction in two pairs of tightly glued lips, and warmly knitted arms.

Ah! The tall man caught them at it! At least so far, that in returning, he peeped through the door, and with true Yankee savoir-faire, shut it quickly again, before Melissa could know that he saw her jump from Stuyvesant's lap.

But that same night—after Stuyvesant had retired to his chamber, the stern, conscientious old soul told Melissa in the kitchen—

"I tell ye what, Melissa—this here mustn't go on till I hear from his father. I believe ye like him just as yer mother did me—and I hain't no objections tew the young man, if he'll keep reg'lar hours, no ways—but o' conscience 's suthin'—conscience is ever'ing, Melissa—and this is suthin' I hadn't no way provided against. I must write to his father to-morrow. Till I hear from Isaiah—like the young man as much as ye choose—but be kereful o' showin' on it!"

So, it seems as if our present chapter chronicles two defeats of conservatism!

Fungerial.

"Nail mills in Fall River have stopped for want of business—completely knocked in the head by the times."—N. O. Weekly Delta.

We don't know how it may be at Fall River—but we saw a Mill yesterday in the Park, between two apple girls, in which Nails were extensively used, and which certainly did not stop for want of business, so long as we saw it.

H. G. UPON WEED.



OST me up in bot-
anical phrases
Expressive of
ragged, reedy
things,
Growing by damp
and ditchy
mazes
Where the leech
wriggles and
the frog sings.
Teach me words to
express the infer-
nal
Root and branch,
and blossom,
and seed,
Flowers of the Al-
bany Evening
Journal—
Hemlock, Night-
shade, Worm-
wood,
WEED!

'Tis well, when the vessel heels to leeward,
To swear at the steersman for losing trim,
Asserting that had he kept to *SE—WARD*,
Better luck would have favored him.
'Tis well to say that the sprouts of treason
From principles fostered by me proceed;
Ugh! ugh! the ugly plants of the season!—
Skunk-cabbage, Henbane, Hellebore
WEED!

Flowers of the Albany Evening Journal,
Poke-root, Choke-root, Wormwood, Rue!
Stalk, and leaf, and berry, and kernel,
Bad is the odor shed by you.
O! for the scythe of ancient Saturn,
O! for a flail to complete the deed,
O! the mowing, and thrashing and battering—
Thistle-top, Thorn-apple, THURLOW
WEED!

LO! THE POOR!

Dear Vanity Fair:

As many of your readers are not aware what constitutes a citizen in Minnesota, I send you the enclosed, which is now going the rounds of the papers:

SIoux ASKING FOR CITIZENSHIP.—A petition was recently presented to the Minnesota Legislature from twenty or thirty Sioux Indians, asking the right of citizenship. They stated that they had adopted a number of customs in vogue among the whites, such as wearing pantaloons, living in houses, using knives and forks, being content with the possession and control of one wife, being willing to earn their bread "by the sweat of their brows," total abstinence from intoxicating liquors, regular attendance upon "stated preaching," &c.

So to wear pantaloons is one requisite. There's a chance for you, Madame Bloomer.

Living in Houses. What would Rynder's Recruits, and Boole's Guards do who live in Grog Shops and Station-Houses?

Using Knives and Forks. There's an opportunity, BILLY MULIGAN, when your term of office expires in Sing Sing.

Being Content with One Wife. Alas, BRIGHAM YOUNG and his flock can't live in Minnesota.

Earning their bread by the sweat of their brows. No show for Alderman GENET and his followers, is there, VANITY?

Total Abstinence from Intoxicating Liquors. Whew! adieu, then, all ye managers of Japanese Receptions, Champagne Suppers, Cock-fights, etc. Law! ye wouldn't stand a ghost of a show for Minnesota.

Regular Attendance on Stated Preaching, &c. That's it. Hooray, viva and go in, Hard Shell, Soft Shell, and on the Half Shell Baptists, Secession-ists, Disunion-ists, Comprom-ists and all other ists—you can all be citizens in Minnesota. But really now, dear VANITY FAIR, if it requires all these qualities for a Citizen in this new wooded country, how would the same rule work in New York with its Wood-en mayor to decide whether they should have votes or not? Guess he'd say, with a Single Eye to the good of the great metropolis, and the Democratic party, I'll take ye, pantaloons or not, and

when the great metropolis endeavors to set up as a nation on her own hook, you must back her! And, dear VANITY FAIR, as the Cotton States are about to *Succotash*, would it not be a good idea when they make their Constitution, to provide for the *Flowery-day* Indians to become Citizens under the above requirements, and appoint WENDELL PHILLIPS, and Rev. POTTER, of Virginia, to preach to them alternately?

Affectionately, your Civilized Contributor,

PEORIA.

SPECIMENS OF SECESSIONAL SCHOOL BOOKS.

VANITY FAIR having discovered a want is resolved to supply it. Our Succeeding brethren want food for the young mind free from the abolition virus, and we have accordingly prepared a series of Geographies, Spelling-books, Grammars, &c., in which every idea is a native of the Sunny South, and therefore appropriate to Southern Sonnies. Our Suncat is entered with the excellent JEFF.

FROM OUR SOUTHERN GEOGRAPHY.

SOUTH CAROLINA. A vast empire, bounded on the North by the Arctic Ocean, East by Fort Sumter, South by the Tortugas, and West by the Pacific. The population is illimitable, the productions incalculable, its resources inexhaustible. The people are happy because the Better Half of themselves are slaves. Its Chivalry awes the World by valiant deeds; its navy defies the battle and the breeze.

PRODUCTIONS.—South Carolina produces chattels of every shade, to suit the taste of the purchaser.

DISEASES.—The prevailing disorders are violent Retches and Sicksecession. A Dr JACKSON once invented a cure for these complaints.

LITERATURE.—The standard of literature is high. The Charleston *Mercury*, the journal of the western world, is renowned for the purity of its English and the elevation of its morals. Its circulation is enormous. It justly holds every man a traitor who does not steal from U. S. Government.

OUR SECESSION GRAMMAR.

The peculiarity of this work is its proper use of terms. For instance we say "The noun is the slave of the verb." "The verb is the master of the accusative." Great stress is laid on Passives and Supines. Obedience is taught in every line.

COPIES FROM OUR SECESSION COPY BOOKS.

"Poor whites are poor trash.
If you'd spoil the nigger spare the lash,
Little boys when you flog dont mind a gash," &c.

The copyright of these works is secured.

Theatrical.

The great theatrical success of the season is the spectacular play of the "Seven Sisters," now running at LAURA KEENE'S. This piece, it may not be generally known, is derived from the French one entitled "*Les Sept Filles du Diable*."—"The Seven Daughters of the Devil." With the latter title it is now being performed at the South, under an injunction, however, from the well known Northern manager, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who avers that "The Seven Daughters of the Devil" belong by right to the U. S. theatre, and have gone to their father illegally and without just cause, seeing that their Uncle SAMUEL is their properly constituted and rightful guardian. If we are to judge from certain paragraphs and pictorial devices now going the rounds of the papers, however, we should suppose that the "Seven Daughters of the Devil" is not a lucrative speculation at the South, as those items inform us that the concern is just beginning to Flag.

Little Rhymes for little Benjamin.

BENJIE was a beauty, BENJIE was a thief;
BENJIE went to college and stole a handkerchief;
SOPHS swore at BENJIE—tears fill'd BENJIE eyes;
BENJIE next stole watches, penknives, jewels—nice!—
PREX went to BENJIE, BENJIE straight confessed;
BENJIE went to Congress, and you can guess the rest!

Lexicographic.

SALVAGE s. A border, edging. The Border States, for instance.

SALVAGE s. Things saved out of a shipwreck. The Border States, for instance.



IT IS A CURIOUS FACT IN THE PHYSIOLOGY OF THE SPONGE, THAT IT SUFFERS TERRIBLY FROM THIRST. THE ABOVE IS A SKETCH FROM NATURE, MADE BY OUR ARTIST ON ONE OF THOSE DRY DUSTY DAYS IN THE BEGINNING OF MARCH.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

Rome, March 7th.

DEAR VANITY:—I have given up my pontifical pretensions, and retired from private life.

Pius IX is once more at the head of things. . . .

Apropos of which, THOUVENEL got off a clever joke the other day. "Brittania," remarked he, "rules the waves; but our friend PIUS rules the See."

It was considered, by many, the best *mot* of the season.

We have had no collision here, as yet, but there is no knowing how soon one may occur. The officers of the French army, and the ward politicians, are banded together to overthrow my influence. They can't do it.

Meanwhile, I am confined to my room. History, probably, contains no parallel to my case.

I told you, in my first letters, how unfortunate I was in the way of losing limbs. First an arm; then a leg, until I hadn't a leg to stand upon, nor an arm to my back.

Now, you will be surprised to learn, *new limbs are growing out*. . . .

. . . Upon my honor!

I have, springing from my right shoulder, a beautiful little arm, young and fresh as that of a child. Legs are also appearing.

The surgeons and physicians here don't know what to make of this phenomenon. Some attribute it to the climate, some to the water.

. . . I think it is hereditary.

Of course, I am charmed. It was so very inconvenient, to be a mutilated wreck. And dancing. . . an amusement of which I am passionately fond. . . was simply impossible.

Now, within a few weeks, I shall be frisking once more. I shall sport and gambol in the public places.

But more important matters demand my attention. Other things than legs are on foot in Italy, and there are other things than arms on hand.

Spring comes. . . GARIBALDI is spolling for a fight. I'm another. Ten thousand brave soldiers await my decision, each one a little more anxious than the others to go in and win. Austria quakes. Sardinia shakes and Prussia trembles!

Civitella del Tronto is being bombarded. My Zouaves are there, throwing brickbats into the place by the thousand. CIALDINI ob-

jects. He says that JOE GARIBALDI has Gone Back On him, and broken the treaty they had agreed to. But it is well known that CIALDINI is not veracious. I know GARIBALDI too well to believe such a thing of him.

Let me tell you a little incident of his youth. I quote from PARRON's (commonly known as "FANNY FERN's husband") biography:

"The sun was setting in the west, naturally enough, when this youthful but talented person sought the cool and umbrageous vistas of his father's garden."

"In his stalwart though adolescent right hand, he bore a small hatchet, given him by some kind but injudicious friend."

"With thoughtless steps, he approached a fine and fruitful apple-tree. Which he chopped into it with his hatchet."

"His father drew near. It was the only thing he could draw."

"JOE," said he, in the pensive and monotonous voice for which he was so justly celebrated; "JOE, how came that tree cut?"

"The reply has become historical. . . ."

"I cut it with my little hatchet, and I cannot tell a lie!"

"Such was the character of the future Dictator of Italy."

And PARRON does him no more than simple justice. . . . excuse me. A cannon-ball, fired by some artillerists who are practicing in the square in front of my house, has carried away my inkstand, leaving me but one penfull of ink with which to write the name of

McABONE.

P. S. I have just learned that I was egregiously mistaken in my charge against somebody, of claiming the authorship of these letters. He didn't do it. He isn't any such a man. McA.

OPERATIC.

Our Special *Caput Mortuum* writes us from Boston, that the inhabitants of that orderly city are indulging in an immense excitement over "*Un Ballo in Maschera*." He attributes this extraordinary revulsion in favor of VERDI, not to the excellence of the opera itself, or to the efforts of the Troupe in doing it justice, but entirely to the Digest of the Plot recently published in VANITY FAIR, which from its manifest superiority over the Authorized Libretto, has entirely superseded that pink and yellow publication at the Academy. The whole fashionable and literary world of Boston had been in fact wrought up to a pitch of delirious expectancy by the perusal of our Libretto; the consequence of which was an enormous rush to what our Chinese editor calls the Sing-Song, and an immense endorsement of its merits.

It cannot be denied that the tribute paid us by our Special is eminently Gratulatory, and we accept it as such. But we fear the credit is not all to us. The story, the scenery and the music are naturally and thoroughly Bostonian—"hinc, hinc illæ," milk in the cocoa-nut. For even VERDI's hardest West End opponents (see DWIGHT's *Journal*, which is *Æsthetic* Boston, you know,) are driven to acknowledge its merits, admitting that some passages (as in the moonlight scene,) reveal Chorus 'cations of great brilliancy. RALPH WALDO EMERSON Improved The Occasion we learn, to point out the fact that the bewilderment of AMELIA in the Out of Town scene is admirably carried out by the crazy manner in which the moon changes to different quarters of the heaven, suggesting a sympathetic chronic lunacy.

In fact, all Athens declares that VANITY FAIR has raised for VERDI a "*monumentum ære perennius*." (Allusion to the comparative brass in Trovatore and Traviata.) Whenever, and if, that monument shall be completed, and shall take its position by the side of the FRANKLIN or WEBSTER statues, may V. F. be there to see. The most suitable material for such a structure would be, of course, the Verd' Antique.

The Difference.

A dinner was lately given in London, to Colonel Sir ARTHUR COTTON, just arrived from India, where he has done the State much service by his promotion of Canalling for the purpose of irrigation.

The moral to be deduced from this is, that English Cotton is superior to American Cotton; inasmuch as the former promotes irrigation, while the latter is only productive of irritation.

Bennett Beaten.

The *Tribune* the other day had a letter, a half column long, which it said contained "*les plus fraîches nouvelles de l'enfer*." Where's the Satanic press?

Chatter-boxes.

The loges of the Academy of Music at a Philharmonic Concert.



RATHER TOO BAD.

YOUNG WELLINGTON HONORS A FAMILY PARTY, AND STUPID OLD UNCLE MAKES HIM STAND UP WITH COUSIN KATE (WHOM HE SECRETLY ADORES) AND WHO HAPPENS TO BE AN INCH OR TWO TALLER THAN HIMSELF!

THE TANGLED WEBB.

And so, General JAMES WATSON WEBB, you are going abroad to do the Turks.

When we heard it, VANITY FAIR exclaimed Bosh!—good Turkish you know—it seemed too good to be true.

Now take our advice.

Don't appoint too many Vice Consuls in the land of the cypress and myrtle to pay you fifteen hundred dollars a head. That dodge is played out.

Don't show the Turks, by example, that there is such a thing as running any of their peculiar institutions to the ground.

Don't get over a ferry by passing off a seal made with a half dollar, for the President's own guarantee of a dispatch to the Pope or Sultan.

Don't stop to listen to

"An Emperor tapping at a nobby club pane."

Don't—don't—don't go to cutting up any Harem Scare 'em shines.

Don't diplomatize more than you can help. One Plague at a time is as many as Constantinople can bear, and they have trouble enough, you know, without your help.

Perturbabantur Constantinopolitania,

Innumerabilibus sollicitudinibus.

And finally, don't turn Turk.

That's all. If you avoid these little predilecadilloes you will be an honor to yourself and to the good advice of VANITY FAIR.

From our Negromancer.

We find, in a foreign journal, an account of a shower of Colored Rain which is stated to have fallen somewhere in the neighborhood of Siena.

If a shower of Colored Rain fell in the neighborhood of Printing-House Square, we should expect to see HORACE GREELEY out enjoying it, destitute of an umbrella, and without his hat.

Song for the Naval Artillery.

"Columbiad, the Gun of the Ocean."

Cruiser again.

A classical friend declares, that ever since he visited the RAREY shows, his sleeping hours have been constantly haunted by the same vision which troubled the "*pious Aeneas*," some years since, and which is detailed in the First Book of that individual's confession:

*Infelix simulacrum atque ipsius umbra Creusae,
Vis mihi ante oculos et nota major imago.*

"One night while sleeping round I saw the shade of wretched Cruiser,

A form familiar unto me, and doubtlessly to you Sir."

We were aware that OLD BULL and SHAKESPEARE were mentioned by name in that omniscient Virgilian work, but did not know before that the Mantuan bard talked horse-prophecy.

Brass versus Steel.

It is said that every military company at Charleston has a powerful display of brass musical instruments. . . the peaceful musicians, in fact, nearly rivalling the warlike soldiery in numbers.

This may explain the language of the Charleston *Mercury*, which invariably speaks of the Southern army as a Gallant Band!

Tariffic.

Why will immigration from Ireland be less the present than in former years?

Because the new tariff imposes a duty of fifty per cent on Unwashed Paddy.

Southern Stock Operation.

Speculation must prosper. The Southern Confederacy, having no money to lay out, has Invested Fort Pickens!

J. B.'s PETITION.

Pity the sorrows of a functionary

Whose trembling limbs have walked him out of doors,
Although he's labored with great unction, nary
A red has he from all his ill-got stores.

These seedy garments show my great stupidity
In not appropriating to myself
All the loose funds I grasped at with avidity
Bearing at last the shame—without the pelf.

Yon White House, standing on a steep declivity
Tempted through life, and lured me there at last;
There, where mid hours of seeming gay festivity
Through fearful tortures, day and night I past.

Had they permitted rest in calm inanity
I would have been a happier man I'm sure;
But I'll be—oh (excuse some slight profanity)
If you could bear as much, and still be pure.

WALKER and FORNEY, FOWLER, (deuce confound them)
Have ruined me *in toto*, so to speak,
For to face down the proofs they got around them—
Upon my soul, I didn't have the cheek.

Now I'm departing—infirm—old—impecunious;
Let me, I pray, slide smoothly to the grave,
Please let me be—and don't some second JUNIUS,
Get glory up by damning me—I *cave*.

A Black-letter Edition.

The news items by a late mail, contain an account of an eccentric person who lately died in Pomerania, and "whose fancy it was to have the walls of his room papered with the Odes of HORACE—a polyglot edition, in colored letters."

From the circumstance of the Colored letters, we suppose that HORACE GREELEY is the H. referred to in the above quoted statement.

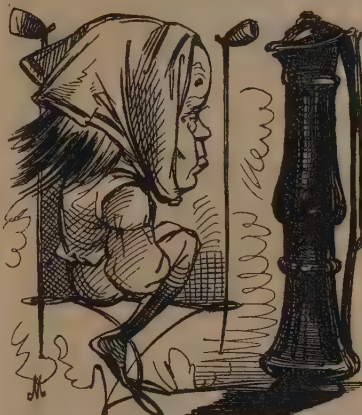
VANITY FAIR.



OPEN YOUR MOUTH AND SHUT YOUR EYES.

GRANNY DAVIS TO MASTER BULL.—Now, JOHNNY, TAKE THIS DOWN LIKE A GOOD BOY, AND YOU SHALL HAVE
AS MUCH NICE COTTON AS YOU WANT.

PHILP, HIS HAND-BOOK.



N many branches of Literature we would as lief read our own authors, as those of any other country.

In History have we not BANCROFT, (who writes for It,) and the immortal PRESCOTT, whose talented daughter, Miss HARRIET E. PRESCOTT, is now contributing a story to our grave contemporary, the *Ancient Nicholas*, vulgarly, *Old Knicker*! (We prefer her story to history.) In Poetry, have we not BRYANT, who edits the *Evening Post*, with GODWIN, the

father of Mrs. SHEELLY, and is known to scholars by his work on Ancient Mythology, ("A New System or Analysis of Ancient Mythology." London: 1774-76, 8 vols. 4 to.) and LONGFELLOW, whose Song of HIAWATHA is a specimen of his handicraft, (to say nothing of Schoolcraft, from whom it was taken,) and MORRIS, whose song-spared tree will never become a back-log on the hearth of Oblivion!

In Fiction, does not our COOPER head off the great novelists of England? Have we not a SIMMS, (alas, no, for he is now a citizen of the S. C., unhappy SIMMS!) the author of "The Tower House" in the moral World. ("Good EAVENS!" said V. F. when he tried to read it!)—and last, not least, the sweetest of the sylvan race, SYLVANUS?

We might go through the whole department of letters and find no deficiency, (of course we do not mean the Post-office, for we still remember FOWLER!) certainly none worth mentioning, except in Hand-books, a branch of writing in which our authors must bow to their English brethren. They are not handy at Handy books, to adopt, for this time only, the phraseology of my Lord ST. LEONARDS.

Go where you will on the Continent; in Paris, to which all good Americans go, before or after death; at Baden, where all the Bad'uns congregate, and make their little game; up the romantic, memory-haunted Rhine, (we stifle here a joke on the Rhino!) among the frozen sublimities of the Alps, where FREDRICA BREMER eats Vanilla ices; in Italy, the home of the arts, the land of song, (to say nothing of organ-grinders and plaster-image makers!) anywhere and everywhere in Europe, you will find the Hand-books of MURRAY, which, like their covers, are always Read. JOHN MURRAY, thou art as great a benefactor as thy father, LINDLEY MURRAY, whose accident, happily not yet obsolete, (when are accidents out of date?) was at the bottom of our juvenile studies.

We have no MURRAY in America, but we have a PHILP!

"A PHILP—pray what is that?"

Reader of V. F. did you never hear the anecdote of the rural gentleman, who, on seeing a show-bill of a lecture in his neighborhood, (perhaps it was one of BAYARD TAYLOR's,) "The Age of PERICLES," asked, "What are Pericles?" You have, and you remember that no one answered him, not even Echo, who is always so polite on these occasions. V. F. will be more communicative, and tell you what a PHILP is, or rather what the PHILP is, for he believes the phenomenon in question to be a cousin of the mysterious PHOENIX, who was his own father and mother, and brother and sister, and any amount of uncles and aunts—in short his whole family, and who rose from his ashes, (pot or pearl, not stated,) exclaiming "Death's a Lie! Life's Hope!" PHILP is a bookseller of Washington, the Senior member of the firm of PHILP & SOLOMON, (it was wise of PHILP to take SOLOMON into the concern!) and the getter-up of a Hand-book, with a sanguinary cover, and a stamp of the Capitol in gold, (we hope PHILP's capital is in gold!)—"PHILP's Washington Described."

PHILP describes Washington in full, beginning with its Geography and Natural History, and ending with its "places of interest" near the seat of Government. (We expected to find the Banking House of RIGGS & Co among the "places of interest," but did not. How is this, PHILP?) We shall not follow the learned topographer through the classic scenes of the Federal Capitol, but confine ourselves to a few remarks, amplifications, corrections, etc., on his first chapter.

PHILP begins his account, (after a page or two of geographical and historical matter of no account,) by describing what takes most people to Washington—its rocks. It is underlaid, he tells us, with gneiss rocks, the trend of which is east and west. There is no doubt but that the rocks of Washington are nice, but PHILP is mistaken in their trending to the East or West; they have always trended to the South! If any one doubts this, let him recall the career of the great COBB, (not SYLVANUS, but HOWELL,) the late chief of the Geological Bureau; or that of FLOYD, and his fellow traitors, (FLOYD's guilt, however, is a mere abstraction;) or let him read the Post-office Reports, a work of great interest to men of letters, (will the *Charleston Mercury* inform V. F. of the yearly amount of the postal deficiency of South Carolina?) and he will see that the direction of the Rocks of Washington is unmistakably towards the South.

Continuing PHILP's disquisition, we turn the leaf, and skipping a Map of the D. of C., which, by the way, resembles a large ace of diamonds on a very small card, we find this singular paragraph: "No considerable borings in the way of Artesian Wells have been made." True, PHILP, but the borings in other ways are incalculable, chiefly in and about the Capitol. (We suppress a joke here on Capital Boring!) A great deal of this boring is done in the Senate daily, and where it will end Providence only knows. The great bore at present is Secession, and it augurs ill for the country. 'Artesian wells!—they bore for something better in Washington. Senators and Congressmen for glory, which means the praise of the *Herald* and the abuse of the *Tribune*, or, *vice versa*; a serenade at Willard's, and a public dinner at Phoenixville, and, looming richly in the future, another term—in short Buncombe; (mysterious divinity, we adore thee!) The Lobby bores for Justice, (*Fiat Justitia, Ruat Cælum*.) soldiers' pensions, widows' claims, French spoils—in short Cash! Wells, forsooth! We suspect, PHILP, that you were bribed to insert that by the Lobby, for no one outside of it, would ever think of saying, "It is Well!"

PHILP devotes a page and a half to the water of Washington, a subject which he had better have omitted, since it is of no earthly consequence to anybody. Water is a respectable Institution, and, as has been remarked before, (we believe by NOAH,) "an excellent thing for the purposes of navigation," but it is seldom thought of in Washington, and scarcely ever seen there, except in the company of brandy, or whisky, or some other equally potent liquid. The citizens of Washington have never shown much sympathy for water, especially since the great poisoning at Willard's, the victims of which are said to have been water-drinkers! The favorite beverage, under BUCHANAN's administration, was Old Rye; and it redounds to the credit of J. B., that, false as he was to friends and foes alike, he was true to Old Rye to the last! We may mention *en passant*, that about fifteen years ago several citizens of Washington were banished for persisting in the folly of water-drinking. They revenged themselves by preaching a cold-water crusade in the North, and induced many to join their ranks. These persons, whose apostacy from the drinks of their fathers was happily a short one, impudently called themselves Washingtonians!

PHILP has a list, or rather a table, of the marketable fish of Washington, among which we find suckers and pike. Pike are almost unknown there—we are assured by those who know—only one specimen, and that a very odd fish, having been seen in years. We refer to ALBERT PIKE, the poet. Of the abundance of Suckers there can be no doubt!

PHILP is learned in Zoölogy. He tells us that it is not probable that buffalo ever lived in that region; (V. F. saw BUFFALO BILL there a few years ago;) that deer, here he rhymeth, that deer are not rare in the old Ten Mile Square; (V. F., who, like Sir ANDREW AGUECHEEK, was "adored once," used to have a Dear there;) and that otter are even now to be met with.

PHILP mentions six species of bats, but he fails to state their dimensions. We can enlighten him a little on that point. They are large enough to hold a man! Indeed, we have seen several men on a Bat in Washington, for a week at a time!

Of rats and mice, and "such small deer," there are thirty-seven species (all of which may be found at Willard's); adding to this number five species which are now extinct, we have forty-two in all. It tries one's Fortitude to think of it!

Among the birds mentioned by PHILP, are the cardinal grosbeak, (a Catholic bird, we presume,) the celebrated mocking-bird, and Henslow's Bunting. We are ignorant what is meant by the latter. We of the North only know of one Bunting—Uncle Sam's—(long may it wave!) which has fallen into disfavor at the South. Indeed, so much do our fire-eating countrymen dislike it, that they are determined to abolish it altogether. They intend to begin at the beginning, for we have it on the best authority, (the *Charleston Mercury*.) that a noted Southern poet, who, in this instance, at least, is not Sound on the Goose, is about to revise the Maternal Anserine Melodies of our childhood, particularly the famous lul-



WANTED CHANGE OF AIR.

Promenader.—“AW—BAW-WY, CAN'T YOU PLAY SOMETHING EVERY MORN'ING BUT 'DIXEY'? DOCTOR'S RECOMMENDED A CHANGE OF AIR; SAYS AW MUST HAVE IT. WEMEM-BAH!—STAWP OFF DIXEY!”

lady which has soothed so many infantile souls into ambrosial dreams. We allude to

“By a baby bunting,”

which will soon be changed to

“By a baby Palmetto,”

PHILP mentions the “Green Heron,” evidently referring to MATTILDA, who was once verdant enough to play in Washington! His “Prairie Warbler” must mean ROBERT LINCOLN, (vulgarly, Bob-o'-Link,) a rare species, never seen in Washington until this Spring. It is a singular bird, of the class *President*, genus *Rail Splitter*. “Mother Carey's Chickens”—Does PHILP allude to ALICE and PHOEBE? If so, we must inform him that they have never been in Washington.

PHILP mentions among the snakes of Washington, “the blowing viper,” a curious species, worthy of a fuller account than he gives. Of all the reptiles with which this country is cursed, the Blowing Viper is the worst. It is confined to no section, but is a native of all. The most deadly specimens belong to the North and South. They are called Abolitionists and Secessionists. The former is known by his seeing all things through a dark medium; a great smoked glass is continually before his eyes, and every object that he beholds through it becomes the long-lived denizen of Africa, or, in the vernacular, the Everlasting Nigger. He worships WENDELL PHILLIPS, and HENRY WARD BEECHER. The reptile is undoubtedly honest in his delusion, but he should be crushed, notwithstanding. The Secession viper is of a different breed, and is continually casting his skin. He was warmed into life by a political madman, named JOHN C. CALHOUN, who christened him Nullifier. He became a Democrat, and running for Congress, wormed himself into a thousand fat offices, and became the bosom friend of FLOYD, THOMPSON, WIGFALL, TOMBES, and other blowing vipers. He affects to hate the Abolitionist, which is odd, considering that he helps him in his dirty work of Disunion. He should be crushed at once, or at least confined to the Cotton States, in whose slime he was bred. Put your heels on him. Let him be *Anathema Maranatha!*

Thus far the present lesson. Next week, brethren, *Deo volente*, we shall resume “PHILP, His Handbook.”

To the Editor of the Herald.

DEAR JAMES:—You have one or two very refreshing little jokes, which are, if we may be allowed the expression, not so new as they were once. Such as, The joke about “our Quadrilateral Cotemporary,”

“The Elbows of the Mincio,”

“Philosopher GREELEY,”

“His tackle and apparel,”

“Mr. VATSON JEBB's diplomatic coat,”

“Our pious neighbor.”

Will you, dear JAMES, oblige us and a long-suffering public so far as to do all of the above once more, and then die?

Faithfully, our dear JAMES,

Your friend VANITY FAIR.

Trifles by our Conceited Contributor.

To me the most appropriate name for twins seems to be Teucer.

President LINCOLN's exclamation when he appoints a lady postmistress, undoubtedly will be—Letter box.

No animal is oftener on his back than a skate-fish. And there be human odd fish on the Central Park Pond who are like unto him.

No man, perhaps, makes more music from niches in the banks than an Organist.

What a delightful time ladies must have had who dwelt in any one of the 5 cities of he Plain!

The accountant who strikes a balance performs a most scaly trick.

The appropriate emblem for Pikes' Peak is the Shamrock.

A most harrowing idea to a superstitious sailor is, that when the ship lays to, the result is the famous Roc's egg.

“TAKE MY PAW.”

The Emperor of the French taking pity on the exiled Bombalino, ex-King of the rescued Sicilies, has lately made an offer to lend that young impotentate the Château de Pau, as a refuge in his reverses. But Bombalino stands upon his Bourbonism, and declines the proffered civility, in these words, addressed to M. de Grammont:

“I cannot accept this kind offer. The Emperor Napoleon is my natural adversary. The Bonapartes cannot love the Bourbons. But I declare this, that the Emperor of the French is the only sovereign in Europe who has Held out a Hand to me in my distress.”

Under these circumstances, it was surely ungracious in the exiled monarch to refuse the Emperor's Pau.

SALE HO!

Yacht Rebecca for sale. She can be seen at Greenpoint.—*N. Y. Herald*, March 19.

Not at Plum Gut? That last was a Green Point in you, however, Master BENNETT—very green indeed, and it is to be presumed that you have found out as much by this time. Considering the associations which connect your name with the Rebecca, one wonders that you have so long remained in a state of what WILLIS calls be-yacht-itude.

Bills of Life.

Due of our Youth.—Tailors' Bills.

On Sight.—Opticians' Bills.

Terrible Bores.—Board Bills.

W'at a prize!—Croton Bills.

Momentous.—Watchmakers' Bills.

Not lightly disregarded.—Gas Bills.

Lastly.—Bootmakers' Bills.

Malarious.

Why is a Malay like a tumbled shirt?

Because he has always one or too Kreeses about him.

THE RIGHT OF SEARCH.



ECIDEDLY our C (for cotton) seedling brothers are bringing affairs to a bad state. The baggage of passengers on the steamships from here to Savannah on their arrival in that port, is subjected to the most rigid examination. Soiled linen, old boots darned socks, all receive the closest inspection; and AMERICAN CITIZENS submit to the insult, pocket the affront, and rejoice

that they are even as the favored subjects of his former highness BOMBE were, or what those of his present holiness the NINTH PIUS are. For this it was we fought through the Revolutionary War—that we might have a revolution of our old linen! For this was it that we defied the King of England!—to humble ourselves to—JEFF. DAVIS!

The Right of Search! Go on; the next step Passports, the next step the Inquisition; however, we have that already in the above mentioned grievance. Hereafter, oh Yankees, when you are called Inquisitive, say nothing, but point in the direction where cotton grows; you may attempt to pick up information, it is better and nobler than to pick pockets: which the Customs of the Cotton States consider Honorable!

Is this turning over the cloths and underclothes of men and women considered Chivalrous? Is this prying into the mysteries of a lady's toilet Gentlemanly, even? Is it safe? What is to prevent the Southern confederacy from appropriating the hair-brushes and old boots it may take a fancy to, especially as they belong not to foreigners and aliens, but to their own brothers? We may shake the cap and bells over the follies of Americans, but when it comes to insults like these, it is time to be serious.

To you, Mr. SCOFF, who are a shining light among the Coldwater-ites, how would you feel if, going from here to Savannah, you were, on your arrival in that chivalrous city, to have that little black bottle of anything but cold-water, exposed to the view of surrounding enemies? and to you Madame? but we know you would not like to have your "assistants" published. To you, poor little KITTY, how would you feel when all those little articles of dress, the very mention of whose name you avoid, were exposed to the gaze and rude remarks of unfeeling men?

Enough! We protest against this Wrong, not Right, of Search, and leave it to Freemen and not Slaves, to abolish at once.

CUI BONO?

THE SOLILOQUY OF A SENTINEL AT FORT SUMTER.

I.

Standin' out here on the wall, I can't help wond'r'in' an' thinkin', What on airth is the good of rulers an' cabinet politics: Fellers all over the country is makin' of spread-eagle speeches, Twistin' an' turnin' an' shufflin', jest like a passel o' warmints, Savin' the Union, an' spoutin', an' drivin' the people distracted, All to no end, as I sees; leastways, no end I kin mention.

II.

Fust, they was blowin' up JAMES, the feeble old buffer of Wheatland; Callin' him all kinds o' names, an' sayin' they ought to impeach him; 'Lowin' he didn't know much, an' what he did know warn't wuth knowin'; Callin' him Rebel, an' Traitor, an' sayin' he'd sold out the country.

III.

Then they commenced for to holler on him as is now in the White House; Honest Ole ABE, as they call him; an' all of his party raised thunder About what he'd do when the time come for showin' the size of his muscle; How he intended to rule . . . to govern like ole ANDREW JACKSON . . . To call, ef need be, to arms, with the "God of battles" to help him, To hold all the forts an' the works, that still remained true to the Union; To reinforce SUMTER, post-haste, with plenty o' soljers an' wittles.

IV.

Wall, when I heered o' the speech that ABE read aloud to the people There on the fourth o' March . . . the day o' the inauguration . . . Somehow, I felt kind o' glad, for I thought reinforcements was comin', An', you see, to my mind it's hard, this workin' from mornin' to evenin', Clearin' an' mountin' big guns, and buildin', an' strengthenin' the fortress; 'Specially when . . . as 'tis here . . . you hasn't got men for the labor; Leastways, I hoped there'd be fight, or else we'd receive some assistance; 'Cause in the speech, LINCOLN said he'd protect all the Government prop'ty, Keep what he'd got . . . and, he hinted, take back what was held by the rebels; Not to say nothin' o' cash . . . the mints and the revenue money.

V.

Wall, I've waited, an' now, it seems that Ole ABE and BUCHANAN Row in the self-same boat, an' that neither is wuth shot an' powder? So this 'ere beautiful flag, that waves in the free wind o' heaven, Flashin' its silvery stars an' coilin' its red stripes above me, Must' as it 'ppears, come down . . . be struck in a way ignominious . . . Not from a victory lost after hours of good honest fightin', But on'y because Ole ABE seems afeared to back up his intentions!

VI.

It looks to me now, as ef . . . takin' all into consideration . . . ABE wasn't agoin' for to hold or protect the forts o' the Union . . . That he didn't, as we fellers say, care shucks for the Federal Government; So, arter keepin' us here, till we're worn out, an' e'en almost hungry, Coolly sez he, "Lookahere, evacuate, give up your fortress!" Now you kin jest take an' wallop me, like I was on'y a greaser, Ef I kin make out the use of any such cowardly bizniss . . . Ah . . . Who goes thar? The relief? . . . thank goodness, my sentry is over.

"Drawn from the Wood."

A foreign item gleaner informs this side of the Atlantic that "Mr. WOODIN, a London actor, in the course of a ten hours performance, successfully represents one hundred characters."

That must be very trying to the articulative apparatus: indeed the very notion of it makes us feel diptherious. Perhaps it is easy work for WOODIN, however, whose name suggests the possibility of his having a good deal of *Timbre* in his voice.

Interesting Anecdotes.

A gentleman at the Astor House banquet on the 22d, observed on the bill of fare "Head Cheese *en Bellevue*."

"What do they mean by that?" he asked of his neighbor.

"Oh," was the answer, "that signifies the extension to us of the Hospitalities of the occasion."

Argumentum ab Hominy.

Since the hungry Mississippians have received gratuitous supplies of Breadstuffs from Chicago, the Southern Confederacy ought to be called the Western-corn-fed-eray.

WRETCHED INDEED!



and scholars—that “they be at once put upon short commons—may put adrift altogether from Grub.”

It is not difficult to infer from this elegant and refined paragraph, what the editor of the *Mercury* imagines the life of literary men of the highest standing in New-York to be, and sequentially what his own probably is. As everybody knows, they are all ragged wretches living at best on board wages, writing leaders for “grub,” trading a paragraph once in a while for a potatoe, or a biography for a biscuit. N. P. WILLIS and General MORRIS can be seen almost any day, selling their own *Home Journal* in the streets and trading off single copies for “a small stew” in the Fulton Market. WM CULLEN BRYANT has a lunch of pork and onions pretty regular, but even He hangs round the kitchen of the Metropolitan Hotel on an evening, for the sake of getting a feed out of that dish of thirty ingredients and seventy-seven syllables, described by ARISTOPHANES, in the *Ecclesiazusca*, and on which the servants of that inn are said to be fed. BRIGGS is allowed a Connecticut pie per diem when industrious, but then he likes milk on it, for which he writes poems for a stump-tail-Twenty-Second-Ward-pure-Orange-swill-County establishment. BAYARD TAYLOR feeds most sumptuously of all of them, receiving from GOSLING, *sauer-kraut*, and Bologna sausages—yes—as much as he can eat inside of fifteen minutes, twice a day, in return for which he delivers a monthly lecture on his Hebrew benefactors. BANCROFT has a weekly stipend of soda-crackers and hard boiled eggs from his publisher. That is all that he gets. STODDARD and ALDRICH cultivate the muse on apples and dough-nuts which we regret to state they generally steal from infirm old Irish women in Nassau Street, in pifering which they are aided by one FISK as “cover.” C. A. DANA exists by hooking from the stables handfulls of corn which he parches on the *Tribune* office stove. FITZ HUGH LUDLOW lives on hash, from which he derives the surname of the Hashish Eater. FRED COZZENS has a shanty and a small garden up the river by which he is enabled to occasionally enjoy a thin *Julienne*, and sometimes a raw turnip, or carrot, or treat his friends to a few Fresh Stalks of ‘Sparrowgrass. RICHARD GRANT WHITE is doing pretty well at present—having sold out his SHAKESPEARE and mortgaged his labor for life for an annuity of a daily feed for one year at BUTTERBOAKE BILL’S where he generally takes it out in a plate of pork and beans, “most all pork with a good many beans.” STEDMAN lives on the Lager-bier and pretzels which are supplied gratis by New-York publishers to all who work above thirty hours at a stretch for them. And this is all He ever sees. PARK GODWIN rings in to the suppers at gambling houses when he can. So on with all the rest, of every soul of whom it may be written as it was of PANTAGRUEL of old that “he could not reach anything fit to eat, but with great pain stooped now and then a little to take with the flat of the tongue some wretched lick, bit or morsel.”

But since such is the life led in the best of ‘times by leading *literati* in a community which is not the worst in the world for them, and where they are certainly not without honor, we shiver

ECENCY is always commendable.

The Charleston *Mercury* in speaking of the literary productions of Messrs. CURTIS, RIPLEY and DANA, in particular, and of all the New-York literati in general, piles on them such gay and festive terms as “rogues,” calls them thieves very directly, and commends—in the style and language usually adopted when speaking of gentlemen

with compassion to think what must be the fare and fame of a rude ungrammatical scribbler—say in South Carolina—where the patronage of literature is, to judge by the wails and howls sent from their own periodicals, at a doleful discount indeed! If the first writers of the metropolis are ignorant, starved, mischievous and thieving—and the prominent and most talented representative journal of Secession says *all this distinctly* of them—what *must* be the status of the provincial penman lacking their culture, their knowledge of life, their opportunities—and who, unable to make a living, as they do in the great world, has sunk down to the level of a hack partisan scrawler in a small country-cotton town! We shudder at the thought of such abject wretchedness, and yielding to our immense and ungovernable Humanity—dissolve in tears.

STARTLING IMPROVEMENT IN ARMS.

The peaceful state of Texas is to have an Army, all by itself, and BEN McCULLOCH, of jobbing memory, is appointed to prepare it. The Army is to consist of two regiments of “Rangers.” Those of our readers whose ideas of a “Range” are, like our own, somewhat uncertain, will be startled to learn from BEN’S proclamation, written in the Texan or Texian language, that

“A good horse, a Colt’s pistol, and a light rifle or double barrell shot gun, that can be used on horseback *are the best arms* for such service.”

Two regiments of Texans, or Texians, each armed with “a good horse” and a Colt’s pistol, will be invincible. The late SAMPSON marched against the Philistines, armed with the jaw-bone of an ass (we mean nothing personal, BEN,) but two regiments armed with horses!!! Ah!!! of course the tactics will be changed accordingly, and our gallant rangers will be expected to

Shoulder	} HORSES!
Order	
Carry	
Support	
Present	
&c., &c.	

at the word of command. Also, of course, we shall have an entirely new set of expressions from Texas. We shall no longer hear that they have “drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard,” belligerent editors will hereafter announce, “we have drawn the horse and thrown away the stable.”

After this startling improvement in military weapons, we are better prepared to learn that

“The Camanches well know that ‘The Ranger is at Home on the Prairie’ again.”

After hearing that “the Ranger” is to be armed with “a good horse” we cannot be surprised to know that he is “at Home on the Prairie,” or anywhere else,

Elovia the Texan or Texian or *Tejano* Foot-Cavalry Rangers!

Glances at the Gallery.

No. 423. SUNSET ON THE JERSEY FLATS.—A. WUST.

When Jersey Flats can borrow hues like these,
Not far from Earth the Regions of the Blest,
Let none despair—since here one feels and sees,
At last the Last is First—the Wust is Best.

No. 446. DOLCE FAR NIENTE.—WM. PAGE.

“’Tis sweet to do nothing?”—Then why not, dear P.,
Act up to the motto that brings us such bliss?
Then Critic and Painter for once might agree,
For *Nothing* is better (I’m sure, sir) than *this*!

Paradoxical.

A clever artist may be ever so poor, may not have an item of personal property to his back in fact, and yet he always Effects to dispose of.

Scientific.

It is one of nature’s paradoxes that if you want to keep a coal fire hot you must keep it Coaled.

The Beauty of Norwegian Poetry.

Its peculiar Finnish

Going down Staires.

Entering a country church.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XIII.

Mrs. Primpenny and Lottie had become very anxious about Stuyvesant. Never, even during his reckless career abroad had he gone so long without writing them a letter. He might have been engaged in the criminal and feverish pleasure of watching rouge et noir at Baden-Baden—he might have gone to the abandoned length of kissing a pretty bar-maid in England, or floating in a gondola on the grand canal under the window of some old lady he was not acquainted with, singing her songs in Italian which she supposed to be English, and imagining himself all the time the hero of some very dangerous midnight amour. In the midst of all such dissipation he had still found time to write once a fortnight to his mother and sister. Now, six weeks had gone by since his strange departure and they had not received a line from him. This strange behavior was not accounted for, even on the ground of Mr. Muffles' suggestion that he had gone South to visit a friend.

All this time Isaiah remained imperturbable. When his wife and daughter told him their fears, he only poh-poh'd them. "Stuyvesant was well enough," "trust him to look out for No. One," such were the answers of a man whom we can hardly consider Mr. Muffles extravagant in calling a stolid and brutal parent. Once he varied the answer a little, said he had heard from Stuyvesant, and he was all right. But when asked to bring up the letter from down town, he discovered that he had mislaid it, and from his being able to give no farther account of his son than his health, no information in regard to his whereabouts, or his reasons for staying away so long, we must suppose that he merely imagined that he had received a letter, as he would indulge any of the other fancies of an eccentric mind. And the ladies of his family were far from satisfied.

All this while Isaiah continued to accelerate his business pace. He worked at the coal-scuttle counting-room with all the ardor of a first love. He seemed only just now to have become enamored with the idea that the coal-scuttle was the great thing the world moves by, and well-regulated people live for. The habits of his laborious youth returned to him. He rose with the lark, or rather with the newsboy and charming sweep, who are the only larks we have in New York, and was down at the coal-scuttle shop within an hour, after scalding his throat with a swallow of hot coffee. He lunched standing up when he lunched at all, and was *distracted* to such a degree as to eat with the carving knife at dinner.

Everybody observed a change in him. He grew paler than he had ever been at any previous time of his life—thin—and so hollow-eyed that there did not lack charitable people to suspect him of gambling on the sly. He seldom talked with his family, save to wish them good night, when after a lonely evening in the parlor they came to his study and found him with his head between the leaves of his ledger, like a mysterious sort of nut which he was endeavoring to crack, for the purpose of finding there the delicious meat of an altogether new and frenziedly popular coal-scuttle.

We are ashamed to say—ye! why should we be; since it is noble to repent and do better?—that although Mr. Primpenny had treated with scorn Mr. Muffles' designs, he began using them one by one in his trade, until every pattern save the most complicated ones had gone forth in the shape of iron from his shop to bless the firesides of mankind.

Mrs. and Miss Primpenny could not fail to see the strange alteration in their husband and father's behavior, and sorrowed over it even with tears as they sat night after night, when the callers were gone, in their desolate back parlor. It was a complimentary grief to the disappearance of Stuyvesant, and they could help the one as little as the other.

At length, about the time of the last love passage recorded in our last chapter, maternal and sisterly love grew too strong for them to bear. They were fairly in a frenzy about Stuyvesant. They hurried to Isaiah's study and found him pitching into coal-scuttles. They threw their arms around his neck, burst into tears, and exclaimed,

"Oh father! Oh husband! What shall we do?"

Mr. Primpenny turned from his ledger and took one of them on

each knee. Poor little thin business man! The legs were so frail that it was very much like sitting down on a hurriedly knocked together seat of lath, and the plump little women could not avoid the feeling that they must crack their supports and fall through. But Mr. Primpenny in addition put an arm around each of them by way of security—and this was so rare a love sign of late, that it made them cry still more violently—till there almost was danger of their falling through.

"Now what can I do for you, darlings?" asked the old gentleman.

"Tell us, w-w-what has become of Stuyvesant," sobbed the little women.

Isaiah whispered a word between their ears, drawing their heads close together so that one word did for both, like one nosegay to two lovers.

And a pleasant nosegay it must be to be like *that* word! For whatever it was, they went away much relieved, and did not trouble Mr. Primpenny's business hours further.

Business hours to be sure! [As if he had any other than business hours!] The very next morning after his wife and children had been so greatly relieved by that word of his, he went to the coal-scuttle shop an hour earlier than usual to make up the time lost by affection.

But presently, coal-scuttles seemed to him insufficiently subserved by a *shop*. Among other things which he resolved on having to advance the interests of the trade was a *newspaper*!

But sly old gentleman that he was, he would not acknowledge to anybody that the newspaper really was to be for the benefit of coal-scuttles. It was to cultivate the morals of the people—elevate their minds—correct their politics. The coal-scuttles would all the time be sailing in d'ye see, but out of sight to the masses.

So he called together a dozen old gentlemen who were as anxious to correct the politics, elevate the minds, and cultivate the morals of the people as he was. Each one of them had his little thing to sail in *too*, on the top of their newspaper's wave. Nobody would see it of course! Mr. Briggs had a wholesale codfish interest—Oh how that would swim on top of the moralities, and the politics, and the intellectual improvement! Mr. Riggs had a large soap establishment, and the moment the newspaper was established, there should be no such thing as *soap*—Glory to soap! Mr. Tompkins saw felt hats packed in lots to suit purchasers rising on the tide of the moralities. Mr. Tubby, tea and coffee. Mr. Bricker, dry-goods, and so on to the end. And each of them was under the most confirmed and unshakable impression that not one of the others suspected any such thing in him.

These excellent men, after due deliberation, came to the conclusion, and passed private resolutions to that effect, that Isaiah's scheme was an excellent one and they would go into it. They pledged capital and made Isaiah the president of the board. And then they sent a committee around to find how much aid they might expect from other gentlemen with some nice little thing on the sly.

The result was that in twelve weeks from Stuyvesant's departure, (that young man not having got home yet),—a newspaper broke upon the world one morning, as the boys down Broadway cried for the first time,

"Here's your *Daily Poker*!"

It had been called by that name because, in the first place that was thought expressive of its energetic and stirring tendency—and in the second place, because after long debate, none of the directors could get the other gentlemen to allow him to name it after his little 'hing. Thus Mr. Tompkins would like to have it called "*The Daily Felt Hat*," and Mr. Riggs wanted it to be "*The Daily Bar of Soap*," and Mr. Briggs could see no reason why a most taking headline might not be "*The Daily Codfish*." So at last they had to compromise upon some name which did no earthly good to any of them, and was therefore open to no objection. In this title of *Daily Poker*, Mr. Primpenny was the only one who had occasion to chuckle over a triumph. *Poker* suggested Coal-Scuttle, and he promised himself that he would by-and-bye have an evening edition, called "*Daily Poker*," with the words "*And Evening Coal-Scuttle*," on a separate line, in handsome type beneath.

This newspaper flourished amazingly. It did a tremendous business in advertising its own men, and was the organ of politics, morality, intellect, and fifty dozen other things to them, their families, and several of their intimate friends. It did its literary business of course just as all the papers do. Likewise its news. It paid for things by measure. For instance, Pluffy, Senior Editor, would say in the morning to Duff, one of the staff—"Write two feet of Missionary Intelligence for to-morrow, will you?" Then turning to Cuffy, sensation political Editor, he would add, "And you one yard of Glorious Union, if you please." By-and-bye, as the day wore on, and energetic business people in New-York had roused themselves and committed a few shocking crimes or-killed

themselves by a variety of interesting accidents, Casualty Reporter, Stuffy, came running in with a beaming countenance to bring five inches of murder. If it was an Alderman, then they let Stuffy put on an extra inch, which told in his pocket. If there was a rail-road accident, *that* was more or less fat for Stuffy. Only they were pretty strict on Stuffy, because he liked to dilate. They were careful to insist on his minding the graduated scale. "Remember Stuffy, they would say, that *brakeman* is only 25 cents worth. If it had been a conductor, you should have had half a dollar for him, and when you smash us the President of the road—egad! you shall have five dollars."

The Editorials were taken care of by a very efficient corps, who from laudable motives of economy always kept a good deal of the matter which they should use every day ready set up so that it could go into blanks which they left in their copy. This saved time to both them and the compositors. They were able to write with a despatch which the absurd and prurient habit of feeling obliged to say something new every day, would have rendered impossible.

Of this class of handy stereotyped matter were most of the poetical quotations, the pieces of vigorous and withering sarcasm; names by which they denounced people who did not agree with them, in fact, a great many other things always exclusive of their political opinions, which it would have been far from economical to keep in stereotypes as they might want to change them next week.

Each of these stereotypes was numbered, so that, by simply referring to it in the blank which he left in his copy the editor could have it inserted instantly. This excellent plan enabled him to write as follows:

"Our ——— Cotemporary, the *Daily Slammer* is a ———. The article which appeared yesterday in his columns is characterized by his usual ——— and more than his usual ———. We can only say in the words of the poet,

"—————"

This, when it came out in the next morning's *Poker*, read as follows:

"Our *disgusting* Cotemporary, the *Daily Slammer*, is a *fool*. The article which appeared yesterday in his columns is characterized by his usual *stupidity*, and more than his usual *maliginity*. We can only say in the words of the Poet:

"Truth crushed to earth shall rise again."

By these means the *Daily Poker* flourished greatly.

SUNSET.

By THE ART-GOSSIP MAN OF THE "HERALD."

Behold! as Phœbus, with his car,
Into the earth goes down,
How chromotyped his features are
With mellow Cobalt Brown!

O! mark the saffron-purple sky,
The Cadmium sapphire pool!
In mackerelrescence bathed, they lie—
O! my, how beautiful!

The quintessential bars that streak
With Solferino Red,
Yon pyrotechnic mountain peak,
Shed perfumes on my head.

The radiant shadows on the rock
Each other, swift, pursue
In mad career, as if to mock
The force of Maddier Blue.

The topazescent clouds that glance
Athwart the festive sky,
And by the woofy margins dance
Are green—and so am I.

The Charm of Color.

Artists will be interested to learn that the Hon. HORACE GREELEY is about to offer a competition premium for the production of a picture with the greatest possible amount of Color in it.

Positive and Egg-ative.

A cackling hen.

TOO GUSHING.

The *Miss. Brandon Republican* is continually shaking a sword, and requesting some one to hold it in from an outburst. One of its last articles written with that utter disregard to all rules of composition, and all regard to the highest sounding words and figures, commences by comparing President LINCOLN to dark MOKANNA, continues by likening him to ALARIC, and concludes by assuring its readers he is like MOSES. For the latter comparison, we confess, we only arrived at it by study:—"He may pour his hordes like the plagues of Egypt, &c," says the *Brandied Republican Miss.*; the natural inference is, that the great law-giver was here intended, and that LINCOLN is the MOKANNA—ALARIC—MOSES of *Miss. Brandon*. Considering that the children of MOSES, including TWIGS, are to a non-productive-baby of them, all opposed to the present administration, it seems singular to place their father against them; but such is life, and secession from it. We hope the *Miss-Brandied, Republican* will recall the fact that the dark MOKANNA was a veiled prophet to the viciously Vulgar, but that to the intelligent and enlightened he was Available Profit; and such will President LINCOLN we trust prove to Americans. As for ALARIC he came from the North, brave, bold and strong; sweeping sensuality, corruption, voluptuousness, dishonesty and effeminacy, before him, as the cold winds from the mountain bear off the poisonous airs from Southern marshes. As for MOSES—MOSES speak for yourself. But for the real burst, the true gush; the conclusion of the *Brandy Republican Miss.* article is to be listened to with awe:

"—and though the spirit of the people (of the Corn-fed-erate States) may be humbled, its light will not be quenched, though it may be trampled in the ground by a superiority of numbers in one place, it will, like the fabled fountains of Arethusa, burst forth anew in another."

The light that will not be quenched, though trampled in one place, but will burst forth anew in another, must be Camphene; this is the light, the Secession Light, blowing up things and going off at a moment's warning; but when the *Brandied Miss. Republican* likens Camphene to the fountains of Arethusa we are in bold language, all abroad. There is a fountain of Arethusa, a gushing one at that, near Syracuse in Sicily, and a fable connected with it of its being chased from the United States into Mexico—we should say from Arcadia to Sicily while the chaser Alpheus eventually conquered!—and the moral is plain. Always, *Miss. Brandon* Gush cautiously!

SOUND PRINCIPLES.

Gentlemen who maintain themselves in a permanent condition of bread-and-cheese-and-beer, by Hook and by Crook—in other words phonographic reporters—will be disgusted to learn that severe strides have already been made, in France, toward a method of registering sounds by means of an apparatus. We have not yet heard whether the proposed acoustophonographic machine is to be worked by steam or otherwise. If it is, and supposing it to be adopted by Congress, for reporting debates, it is to be hoped that the boilers will be made of ball-proof plate, so as to prevent the possibility of a blow-up by perforation with a stray bullet. The chances of such a contingency are diminished, however, now that the South no longer "takes the floor." In order that our stenographic friends may not experience any unnecessary mental anguish at the above announcement, we have the pleasure of informing them that no immediate collision with the new Sound-catcher need be anticipated. Indeed, we are authorized to state that, in the first place, it is to be tested extensively upon Long Island Sound, and afterwards applied with a view of ascertaining whether the Senior Editor of the *Tribune* is sound upon the Goose question—so that many, many years must elapse before it can come into general use.

From Washington Market.

Q.—Why is a fly in molasses like a butcher in the shambles?
A.—Because he Sticks there.

By a Newsboy.

Why is there no rush for the Sunday papers?
Because they are not worth a Rush!

Greatest Haul the "Fire-King" has made for a month past—
Canterbury Hall.

The New Tariff.

More Ills.

Every one on his own Axis.

The allusion of the *London Times* to the fearful state of destitution to which our backwoodsmen will be reduced by the New Tariff, from their inability to procure axes from England, is evidently an ironical one. The Thunderer doubtless meant the backwoodsmen of this city, commonly called English Importers who, under the operations of a high Tariff will have fewer axes to grind. All we have to say about the matter is simply this, that we can dispense with the sympathy of English Statesmen and Journalists as to the great injury that we are inflicting upon ourselves in not opening our ports freely to English wares and that we are now disposed to be more independent of their movements and henceforth revolve on our own axis.

More Glances at the Gallery.

No 223 HUSKING—EASTMAN JOHNSON.

Fie! fie! Mr. Artist! where are your "red ears!"
 "A Husking" without pretty girls to be kiss'd, man?
 "All talk and no cider?"—why, really' one fears,
 If you cannot do better, you must go down East-man.

A Healthy Move.

The administration fearing that Major ROBERT ANDERSON's health has been injured by his close confinement at Fort Sumter, has ordered him to Newport Barracks, Kentucky, to recruit.

A capital thing to turn in a bar-room.
 An egg flip-flap.



A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR.

Querist—"AND NOW LET ME ASK YOU, SERIOUSLY, WHAT GOOD HAVE YOU EVER DONE IN THIS WORLD?"
 Respondent—"I?—WHY I'VE INVENTED A COAT WITH ONE BUTTON!"

"GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME."

Devourers of fiction are at liberty to swallow the following nice little bit of that delicacy of the season:

"The *Dublin Nation* publishes a letter from Paris, in which it is stated that M. MIRE'S and JOHN SADLER are one and the same person."

From the immense number of Sad Lies already published with regard to both of the distinguished financiers named in the above paragraph, we infer that most of the expounders of MIRE'S, as well as of SADLER, rejoice in the patronymic of the latter.

(The above having been given to an Anti-Celtic compositor re-appeared in the following form.—Ed. V. F.)

The *Dublin Nation*, once celebrated for songs, treason, and Mr. THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, and whose songs, treason, and patriots have since sunk into the obscurity from which they should never have emerged—has been lately promulgating the remarkable theory that M. MIRE'S, the defaulting Parisian banker, and Mr. JOHN SADLER, the defaulting and apparently deceased Member of Parliament, are one and the same person. This is akin to the French peasants, that still believe in the return of the first Napoleon, or the Long Islanders, who yet vote for General Jackson. Why not start the suggestion that M. MIRE'S is The Man in the Iron Mask? His sudden seclusion in prison would favor the suggestion, and though his age might be thought to stand in the way of such a hypothesis, still, it would be no obstacle to a Celtic imagination. Or he might be set up as the Duke of Monmouth, whose execution was supposed to have been a fiction. Or Mr. JOHN MITCHELL himself, whose existence, through its obscurity, is daily becoming more and more mythical. When one person plays two parts on the stage, it is technically called "doubling." We presume the *Nation* being published in the chief city of Ireland, facetiously intend this fiction as a Dublin canard.

Bearing Down.

Exerting a depressive influence upon the Stocks.
 An unlaunched ship.

THE FIRST KICK AT THE LION.

And so, Spain—resolved to be the first in at the death of the Monroe doctrine—is making her grab at St. Domingo. Yes—she dares to do it!

Six months ago, the miserable rabbit would have as soon dared fly at the throat of the wildcat. Six months ago, that wretched, worn out wreck of a country, the most dilapidated and lowest sunken in all Europe—quaked and trembled before us. Six months ago, this last left of the old corrupt superstitious camrilla despots dreaded the name of America. Now in our hour of trouble, Spain smites us!

Spain—smites—us!

And Spain may find that broken or whole—divided or one—aye, though we were in our last struggle—there is the life left here in this broad land, among our strong armed millions, to smite her face, and drive her wailing away. We did not conquer the lion of England to yield to the yellow snake of Spain!

Oh, South—oh, North! Is the vile Negro of such worth that we should bear this insult from his second cousin, the Moorish-blooded Spaniard? If hate carries you so far—verily ye are viler than he.

By Our Scotch Contributor.

Why was the storm which drowned Lord ULLIN's daughter like a mouchoir? Because it Sank-her-chief.

Apropos of the Hard Times.

An old friend, with a new face:
 Whatever is, is Tight.

The Editor's Last Word.—To Our Own Correspondent.
 Be sure you write, then go ahead.

A Maine Point.

Cape Elizabeth.

NEW-YORK EXHUMED.



EING an editorial of the *Australian Demi-Hourly Detector* of 4, P. M., April 1st, 1861. Copied from "advance sheets" by the ghost of BEN FRANKLIN, and communicated through a "writing medium."

"We mentioned, some weeks since, the preparations for exhuming the ancient city of New-York. We have since published frequent telegrams by our private and exclusive sub-ocean-

ic cable, communicating the progress of the enterprise. We are now in receipt of letters from our own special correspondent on the spot, by our new steam-balloon Twinkler, after an unprecedentedly short trip of twenty-three hours, fifty-nine and three-fourths minutes, enabling us to present our five million readers, in advance of all our envious cotemporaries, the details of many interesting discoveries.

"At the beginning of the year of Grace 1861, (which a short mathematical process shows to have been just a thousand years ago,) New-York was the chief city of the Western Continent. She was renowned for the frugality of her citizens, the modesty of her youth, the honesty of her financiers, the disinterested patriotism of her politicians, and the incorruptible integrity of her public officers.

"In June of that year, the terrible visitor, known to astronomers as the Merriam comet, was discovered by the distinguished philosopher of Brooklyn Heights. The catastrophe of the following Fourth of July is familiar to all readers of history.

"The comet approached New York. As soon as her atmosphere came in contact with that of the earth, the former, by some chemical affinity, burst into a conflagration that extended instantaneously throughout the vast extent of her train. At the same moment, the nucleus, which was plainly visible as an opaque mass of insignificant dimensions, exploded. A shower of mud began to fall, which continued for twenty-four hours. At its conclusion Manhattan Island and the adjacent regions had disappeared, New-York Bay was filled up, the Hudson River had become a tributary to the Hackensack, and over so much buried wealth and magnificence, extended a bare, flat, unsightly mountain, several hundred feet in height.

"The disruption of the American Union into seventeen belligerent confederacies, and the protracted wars which resulted therefrom and which have been terminated only during the present century by the subjugation of all the States under the despotism of New Jersey, prevented any successful attempt to penetrate beneath that mountain. The accomplishment of the task has been reserved for the enterprise of the present age.

"We have chronicled the obstacles thrown in its way by the semi-barbarous government of New Jersey, and the removal of those obstacles on the payment of certain moneys to the directors of the New Jersey railroads. We have also described McGRAUB'S Patent Steam Excavator, which, as a bore, is equivalent to several thousand men.

"At the beginning of the present month the Excavator was set at work. After penetrating nearly five hundred feet through a compact stratum, liberally intermixed with fossil shells resembling those of the oyster, a numerous community of which bivalves must have inhabited the exploded comet, the cornice of a building was struck. This proved to be the City Hall. It was found entire, although it is well known that by a peculiar custom of the city, its combustible portions used to be made a bonfire of, on occasions of public rejoicing.

"In one of its rooms was a table covered with earthen-ware dishes, and bottles labelled 'BOURBON WHISKY.' Beside them lay a restaurateur's bill for liquors and ham-sandwiches. This was probably the remains of a collation served up by the city authorities to the Grand Vizier of Turkey, who visited New-York soon after its secession, to conclude an offensive and defensive alliance

between the Sultan and the Mayor. This supposition was suggested by the discovery of several turbans and a Koran strewn on the floor, where they were probably dropped in the hasty departure.

"At a short distance from the principal entrance, a statue of brown-stone was discovered. Its features are those of Washington, but its expression is lugubrious in the extreme. It is supposed to represent the Father of his Country, taking, MACBETH-like, a prophetic view of his Presidential successors. Hence the disgust.

"The excavation being continued down Nassau street, numerous newspaper offices were soon discovered, containing files of the leading New-York journals. Our correspondent has forwarded us copies of the last edition of the *New-York Herald*, *Tribune*, *Times* and *World*. The following are brief extracts from their editorials.

"From the *Herald*.—'As was first predicted in the *HERALD*, the Comet will arrive to-day. Like other foreigners, profoundly ignorant of the existence of such provincial towns as Boston and Philadelphia, it comes directly to the metropolis. Our citizens, not knowing how to regard the intended honor, have taken a hasty departure.

"Not being easily frightened, we shall remain to welcome the Comet. Immediately on its arrival, we shall issue an extra, giving a full account of the event.

"P. S. We have decided to take a holiday. No advertisements will be received at this office to-day.'

"From the *Tribune*.—'As was first predicted in the *TRIBUNE*, the irrepressible Comet, weighing millions of Tons, is upon us! It comes from its giddy height to make this world a Theater of confusion. Whether it will be a more confused affair than the despicable *World* of Park Row, is doubtful.'

"From the *Times*.—'As was first announced in a special despatch to the *TIMES*, the Comet will reach New-York to-day!'

"From the *World*.—'As was first predicted by the *WORLD*, the Comet, Providence permitting, will arrive to-day!'

An entire page of each of these journals is occupied with a reiteration of the advice, "BUY THE NEW-YORK LEDGER," and the names of SYLVANUS COBB, JR., EDWARD EVERETT, and other leading writers of ancient light literature.

"Our correspondent says: 'During the excavation in Nassau street, a very singular circumstance occurred. The workmen heard strange sounds beneath them. On reaching the pavement, they unearthed a figure with a glaring gray eye, grizzly beard, and rusty apparel. No sooner was it uncovered than it stalked forth, shouting 'Four-and-twenty Self-Sealing Envelopes, For-our Cents!' in such sonorous and appalling tones, that they beat a hasty retreat.

"We must be permitted to doubt.

"From Nassau, the excavation was extended into Wall street, the financial centre of the ancient city, in the natural expectation of finding treasures there. The diggers were disappointed. Nothing more valuable was unearthed than government bonds and certificates of stock in railroads, mines, etc., long since bankrupt. The absence of money may be accounted for by the general exodus of government, and bank officials to foreign parts, that took place before the catastrophe.

"The machine being now headed up Broadway, accomplished a distance of three miles in as many hours.

"A short distance above Wall street was found the Museum of the immortal BARNUM. Its contents abundantly attest the colossal intellect of their inventor, and his right to the rank accorded him by history—of the representative man of his age and city.

"No general description can be given of the architecture of Broadway—every variety of style and want of style abounding. The aim of each architect seems to have been to overtop and eclipse the adjoining building.

"The theatres present, in point of taste, a favorable contrast to the specimens of dramatic composition which have come down to us from that age and locality. The Churches are mostly elegant structures, fitted up with devout regard to the comfort of the worshippers. The hotels, however, are especially remarkable for magnitude and magnificence; and with reason. The hotel was to the New-Yorker the most important and characteristic of institutions. It was his favorite place of abode, his resort to meet friends, and he was wont to take most of his liquid sustenance at its bar. On all important occasions, such as a political triumph or defeat, the birth-day of a great man, or the arrival of a distinguished politician, pugilist, or chess-player, he would repair to the hotel, and manifest his emotions by sitting down to a public dinner.

"The shops were filled with merchandise, of which we must defer our description. The jewelry is mostly plated, or of oride, and was sold at the uniform price of one dollar. Vast quantities

of large conical structures of wire-work were found—supposed at first to be tent-frames or other military contrivances, but declared by Prof. LICHARD to have been the most essential article of feminine wearing apparel! The hats of the Nineteenth Century are also great curiosities. The cause of medical science has been greatly subserved by the unearthing of immense quantities of the wonderful patent-medicines, from the sale of which New-York made so large a share of her wealth.

"Large quantities of wines and liquors were found in the hotels and numerous other depositories along Broadway. Excellent as these beverages must have been originally—and it is known that New-Yorkers were proficient in their manufacture—they are doubtless greatly improved by age. The parties engaged in the excavation carefully made trial of these liquids as they arrived at each successive deposit. The result has unfortunately been a general incapacitation for business, and the breaking of the machine. We suspect that our correspondent has carried his usual zeal into this department of investigation, as the latter portion of his communication is curiously obscure and disconnected, and finally comes to an abrupt termination."



LOR! BLESS ME, IF I HADN'T BEEN LUCKY TO FIND SHELTER WHERE WUD A BEN MY NEW BONNET?

"You're Another."

Persons who still possess a vested interest in their olfactories, are not usually disposed to sniff with favorable noses at the exceedingly disgusting establishments known as bone-boiling factories. And yet, the Court of Sessions has just decided that the kind of business referred to cannot be considered as a nuisance if carried on by means of "retorts." Witnesses were brought to prove that nothing offensive could result from bone-boiling on the "retort" principle—in fact that "retorts" extract from the bone-boiler's vats an essence rather more exquisite than anything LUBIN ever dreamed of when he got uproarious upon opium, and rolled himself away to sleep upon a bed of lavender. If this is true, we don't see why the principle might not be extended to private life, by the substitution of a better kind of "retort" than any of those at present in use there. If bone-boiling is a nuisance, bone-breaking is another—which leads us to remark that the latter process loses nothing of its malarious odor when carried on by means of the ill-constructed Retort on show at the head of this article.

A Union Toast—to the Stars.

Thirty-four forte, or fight.

OUR BOSTON CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, March 24.

Ed. Vanity Fair:—We, sir, of Boston, are a moral people of nice discrimination. For us there is a *Norma loquendi*; to wit, the Opera of week-days becomes the *Oratorio* of Sunday. On that day MOSE emerges from the tall bull-rushes and appears in a suit of Egyptian darkne:s as MOSES, with green spectacles. The immense difference between Tweedledum and Dee, never was made more striking than when given as "without costumes, raising curtain, or moving scenery." There's the difficulty cleverly got over, and his Satanic Majesty awfully castigated round the stump. The Barber may thus shave of Sundays, and the *Puritani* go a-fishing—in plain clothes. JANUS—be thou our patron Saint! Smile on Boston, sanctify our vestments and our investments, and cause dividends on Theatre Stock to rise. Make the Sabbath gay, make Religion amusing at Fifty Cents, Gallery Twenty-five. "SUSINI, in his great role of MOSE," and "SUSINI in his renowned character of MOSES," are very different SUSINIS, one goes with the Sheep, the other with the—Goats.

P. S.—The Sacred Circus is coming! On Sunday next, the Grand Spectacle of the Passage of the Red Sea by real Israelites in old clothes. CRUISER as the Horse in JOB. JOB, Mr. RAREY (remarkable for patience.) We are a one-horse town, but moral.

Yours,

HIPPO-CRITIC.

Very good. Be it remarked that all our Boston Correspondence on all subjects refers just at present to the Opera. They have Music there, you know. And what is more, they have the KELLOGG to distraction. All of the Crickets have gone mad entirely, and as we write are encased in straight jackets. One of them (according to our '*Os Icalos, nisi prius*, Beacon Street, Greek Correspondent, who dates *Bostonie dies VII. ante Kalendas Aprilis*), has slightly convalesced to the extent of a column in which he Manifests in the following strange utterances:

"Miss KELLOGG, of New York, concerning whom many eulogies have been composed in that city, made her debut on Tuesday evening in '*LINDA di Chamouni*,' selecting with tact and nice appreciation of her own ability, the most suitable role to Capitate staid, critical Boston Withal. That purpose, ever present to a debutante, yet seldom realized in genuine, hearty, unequivocal enthusiasm, was effected by Miss KELLOGG in remarkable unanimity of praise and rarity of depreciation resulting from her performance in that opera. She evidently not having been exaggerated in the usual preparatory style, the audience sympathized with LINDA immediately that she tripped gracefully forward to carol her love song; and that general sympathy warmed into enthusiasm as the opera progressed, and her ability, vocal and dramatic, appeared more and more decided. Miss KELLOGG is well suited in LINDA, with music to execute and color, and situations to make real and interesting by dramatic talent but one surpassing her power to fulfil in all conditions. Gaining possession of the public eye and ear in the first scene, this young aspirant for prima donna rank continued to improve her position and engage public admiration more thoroughly even to the close, receiving then marked evidence of success."

There—there! We know now where to go for criticism. And Style. Let us only hear from the Convalescent that the leading color of the Kelloggian B flat is pyramidal, and we shall confess that the art critics of our own *Herald* are crowded over and extinguished. Great is Boston!

Seward "talks Turkey" to Webb.

Who was it that whispered to the President, "tender Turkey to Gen. WEBB?" WEBB declines Turkey. Of course he does; why should Turkey be W-bb-footed? WEBB wants good game; nothing that has been shot at, and has had to "roost low."

Ah! that a man who wants to go on a foreign mission should have ever gone to live in Tarrytown. For twenty years the horn-blower of SEWARD, WEBB has at last his reward in this dilemma: either to stay at Tarrytown, spelling Constantinople as far as the fourth syllable, or to accept of the Golden Horn. WEBB despises both horns of the Crescent. Has no objections, however, to taking JOHN BULL by both of his. Or, he would rather take Austria, even with Hungary sauce, than be in at the death of Turkey, and at the feast of the Great Powers.

Autumnal.

What are the disagreeable features of Fall?

First it seres (its ears), and then it sighs (its eyes), and then it snows (its nose), and then it slips (its lips).

A Sight no Eye has yet seen.

The New Post-Office Site.



Waiter.—PLEASE MEM, THAT CAKE HAS GOT HERE BY MISTAKE, AND MRS. JOHNSON HAS SENT IN FOR IT. (N. B.—MRS. JONES HAS SUPPOSED IT A PRESENT FROM HER DEAR CONSIDERATE HUSBAND.)

PHILP, HIS HAND-BOOK.

We finished our first article on PHILP, with an account of the vipers of Washington—a species of reptiles by no means exhausted in the two classes to which we referred, the “blowing vipers” of Abolition and Secession; we begin our last with an account of the fishes of Washington, a prolific subject in the hands of PHILP, who treats it on a considerable scale, though in a singular manner. We should have treated it plurally, in connection with the supporter of existence, or, less learnedly, the staff of life, or, plainer still, the loaves. It is not of the fishes of Washington that we wanted to hear PHILP, but of the loaves and fishes!

PHILP speaks of the Etheostomoids, a family peculiar to North America, representatives of which have been described by Dr. GIRARD. V. F. is acquainted with, and, if he were given to boasting, might say related to, the most distinguished families of the North, but he is ignorant of the one mentioned. It is certainly not an F. F., but doubtless one of the codfish aristocracy, who trace their descent, (according to the herald) to one Preserved Fish! Of Dr. GIRARD, V. F. knows nothing, though he remembers to have seen his college in Philadelphia.

PHILP mentions the “bill-fish,” which, he says belongs to the family of Scomberesocoids. He is mistaken, it belongs to the family of Scaliwags, (from scaly, and wag,) otherwise landlords, the true “bill-fish” of Washington.

The number of shells in the D. of C., according to PHILP, is eighty-six. It was much greater eight years ago. We refer, no political reader need be told, to the political shells which then abounded in Washington. They were divided into two families, which were anything but happy families, (factions rather,) and were called Hards and Softs. Their history is obscure; some writers trace them back to the primitive days of the State of New-York, when barn-burning was an Institution; others to the blows rained, in the sacred precincts of Tammany, on the devoted head of AUGUSTUS SOWELL, who on that occasion at least, was decidedly a Sott Shell! These shells were barnacles on that grand old ship, the Democratic Party, and clung to it till it went to pieces last fall, on the dangerous Southern reef. After the injury to his conk, the august sample of Conchology just mentioned, (we mean AUGUSTUS,) was transplanted to the New-York Custom House,

where he has remained to the present time, a venerable but nearly extinct fo-sil. He is the last of his race, and, before this solemn memorial of his virtues is in the reader's hands, will be succeeded by Mr. HIRAM BARNEY. Mr. BARNEY is a brother of WILLIAM BARNEY, commonly called BARNEY WILLIAMS, and a descendant of the famous BARNEY, mentioned by the Irish Bard:

“BARNEY, leave the girls alone.”

a piece of abstinence, by the way, of which BARNEY was not guilty, or how could he have had a progeny? The Custom House poets, we hear, are revising this ancient melody, and one of them, (STODDARD, we presume,) has already tinkered the first line into,

“BARNEY, leave the boys alone.”

meaning himself and sundry other poetical customers. They are hopeful of being retained, with the exception of CONE, who is in mortal dread of being an inverted cone!

“Och hone! for WALLY CONE!”

The most remarkable tree in Washington is the Judas Tree. V. F. had frequently heard of this tree, but in common with other “true Americans,” (no reference here to the late lamented WM. POOLE,) he cherished the hope that it did not, and would not flourish in America. He remembered BENEDICT ARNOLD and his attempt to plant it at West Point; and AARON BURR and his treason; but the doom which overtook these bold, bad men, (what can be more terrible than the last days of BENEDICT ARNOLD, despised, hated, shunned, an outcast among men, damned to eternal infamy?) was enough, V. F. thought, to keep any American from attempting to plant anew the Judas Tree. He was mistaken, he confesses with tears. The seed was not extinct, as he fondly hoped, but still alive in the North

and South. It matters little by whom it was sown again, the Abolitionists, or the Secessionists, it is enough, nay, too much, that it is flouri-hing now.

It shot up like JONAH's Gourd under the administration of J. B. For the first time in its existence among U. S. it was used in cabinet making; J. B.'s Cabinet was composed of it, all but the State Bureau of slow but honest old LEWIS. The money chests of CONN were made of its wood; so were the gun stocks and carriages of FLOYD's guns; not otherwise would the former have given up their treasures so speedily, or the latter have moved as they did, to the forts and arsenals of the South. Its red flowers were the favorite bouquet of JEFF DAVIS, TOOMBS, WIGFALL, and the rest of their Confederates. It flourished on the button holes of sundry officers of the Army and Navy, among others the gallant TWIGG. (It must be a mean flower to flourish on a twig like that!)

Gentlemen of the S. C., V. F. wishes you joy of the Judas Tree, and its fruit, what that will be God only knows. You think, an infinity of Cotton pods; V. F. the Apple of Discord. But it doesn't matter now, since we are no longer “one and indivisible,” but two, if not several more, and divisible to any extent.

“Then go it boys, for what care we?

Hurrah the merry Judas Tree!”

But no. NERO fiddled while Rome was burning, V. F. does not belong to that family. So let us change the stave.

“Miserere Domine!

Blast the deadly Judas Tree!”

Does He?

When JEFF. DAVIS threatens to make LINCOLN quail, don't he want to make Gams of him?

Oh-o-oh!

Each indictment against the ex-Secretary of War, was quashed because it was Flaw-y-d.

The best of the Dollar Jewels.

O nix.

VANITY FAIR.



THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL.

HOUSTON—"What should the people do with these bald tribunes?
 On whom depending, their obedience fails
 To the greater bench: in a rebellion,
 When what's not meet, but what must be, was law,
 Then were they chosen; in a better hour,
 Let what is meet, be said it must be meet,
 And throw their power i' the dust."—*Coriolanus*, act. 3, scene 1.

LOOK OUT FOR THIS BIRD!



T is with feelings of sympathy for all persons whose perennial destiny is fulfilled in "furnished apartments with all the modernimprovements," or with none, that we reproduce from the columns of a daily paper, the following "Want."

MOCKING BIRD WANTED.—A strong built first class bird, fine whistler, that sings most of the time, and makes a great variety of wild noises, at reasonable price.

For many long, weary months, the writer of these re-

marks has resided in the same house with a Mocking Bird. That Bird is not one of the muscular songsters described in the above advertisement as "strong built." On the contrary, it is a creature of slender frame, and appears to have run principally to tail and bill. The active existence of this individual bird commences exactly at 30 minutes before 1 o'clock, every morning, and terminates very regularly about a minute before half past twelve at night. During the interval, say about—23 hours 59 minutes—its only occupation seems to be the giving of a serial entertainment, conducted something on the principal of those initiated by the late celebrated CHARLES MATTHEWS, and at present hawked about London, England, by Mr. WOODIN, in his Carpet Bag. To describe the warblings of the interesting little subject of this notice would be impossible. There are more noises forged somewhere between the bill and tail of that industrious bird than can be accounted for by mere human philosophy; but we may just state that the loudest of them is a tolerably close imitation of a steam fire-engine in full blast—the feeblest of them suggestive of a healthy mouse, jammed into an expression of feeling by the sudden opening of a door.

The above, gentle reader, is a slight tribute to the talents of a small, scraggy, and somewhat retiring individual of the Mocking Bird family. Think, then, O! think of a "strong built first class" one; and when the moving month of May arrives, scrutinize carefully the lodging-house of your choice, with a view to take immediate steps for the suppression of any person lodging there who is "a fine whistler, that sings most of the time, and makes a great variety of wild noises"—even at the most "reasonable price."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EQUUS.—Our paper is not a sporting journal, and for any information about the pedigree of the Mare Imbrium you might as well ask the Man in the Moon.

A. P. A.—The slang phrase you speak of, "Got him where the hair is short," is of very ancient origin, and is profanely supposed to have been the exclamation of one Dalilah, as she waved her shears in triumph after clipping off the last lock of Samson's hair. It has been a by-word among the Philistines ever since.

M. U. M.—There were one only 9 digits in our arithmetic, but we believe there are eleven now, counting in the digit of Scorn, and "Dig it!" addressed to a fugitive.

BUTCHER BOY.—Is it always a poor rule that won't work both ways? By no means. For instance: A dollar's worth of beef can always be had for four quarters, but it does not follow that Fore Quarters of beef can always be had for a dollar.

L. S.—*Quid Washington faciam? Mentiri nescio*, is a Latin quotation slightly varied from JUVENAL, and was the noble reply of BENNETT to his friends, when advised to go to Washington on the Fourth of March and make his peace with "Old Abe." The translation is, "What shall I do at Washington? I cannot lie!"

Several answers are avoidably crowded out this week.

A Sound Reason.

Why should Editors never use opium? Because it Lowers their Circulation.

THE THIRD HOUSE.

"A shambles of the parliament house!"

3 Henry VI., Act 1, Scene 1.

LETTER X.

The Vote Broker.

Reader! The parts of the machine are before you. You know, more intimately, I trust, than you will ever know them in the flesh, the great representative Lobby men; the Fashionables, the Alimentaries, the Bored, the Literary, and the Womanality. Under one or other of these great heads fall the tools of the Lobby; and I am about to introduce to you the master workman who uses them. Could a man be secure, as the ancient song hath it, that his life would endure, that his life would endure, for a thousand, a thousand of years, I could discourse to you forever (nay! don't shudder) of the fertile ramifications and subdivisions of this great subject. But, alas! *ars longa, vita brevis*; which may be, rather elegantly than accurately, rendered: "The Lobby is long, but Life is short." I can't pursue the Lobby men into the hidden corners and closets of the Third House; at least, not upon the present occasion; the main hall and the principal rooms, and chiefly thereof the kitchen must suffice for the nonce.

JOBSBY is what is termed by the vulgate, a Lobbyman, but the wise do call him attorney—an attorney-in-fact; which appellation arises not as the simple reader might be led to suppose because its wearer is in fact an attorney, but in contradistinction to an attorney-at-law, who practices before a court, while the business of the attorney-in-fact never leads in that direction unless by some untoward accident. This attorney-in fact is a Producer General of jobs: his office is to lobby justice, and the reverse, through Congress or the Departments, for a consideration. Chief of these is JOBSBY; *facile princeps*. There are few pies in which he has not a finger, and no thoroughly baked ones. Every rope and cord he knows, and every crank or screw of the whole governmental machine. I love to see a giant among mortals, and JOBSBY is a giant certes. There are few men of whom I am tempted to make to myself a graven image; but JOBSBY is one. He knows the how, where, when, through whom, and how much of every job or possibility of a job. Schemes turn to gold in his hands; claims that have rotted in committees for twenty years become rich placers when worked by this veteran, and skilful, and dauntless miner. He knows the weakness of every man in either House of Congress; the men who are to be dined; the men who are to be winned; the men who are to be danced; the men who are to be lured by the bauble, ambition; the men who must be allowed to win their piles from Mr. BETTS or Major CHIPS at the pleasing but rather "chancey" game of Faro; and if there were any to be bought, as those horrid newspapermen charge when they become more than ordinarily licentious, he would know the price of each and the precise kind of monetary "truck" they would prefer "to have it in." He will impart to you, for a due consideration, the watch-word to every entrance of the Treasury. If he had lived in RICHELIEU's time he would have been a cardinal, and perhaps a splendid play by BULWER, into the bargain, but having the misfortune, which is probably shared by most of my readers, to be cast in the Nineteenth Century, he is simply JOBSBY.

When the late Mr. JASON, of Virginia, represented this great and distracted country at the court of His Imperial Majesty, NAPOLEON III., he attended one evening, in full diplomatic toggery (you see Mr. MARCY's black-drab circular wasn't very much followed, as very few "circulars" are, let me tell you) the EMPEROR's levee. There was present also, in all the splendor of which his complexion is alone capable, a respectable colored person, in the shape of the ambassador from Hayti, or Madagascar, or Mozambique, or some of those places with uncertain geographies. He was a splendid specimen of the genus *homo*, species *niger*. Our Minister was lost in admiration, and gazed, spell-bound, by the gorgeous figure. Observing this, Count WALEWSKI or PERSIGNY, or some of those fellows, crossed over, and smilingly enquired of Mr. JASON, "well, Monsieur, and what do you think of him?"

"I think, Sir," replied our minister slowly and still absorbed in the dark diplomatist; "well, I think that he's worth a thousand dollars, at the very least!"

Just so it is with JOBSBY; he never sees a man, without unconsciously attempting to appraise his value for commercial purposes.

Sporting.

Advertising columns instruct us of:

"A NICE CREAM-COLORED HORSE FOR SALE."

Our own perception of good things suggests to us that An Ice Cream-colored horse would be the right animal in the right place, if harnessed to a confectioner's cart.

"Down With the Flag!"

Yes! tear the Rainbow Flag from out the
skies!
Pluck down the stars that gem Columbia's
brow:
Shatter the Beacon Light that shone but
now,
While the old Ship through the black break-
ers ilies.
'Tis fit that Treason thrive as Freedom dies!
'Tis fit the Enslaver strike the unhallowed
blow!
'Tis fit that Honor, "Chivalry," Truth be
low
Where Thieves conspire and "Statesmen"
act their lies.
Oh, Africa! from thee the Avenger—thee!—
Old Serpent of the Nile, thy poison lurks.
We trampled and it stung! and now we see
Though Vengeance sleeps—yet Justice
never shirks.
Seven Plagues went out in Egypt—Earth
grew free.
Seven "Plagues" went out from U.S.—Now,
what shall be their works?

The Young Shaver!

Why should Prince HUMBERT, the heir of
the Italian Crown, find shaving easy?
Because he himself is Naples' hope.
(Naples soap)

The Prayer of the Wherry-men who lost
their Skulls.

Oar a pro nobis.

The Thief's Advice to a Billiard Table.

Look out for your pockets.



LA BONNE IN FIFTH AVENUE.

JONES, (to Smith).—"LOOK! THERE'S ONE OF THOSE SWEET LITTLE IMPORTED FRENCH
BONNES—YOU CAN TELL THEM BY THEIR SAUCY LITTLE WHITE CAPS."
Sweet Little Bonne (to juvenile charge).—"COME BACK OUT O' THAT, MASTHER FREDDY
IT'S MEANDERIN' IN THE GUTTER YE ARE ALL THE TIME, EVER SINCE YE GOT THEM INJY
RUBBER BOOTS!"

At this moment, a party of lansquenets attacked us, and we were compelled to kill every man of them before we could gain the open square where the battle was raging. There we got separated, and I saw my gay lieutenant no more that night.

As it grew dark, we set fire to the hospitals and boarding-schools, which gave us plenty of light, and the work went bravely on. I fought like a tiger. Like a good many tigers, in fact.

Seeing the body of an officer high in rank, lying in a little blind alley, I, who am naturally economical, went to it, to see whether there might not be a valuable gold watch, or diamond ring, to save. Just as I secured some little property in the gift jewelry line, two artillerymen, drawing a gun, came by, and saw me.

They belonged to the enemy, and immediately recognised me; so they planted their gun... a ten-inch Columbiad... at the mouth of the alley-way, and prepared to blow me higher than a kite.

A beautiful woman, who had been admiring me from a window near, had the presence of mind to let down a rope made of a sheet, and I ascended in safety! The cannon went off just as I clambered into the window. It knocked down a house at the end of the lane, but did no further damage.

I knelt gracefully at the feet of my preserver.

"You have rescued my life," said I; "I adore you! Marry me at your earliest convenience. I may not do better... You can not!"

"Alas, Monsieur," she replied, blushing like a rose; "I am already married. My husband is a lieutenant of quadrons, in your army. He has saved this house from destruction, because I lived here. I know you, and am proud of having contributed to the comfort of the world's greatest benefactor!"

"Your husband... a lieutenant of quadrons, say you?"

"Aye, my lord."

"A tall, slender fellow, with no hair... a man who has been good-looking?"

"The same!"

"Smokes a good deal, wears green gloves, and keeps a black-and-tan terrier dog?"

"'Tis he!"

"He shall be rewarded."

I left the house through the garden, and found the fight over. Of course, we had won.

The next morning, I sent for my gay lieutenant whom I had accidentally offended, and whose wife had saved me.

He came with joy, and was overwhelmed with gratitude when I presented him with my own sword, a medal of honor, and some loose change. I then created him peer of France, on the spot, and sent him home in my private carriage.

But the excitement of battle has passed off, and I grow weary. I think I shall return to Rome soon.

McARONE.

A Joke with Steam in it.

When Canterbury Hall was burned down, the other night, good service was done by the Steam fire-engines, the perpetual play of which upon the adjoining buildings saved them from the grasp of the voracious element.

"That," exclaimed an eminent dramatic critic, as he gazed semi-nude from his window upon the thundering steam-pump at work near the hydrant beneath—"That is what our French friends call a *succès d'estime*."

That's So.

Why is Doctor HOLMES inconsistent?

Because he either doses the public with Autocracy, or *Elsie Venner*-ates them too highly.

By Our Cockney.

When can a young man assure himself of living to a good age?
When before his mirror he is sure to be old himself.

ON WRITING HISTORY.



O the Editor of
Vanity Fair.

DEAR SIR:—
I am a teacher.
A man, as I
trust, of en-
larged and lib-
eral ideas.
My forte is
History. I am,
I hope, up
with the Age.
I believe in
MACAULAY en-
larged. I
would have
my scholars
plunge into
the living
springs of ac-
tion. Jour-
nals, daily life,
the market
place and for-
um should in-
struct them.

In accord-
ance with this
theory, I re-
cently bade

two of my scholars write each a chapter of cotemporary history. Bade them draw their inspiration from the newspapers. For newspapers are the mirrors of the age. Told them not to fear a vigorous, popular style. Even idioms, I said, are not invariably intolerable. LIVY has his Patavinity. SALLUST is pleasingly peculiar.

Behold the results. Sir—I say behold them. This is what comes of studying the newspapers:

The White House in 1861.

The President of the United States had retired—So had his wife—So, too, his Private Secretary. That's so!

The night was fearfully dark. The silence in and about the Executive Mansion was suggestive of an Eternity of Somnolence. Big Thing.

There was a Voice in the Night. "Awake, Old Abe! Get up, quick, array thyself in goodly apparel, and in thy Council Chamber sudden come"—so spake his Privy Scribbler. Bully for him!

Abraham arose, dressed, and vamoosed his rauce. Entering his Presidential office, he beheld a little fat man—Well, he Did,

Who, rushing toward him, embraced his knees, and said: "Old Hoss, how are you, any how? I voted for you, I worked for you, and now I'm here; and by the living jingo, stir I'll not, until you've promised me the Podunk Post Office."

That's on record!

Of course Mr. Lincoln granted his request immediately, whereupon the stranger retired, and so did the President. Distinctively, THE END.

[Note by the author]

The above narrative is an attempt to combine modern elegance of language with purity of morals. On the Canal street plan.

Never Give In for want of Axin' Chalk your own hat.

Would you rise to distinction?

Travel on your cheek.

This was the first article. The second, which follows, I was at first tempted to believe the effort of sheer delirium. But to my amazement, I was shown the original article in a leading daily paper, upon which it was modelled! Yes, sir—to my horror I found it even wilder than the imitation. What is the *World* coming to when it basely imitates such a model?

The Defensive Square Of Surrounded Sumter.

When the Star of the West attempted to enter Charleston Harbor, a sudden conviction seems to have seized upon the mind of her Heroic Commander, that it would not be safe to proceed. He had no desire to go further and fare worse. The batteries which lined the bay, from Pongy Reef to Sunfish Shoal, held the Star of the West under a destructive fire, and she could not blaze away in return—for she was not a Shooting Star. The extraordinary

speed with which the Heroic Commander proceeded to put a very long 'waste of water' between the stern of his ship and the stern realities of the shore, seems to have astonished, for a moment, the unaccustomed natives, and the skiff-ful movement by which a number of secession troops prepared to enter into intimate relations with the reinforcing forces, evidently convinced the Highest Authorities of the impossibility of holding water against a disorganized and revolutionary people. The Charlestonians flatly refused to Harbor the ship, though they professed themselves quite willing, and indeed, as before stated, made preparations to Board her. The Heroic Captain soon saw that there were difficulties in his weigh; the mouth of the harbor showed a very ugly row of teeth—there was no boy's play about it;—therefore, with wise haste, he broke away from the lines of the enemy, let his sails go by the run, and ran his ship out of the harbor, confessing himself beaten, but avowing an intention to beat back again.

The result of this mad enterprise has been the complete imprisonment of a band of heroic men within the famous Sumter Square.

The Square alluded to is of a quadrilateral form; it is bounded on the North by a sand-bank, on all other sides by the bounding waters. Encircled by the arms of the sea, a corresponding number of hands in the interior is alone requisite to prepare the place for a pleasant residence. Even the enemies of the Gallant Commander admit that the position he has taken is defensible, though they do not indorse the back-action by which he gained it. Among the Quid nuncs of Charleston, Sumter is known as ANDERSON'S SOLACE.

But if nature has done much for Sumter—on the square—art has done more.

The fortress of Sumter lies on an isle near the scene of the late conflict.

It is true that the form of the fortress is quadrilateral; but if we follow up the mystic clue of its masonry, we shall find innumerable elbows in its walls, formed by the sympathies of youth, and the bloint pank range of its guns.

Thus, though a cannon shot should cut Sumter in two, we may still rely on the new Cabinet Ministers, and the earnest cooperation of the Pope.

In the White House are many mansions, and innumerable offices are in the gift of the President. What action GARIBALDI may take in the matter is not yet certain; but it is quite certain that neither he nor CARL SCHURZ will get the mission to Sardinia. Recent accounts indicate that LINCOLN is a brick, but "no man can be happy until he is dead." Virtue is the surest road to happiness, but why Sumter should be abandoned, until a foreign fleet suddenly comes up, on the question of our citizenship, the Editor of the *Times* alone can determine. New-York rejoices in a daily press Rome is the Eternal City. Paris is strong in the circle of her fortifications.

And this, sir, is the result of my theory. I resign it—oh, VANITY FAIR—resign in sorrow and in tears, grieving a thousand years in advance over those unhappy mortals who must in future ages bewilder their brains and corrupt their style in making historical researches among the newspaper files of this day

Entomological Interrogation.

Q.—What loathsome insect does the circumstance of an elderly man with a carpet-bag seeing his third wife getting into a carriage drawn by four horses, with a strange and rather good-looking person in a white hat and whiskers, on a balmy afternoon, remind one of?

A.—Spied Her.

Lamps vs. Oil.

The Pittsburgh *Chronicle* states that the "Aladdin" Coal Oil Company manufacture 12,000 barrels of oil per year, worth about \$200,000. In the Arabian Nights A-Lad-In the lamp business, beat those figures gr—easy!

Classical.

What is the Latin for it when a man with blue eyes gets one of them blackened?

Alter Ego.

To the Pennsylvanians.

If the oil flows too freely from your Natural Springs, just Re strain it.

An Ax to Grind.

Mend-ax.

THE PRIMPENNY FAMILY.

BY FITZ-HUGH LUDLOW.

CHAPTER XIV.

(CONCLUDED.)

In the midst of all that unbounded prosperity which we detailed in our last chapter, there slowly stole a shadow. It was not Failure—oh, no! The *Daily Poker* increased in circulation, continued to advertise its proprietors, and sunk no more capital than it was expected to. The coal-scuttle business thrived mightily—Mr. Primpenny was filling more orders for the home and foreign markets than in any previous season—and you might just as well have looked for a consistent Christian as for one of his notes in Wall street. No! the shadow was not Failure.

Nor was it Death. Mr. Primpenny belonged to that class of men who do not die. They make it a point of business honor not to die. They would be as heartily ashamed of doing such a thing as of overreaching—no, I mean of being overreached, in a commercial transaction. They will not let themselves run past maturity—they cannot think of allowing that notary of lives payable, the sexton, to protest them with the stamp of his spade. They will not pay their debt to Nature—when she sues them, they litigate, employing that notable counsel known as the First New-York Physician, and that certain other, still more celebrated for tenacity in carrying up bad human causes through all the Courts of Appeal, Indomitable Will. When Nature sends her Sheriff, Gout, to make a savage levy on their toes, they serve on him a writ of replevin in the shape of Citric Acid, Actica, and innumerable other medicaments. When Nature lodges them in the horrible debtor's jail—that Eldridge street of Dyspepsia thrice accused (if Eldridge street could be any more accused than it is in its present state), this class of men who do not die, forthwith proceed to *habeas-corpus* themselves out with brandy and laudanum cocktails. Should nature clap on them a summons to a judgment debtor's examination at the bar of Heart-Disease, they boldly make a display of all their assets—it becomes immediately apparent that they have long ago parted with that particular good and chattel on which Disease might fasten for the satisfaction of the debt—and they are discharged of court, leaving Nature to pay the fees. These are the indomitable, the unquenchable men, who make our great fortunes, build our big railroads, take our heaviest ferry leases, bid for our most important contracts—the world-envied, the omnipotent men. Like a revived dead-house, they lumber palely down to their business in the early cars and stages—lumber back again to nibble scanty bits of cracker with dry, pallid mouths, at their luxurious family tables in the evening. Their stomachs are gone—but they live. Their hearts are dried kernels—they live still. They grow bloodless, fleshless, sallow, half-blind, lame, eighty years old in forty years' time—but they live—and live—and live. They *never* die. By-and-by something happens to them. Indomitable Will has concluded to pay Nature what he owed her long ago. He voluntarily gives her her own—that is all. And this as yet was not the thing which had happened to Mr. Primpenny. Death was not the Shadow.

Whatever it was, Mrs. Primpenny and Lottie observed it creeping closer and closer every day. It came in his growing fits of taciturnity—in long evening drowsiness, out of which it was almost impossible to rouse him, and which he explained by saying with a wave of the hand, "Business, my dears, Business!" It came, too, in nights of tossing and sleeplessness—in groanings and clutchings of the pillow, which Mr. Primpenny supposed to be quite unknown to Mrs. Primpenny, but which nevertheless she *did* know quite well.

At length the strangeness of his manner increased to such a degree that his wife and daughter began to be seriously alarmed. In the first place, for his sake—and in the second place for Stuyvesant's. They had been reassured in regard to the young man by that word which Isaiah had spoken to them in the study—and with unwavering faith in the head of their family, had born a separation from their son and brother which otherwise would have been unbearable. But now, the thought struck them, was not that word only one of the vagaries of a mind daily becoming queerer and vaguer? How they wished to ask, yet how deeply did they dread to!

One evening, about this time, Isaiah came home a little earlier

than for weeks past had been his custom, and without speaking to any one, walked directly through the entry and went down the back steps into the yard. In a few moments he was followed by a carpenter and his assistants—dragging gigantic beams and blocks of wood through the basement hall, to the great consternation of the servants, who could see no alternative to the conviction that a gallows was to be erected for the immediate execution of some person or persons unknown. After these proceeded a company of exceedingly grimy men in duck garments, who with prodigious difficulty trundled upon rollers one of Meneeley's hugest bells, which, having been borne by dint of much scraping, through the back door, which it almost exactly fitted, they and the carpenters aforesaid did incontinently proceed to set up in a timber frame in the middle of the yard. This process, succeeded by the roofing of the bell under another series of gigantic timbers, occupied the remainder of the afternoon until dark. Meanwhile, Mr. Primpenny stood imperturbably directing all these miraculous arrangements, and quite oblivious of the fact that his wife and daughter, in an entirely appalled state of mind, were flattening their amazed faces against the second story back windows.

When dinner was ready, the workmen dismissed, and Mr. Primpenny ascended to the dining-room, Lottie took the liberty of asking him what that portentous apparatus in the back yard might mean.

"You will see it all explained, my dear, in to-morrow's *Poker*," said Mr. Primpenny, with his customary decisive wave of the hand. After this, his family felt bound not to make any farther inquiries. They were destined, however, to understand the reason of the apparatus several hours earlier than the earliest edition of the next *Poker*.

About half-past one of the morning next succeeding the erection of the portentous apparatus, the bell of Jefferson Market alarm-tower sounded for fire in the district. Mrs. Primpenny and her daughter, worn out with long watching and anxiety, in all probability did not hear it until at least the twentieth stroke. When they did, however, Lottie, as was her wont on the occasion of any near indication of fire, rushed into her mother's room—alas, to find her quite bewildered and lonely, because Isaiah was nowhere to be found! His place was still warm beside her—none of his clothes had been removed from the chair where he always folded them on retiring, with scrupulous exactness. Mrs. Primpenny looked about her like one in a horrible nightmare, and Lottie, with equal terror, clung to her side.

"Where *can* he have gone?" said Mrs. Primpenny. "Oh!" answered Lottie, not knowing what she said. "What *will* become of us? How I do wish Mr. Muffles—or Stuyvesant—or some gentleman were in the house!"

Mrs. Primpenny, with a mother's usual acumen, could not fail to notice that Lottie spoke of Mr. Muffles—spoke of him *first* in the time of danger—even before her long-absent brother—and grew collected in an instant.

"Mr. Muffles?" said she—"why do you speak of him, Lottie? What are you saying, dear?"

"I don't know what I'm saying!" replied Lottie, covering close to her mother's side—"I'm nearly frightened to death! where is father?"

The next instant answered that question. From the back yard came a quick, resonant clang—then, at a short interval another, and looking out of the window, they discovered Mr. Primpenny standing in his watch-tower, just as he had arisen from his bed, in garments of white, answering the alarm of Jefferson market, upon that portentous apparatus in the back yard!

It was not until all the neighbors were aroused, and a hundred sashes thrown up right and left, revealing various respectable citizens quite bereft of their usual self-possession, and of every garment save those in which sober-minded persons retire to unconsciousness from the public view—nor until the last peal of Jefferson Market bell had died away, and there was every reason to believe that the most somnolent fireman of the district had been awakened to a sense of his duty, that Mr. Primpenny returned to the arms of his agonized family.

"My dear husband! what does this mean?"

"My dear father! what does this mean?" chorussed the members of that family.

"Let us go to our peaceful couches," replied Isaiah, firmly—"in the blissful consciousness that we have done our duty—having saved our neighbor's roof from the devouring element, at the same time that we have largely advertised the metallic interest in the form of bells. Full particulars will appear in to-morrow's *Poker*."

This was the only answer they could get out of him. Accordingly, they wooed their pillows again with a sense of thorough exhaustion—and slept till the morning *Poker* was laid wet and

reeking on their door-step. Among other items, that journal contained the following, inserted in a conspicuous place:

PUBLIC SPIRITED ENTERPRISE.

"Our distinguished fellow-citizen, Isaiah Primpenny, Esq., whom we need not further identify as the proprietor of the vast and unsurpassed coal-scuttle establishment at No.—Greenwich street—has just erected a most expensive and mechanically perfect fire-alarm upon the premises adjoining his residence, No.—Fifth Avenue, which we understand will hereafter be auxiliary to the similar apparatus under the care of the Municipal Government. Such public spirit on the part of a private citizen, who has never desired office, nor even indirectly permitted his name to be used in connection with it, cannot be too highly appreciated nor too highly praised. We would that every one of our citizens were a Primpenny—that each of their back yards contained that munificent institution—a fire-bell. We have not consulted Mr. Primpenny, nor have we the slightest idea that he would accept the honor which we now suggest. Still, it seems to us a mere act of justice in view of the approaching election, to propose that all our parties, Democrats, Republicans, Americans, and Union men, throw aside their stale and non-essential differences—abandon their effete and worn-out platforms, and unite with one accord to nominate for Mayor THE MAN OF THE FIRE-BELL—ISAIAH PRIMPENNY!"

"Humph! d'ye see that? said Isaiah, throwing the *Daily Poker* at his family across the breakfast-table, and then retreating to the door, as if he must be out of the way before they could overwhelm him with their congratulation.

Ah! they felt little enough like congratulation! Well might they not congratulate him—they could not congratulate themselves. It was hardly yet the earliest respectable hour for morning calls, when one after another of all those ladies in the vicinity who could pretend to the slightest acquaintance with the Primpenny's, dropped in to see what had been the matter during the past night in that estimable family's back-yard. Some of the less fastidious put the question plumply—others hinted at it—and several who had read the morning's *Daily Poker* brought the paragraph to know whether it were not a joke. At last Mrs. Primpenny and Lottie had to leave word with the waiter to say "not in," and fled from the house in sheer despair.

Another night came, and with it a repetition of the former agony. Mr. Primpenny (in tunic of sacerdotal white) again mounted guard over the lives and fortunes of his fellow citizens, and agitated the clapper of his slumber-killing bell, with a clang which sent thrills of desperation down every spinal marrow in the vicinity. No entreaty could make him desist. He answered that he knew his duty.

The rich old bachelor, Mr. Poppleworthy, who lived next door, and loved noise as much as you love Satan, which, as I am writing these facts solely for the perusal of good people, means not at all—has prepared himself for the emergency with two cats tied together by the tails and attached to a long rope. These he quietly let down from his chamber window, until they hung conveniently over Mr. Primpenny's fence, and made an unearthly clamor which would have been a hint, to any man not doing his duty, that he had better stop directly. The neighbors on the other side contented themselves with firing such a number of bootjacks and washbowls into Mr. Primpenny's yard, that had he become at that moment dissatisfied with the coal-scuttle walk of life, he might then and there have set himself up in an entirely different line of house-furnishing business. Fortunately, just as the more choleric of the awakened muttered threats of calling for the police, the Jefferson Market bell stopped, and Mr. Primpenny once more abandoned his arduous post to ascend to the bosom of a distracted family.

Hardly had Mr. Primpenny gone down town the next morning, when Mr. Poppleworthy came in to see what it all meant—and to threaten that if it didn't mean something very different from what he thought it meant he would have Mr. Primpenny indicted for flagrant and abominable nuisance.

"Why, mum!" said Mr. Poppleworthy to Mrs. Primpenny—"I do believe, mum, that the man's crazy, mum!"

The lady and he stood in the hall when he said this. Just at that moment, the former happened to glance, in her trepidation, toward the hat-stand—and there—to her horror, she beheld—Mr. Primpenny's umbrella!

He had left it at home for the first time in thirty years!

Yes—he was crazy! All doubt was now forever gone! Mrs. Primpenny swooned, and but for Mr. Poppleworthy's intervention, would have fallen prostrate on the floor. Mr. Poppleworthy was not a bad man at heart. He pulled the lady's nose—and jerked her hair—and did everything to make it as comfortable for her as possible—even to telling her that he withdrew the threat of indictment. She was finally, and with great difficulty, restored—but not until Lottie had rushed down stairs to see her, and go, herself into a precisely similar state.

After Mr. Poppleworthy had departed, the unfortunate ladies passed the remainder of the day in a state of miserable suspense. Ah, miserable, and miserably terminated—for about three o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Primpenny was brought home in a carriage, accompanied by two of his clerks. He had been caught just as he was going out of the warehouse, with his bank-book in his pocket, asserting his intention to draw out all his deposit from the American Exchange, and bring it home in an immense coal-scuttle, which he carried on his arm, to endow an asylum for such superannuated hardware dealers as had no sons to carry on the business.

At the sight of their husband and father in this demented condition, the agony of the two poor women knew no bounds.

With great difficulty Isaiah was carried into the house, and deposited in bed.

Once in that receptacle of the weary, he required all the strength of the two young men to keep him there. He continually raved of his business, which was going, he said, to ruin without him. And ever and anon he imagined himself back in the workshop of his youth, hammering away at his old "boss's" scuttles. As his fist rose and fell upon the side of the bedstead, he sang a strange refrain as he had probably done of old—but with a still stranger burden of the present time—thus:

"Men there be who have a son—
I have none—I have none!"

How much this agonized the two poor women need not be said. Did it mean that Stuyvesant was dead—that he would never come back to them any more? Now they remembered that word of his in the study. It was only this:

"I know where he is."

Could he tell them *now*, where that was? At any rate they would ask him.

"Husband! father! Where is dear Stuyvesant?"

At first his only answer was,

"Who is Stuyvesant?"

Then he looked vaguely around the room—then his eyes returned to the bed-quilt—and he began going through a series of motions with his hands as if he were sorting and considering a bundle of papers. Finally he said in a determined tone—

"I want Muffles."

Lottie and her mother both started with surprise!

Then Isaiah said again, still more firmly,

"Send directly for Muffles. Send to Peter Chillgrin's office for Muffles."

With a beating heart, Lottie left her father's bedside, and at her mother's request, wrote a modest, maidenly note to Mr. Muffles, asking that he would come to the house as soon as possible, because her father was very ill and wished to see him. This, directed to Peter Chillgrin Esq's care, she gave to the waiter, with orders not to return until he could bring Mr. Muffles with him.

In the course of two hours, the servant returned, accompanied by the gentleman desired. Lottie met him at the door, and just touching his hand with her trembling cold fingers, but not vouchsafing the word which she durst not speak, led him to her father's chamber.

The moment that Isaiah's eyes fell on him, they lost half their wildness.

"Muffles," said he with comparative calmness—"stay with me. I am an old man—all alone. You'll be good company, won't you? My partner, heh? My son, perhaps? I've been very bad to you, Muffles. I've used your designs for coal-scuttles, and I never thanked you, Muffles. I do thank you *now*, Muffles. Forgive me for being so bad to you, Muffles. You were never ashamed of your old father, or of his business. You never left him in his old age to do two young men's work all alone, and I was very—very unkind to you. Do, oh do forgive me, Muffles, and I won't act so again. Say you won't leave me, dear Muffles!"

With these words Isaiah clung to the young man and sobbed piteously, like a child.

When Mr. Muffles saw the faces of the two women joining their speechless looks to Isaiah's entreaty, he replied immediately that he would stay and take care of him.

It is superfluous to recite in detail all the days and nights which Mr. Muffles spent in watching by that weary bed—days and nights of terrible suspense to the wife and daughter, who in this painful season would have learned to love him as their only man-protector. even if their tendencies had not been favorable to him before. Isaiah passed through several weeks of high fever, during all of which he never had a sane interval.

It was toward the end of the third week that Mr. Muffles, sitting alone by Isaiah's bedside in the stillness of early dawn, heard him murmuring to himself in the following soliloquy:

"An old man had a son—who despised his father's business—and, give me the portion of goods which falleth to me—that I may go—and set up—a bachelor establishment. The old man—did—even as he was asked. The son set up his establishment. Then he got into difficulty with a scheming woman. Then he ran riot—as he listed. Then he compromised his sister's happiness—no he didn't! Muffles was a good boy! My son, Muffles is! But the old man thought he did—and he saw his son was going to the—devil! So—after having tried—everything else—in vain—the old man—as a last experiment—to save the—poor boy—"

Here Isaiah began sobbing, and finally seemed dropping into a doze. Muffles, in an agony of suspense, bent his face closer to the old man's, and whispered softly—

"What then? What then?"

Isaiah murmured—

"Then he had him carried away from—all—his—old—associations. They took him on a sloop—when he was asleep with drugs in his beer. They carried him—down east—and landed him on the coast of—New Hampshire. Then they took him in a close carriage—across the wild part of the country—into the mountains of Vermont. The old man thought that—if the—poor boy—could only get out of his—old groove—and have a little time to think—and be out of the way of luxury—and danger—he would grow better—by and bye. Then the young man fell in love with a pretty girl—and her father wanted to know if the old man liked it. And the old man wrote yes—he was glad. Then the old man got into a dark—ugh! an awful dark place! and he—couldn't write any more."

"Who was the man that took care of the old man's son?" said Muffles, whispering almost inaudibly, that he might filter his question into Isaiah's mind through the chinks of his dream without waking him.

"It was—an old friend of the old man. His name—was—was Reuben Kinebooy!"

When Mrs. Primpenney and Lottie came at sunrise to relieve Mr. Muffles—it was *they*, not *he*, who were relieved. For they heard, for the first time, sure tidings of their son and brother!

By the next mail a summons went forth from the House of Primpenney, to recall its wandering sheep—nor were the shepherd and shepherdess forgotten therein—Reuben and Melissa.

Six weeks from the first terrible day of Isaiah's fever—the physician pronounced him sufficiently out of danger to see all his family together. His hair was several shades more silvery—his face far thinner and paler than of old—but he was on the rising grade. So he sat propped in pillows, and one after the other, the Primpenney family, whom he knew once more, came up to his bedside.

Mrs. Primpenney—the faithful wife of thirty years—first he folded her in his arms.

Then Lottie—and as he caressed her shining head, she could scarcely keep back the tears which would be so bad for his weakness.

Then Muffles. "God bless you!" said Isaiah—"I should have died without you, my son!"—and he put Lottie's hand into that of the young man.

Then Stuyvesant. Isaiah started—and for the first time since his illness, a glow came into his cheeks, answering to those of the prodigal's.

"Oh, forgive me, my son!" said Isaiah, brokenly "I did what I did only because I despaired of bringing you back in any other way. My dear boy—forgive me!"

"Forgive you? Forgive me, you mean! That was a queer lark of yours, father—but it made me the happiest man in the world! Without it, I should never have known what it was to see, and have too, a real, pure, untouched, woman's heart. Look, father!"

And with that, he brought to Isaiah's bedside the blushing, raven-haired, country-girl, Melissa!

The old man looked for a moment in silence. Then the tears



"BYE BYE BABY!"

Anxious Young Mother.—"GOOD GRACIOUS, WOMAN! WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU ABOUT!"

Bridget.—"SURE YOU BID ME WASH THE BABY, AND WHAT WOULD I DO IT WITH ONLY THE WASHING-MACHINE?"

came trickling down his pale cheeks—he stretched out his arms, and said, "My dear daughter!"

"My dear father!" said she, and stooping, kissed him.

"Wall, I vaow!" exclaimed a hoarse, bass voice of unmistakable nativity, through the doorway—"Ef that ain't a right daown purty piece of bizness to take away a man's little gal, square in his own eyes and teeth, without so much as sayin' thankye!"

Isaiah looked around and saw the ruddy, beaming face of his old schoolmate.

"I do say thank you, Reuben!" he answered, stretching out his hand to the Vermonter, who held its worn thin fingers in his great gripe as gingerly as if they had been a baby's—"I do say thank you—and more than that—God bless you! for you have saved me a son—and added to me a daughter!"

Within the next month, there was a new sign put over the door of the coal-stuttle shop—and this was its inscription:

"PRIMPENNEY, SON, & MUFFLES."

Within the next month there were two weddings in the house of Isaiah—whereby he forever secured to himself a complementary son and daughter.

Within the next month, Teague was promoted from his place of bachelor's valet to that of waiter on a married couple, characteristically remarking, that though he had always liked to be Mistress Stuyvesant's man, it was a swate little bit of a change to be lady's-maid to Mistress Primpenney.

As for Mr. and Mrs. Muffles, they staid at home with the old folks, and made them so happy that I don't know whether they will ever let the young people have an establishment of their own.

Reuben oscillates between the two firesides—smoking his pipe, and singing Peggy Gordon in such a jocund strain as to lead to the impression that he has been back to the bridge and found his voice.

There is a young Miss Primpenney—and a young Master Muffles. So you see that neither of these estimable couples is doing what I must now do with deep regret.

"What is that, pray?"

Put an end to the Primpenney family.

FINE WORDS vs. PARSNIPS.

Mr. RUSSELL, in his lengthy statement on the subject of his complicity in the great Indian bonds fraud, speaks of certain trust documents as having been "hypothecated" by him. We have two weapons wherewith to meet Mr. RUSSELL on this question. First, an Ancient Saw, which instructs us that "Fine words butter no Parsnips," from which may be extracted the subtle dogma, that there be some things which no amount of lubrication will enable people to gulp down. Secondly, an Ancient Pistol, who was a great adept in word-buttering, and so tenacious on the subject of his honor, that he wouldn't stand the word "steal" at any price. Says he, when some ill-bred person makes use of that vulgar expression:

"Steal? foh! a fico for the phrase, convey the wise it call!"

And so the noble Anglo-Saxon tongue is getting to be as smooth on both sides as a shore tossed pebble; and by and by we shall read in some police report, that a base varlet was brought up on suspicion of "hypothecating" another man's watch. The term is not exclusively applicable to appropriation, however, but has been defined "to pledge, pawn, gage, impignorate"—a definition with such a Sholomonish suggestion about it, that we should not be surprised at finding some of our baskers under three golden balls, describing themselves in next year's directory as "Hypothecaries."

CHARMED LIVES.

Everybody who walks a mile of Broadway, in the working hours of the day, owes his or her unshattered form to a series of direct miracles or interpositions of Providence in his or her respective favor. The transition state of our principal thoroughfare, from the pig-style to the palatial, has rendered bricks and mortar a necessity; and far aloft on the ladder doth the cheerful hod-man troll his native melody, while little recks the pedestrian below of the open box of hard bricks poised ticklishly over his head by the Milesian sky-lark. Further on, the unsuspicious pedestrian beholds a great wooden engine bearing a general resemblance in form to a capital A. While he is wondering whether any more members of the alphabet are lurking round, he steps upon a squared brick of marble weighing about three tons, while, at the same moment, the capital A, which is a lifting "derrick," groans with a sudden strain of the tackle diabolically woven around it. The unsuspicious pedestrian now finds that he is going up somewhere in company with the marble brick, which is at one end of the tackle, and quite at the mercy of an Irishman with a pipe in his mouth who is at the other, as master of the situation, because he knows the ropes. Leaping from the marble brick to oblige the Irishman, the unsuspicious pedestrian lands upon a loose plank forming a portion of the temporary sidewalk laid down to prevent excavation from interrupting travel. The loose plank does not give way much, because the unsuspicious pedestrian is of New-York, and bears a charmed life. It only tilts up and hits him on the nose, causing extravasation of blood around both eyes, hemorrhage of the gums, and a tendency toward blasphemy on the tongue. Proceeding on his mile of Broadway, the unsuspicious pedestrian is very angry at being stopped by what is called a "jam" at the commencement of one of the temporary platform cellar-bridges above alluded to. While he is blighting his luck—for he is in a hurry to reach his druggist, in order to have his nose assuaged—the platform gives way, and subsides in a slanting manner into a remote district of the cavernous tract below, bearing with it the "jam," which consists of six Jersey persons, two married women from Astoria, and an aged negro female with a basket of eggs. The unsuspicious pedestrian is glad of this—that is, glad that he is not a Jersey person, and therefore subject to "jam." He walks out, in good spirits, toward the middle of the street, in order to circumvent the mountain of bricks round which is the only right of way left, now that the platform has "caved in." Here, he gets mixed up with a prostrate omnibus horse, and, falling upon the Russ pavement, is on the point of having a quantity of leather traces buckled on to him in mistake; but his charmed life is yet lived by him, and he arrives at the corner of Duane Street just as a sign-board forty feet long, six feet broad, four inches thick, and spiky to a degree, comes crash down on the pavement in consequence of a failure of the tackle with which Irishmen with pipes in their mouths were sanguine about hoisting it to its destination near the roof of a six story building. Again the charmed life—and yet again, and perchance again. But luck may change, and we, in the character of an unsuspicious pedestrian, must enter our protest against the palpable carelessness everywhere manifest in the surrounding arrangements of buildings in process of erection. When the huge marble block fell in Chambers Street the other day, there was only one person on the

cellar-bridge below—only a poor old woman; and we are not quite certain whether she was killed, or only maimed and mangled for the rest of her life. Had his Worship the Mayor, or one of the City Fathers been distributed into the cellarage when that block fell, our report of the accident would have been fuller, the public sympathy larger. It is vexatious to think how much misery is in the power of reckless clods—how sudden the association between defective tackle and deep affliction! It would be good of the proper authorities to arrange for the diminution of improper risks.



"HELLO!—FLAN-NI-GAN! HYST UP THERE. QUICK—THERE'S A CROWD OF PEOPLE ON THE STREET, AND A STRAND OF THE ROPE IS BROKE!"

The Wharf Rat.

The wharf is silent, and black and motionless lie the ships;
The ebb tide sucks at the piers with its cold and slimy lips;
And down through the tortuous lane a sailor comes singing along,
And a girl in the Gallipagos isles the burden of his song.

Behind the white cotton bales a figure is crouching low;
It listens with eager ears to the way that the footsteps go,
And it follows the singing sailor, stealing upon his track,
And when he reaches the river side, the wharf rat is at his back.

A man is missing next day, and a paragraph tells the fact;
But the way he went, or the road he took, will never, never be tracked!

For the lips of the tide are dumb, and it keeps such secrets well,
And the fate of the singing sailor boy the wharf rat alone can tell.

Queries.

Our slangular contributor informs us that any kind of strong drink is a Nipper for a Christian. But the unfortunate Hebrews are limited to Gin since that is the only beverage which is properly of the Jew Nipper denomination.

The same gentleman inquires:

If a person owns a house in an exposed situation, is it best for him to Shut her up in summer or go it Blind?

High Living.

It is not remarkable that an old East India nabob should show by his complexion that if one lives long enough the liver proves on the very face the possibility of attaining to the Golden Mien.

A WORD FOR THE BIRD.

A couple of weeks more of April; then May, and then maggots in the Park, on the *trottoir* and on the tree. This delightful anticipation was agreeably brought to our mind a day or two since, when, on passing through WASHINGTON PARK, we witnessed an assault committed upon an intelligent looking brown sparrow by a brutal looking young park-loafer, who "shied" a stone—aimlessly, by good luck—at the superior biped with wings. For this act, we promptly branded the unwholesome miscreant by the smart application of a pretty stiff Malacca cane to the conspicuous muscular development called, we think, by anatomists, the *gluteus maximus*. MR. JUSTICE CONNOLLY will pardon us for thus "raising Cain" without his able intervention; but it is a principle of ours, that "one-two on the nob," in such cases as the one under consideration, is generally equivalent to two policemen and a cart. Now, under the maggot infliction of last summer—the "measuring-worm" they call the filthy wriggler—hundreds of letters were printed by the public press, containing suggestions for the abatement of the plague. One man would wash the trees with soap and water, as if they were Babies in the Wood hard up for a vermifuge. Another person wanted to salt, and subsequently smoke them. From the bacon saving propensities of that man, we lean to the belief that he was a dweller in Connecticut, and spread forth his doctrine with an ultimate view to wooden flitches. A grave old party treated the public to a biography of two elm-trees, which he had kept in robust health for "nigh forty year," by belting their sturdy waists with a circular tin trough, filled with a subtle essence of some dreadful drug, in which the advancing wriggler met a liquid grave under excruciating circumstances.

Go on, gentlemen; proceed. Wash the trees with old brown Windsor and Croton; salt them; smoke them; belt them with troughs of burning acid. No harm will come of all this; but the bird! the bird! Cherish with every finger of the law that charming summer sojourner, be he brown sparrow, blue-bird, Baltimore clipper—oriole, we mean—or aught other that puts his trust in us. He and his family are death upon maggots, and will not be denied. Boys will be boys, but they also should be whipped whenever caught in the act of molesting birds, or abstracting the nest of the warbler from its outraged tree. We never saw an egg-thief dropping from the lowermost branch, and sneaking away with his booty, without thinking of Mr. TENNYSON'S "Talking Oak," and expecting that the marauded tree would burst out with a strong expletive from some gnarly mouth among its knots, and, lifting one of its brawny arms, lay smartly over the *gluteus maximus* of the intruder one of its sharpest and least tender-hearted twigs.



"HELLO! YOU YOUNG VARMIN'T!—FETCH BACK THEM 'ERE EGGS!"

How could it be Otherwise?

It is said that President LINCOLN is quite ill, in consequence of the cares that weigh upon him. This seems natural enough, for how could the duties of his administration be light, when his whole policy is Wait!

Unquestionable.

X. is disgusted with the mysterious, cat-in-a-bag course of the present administration. He says that if it continues, even the ambassadors, consuls and attachés will soon be All Abroad!

BEFORE THE PALACE.

BY WILLIAM WINTER.

I.

This is the palace where he brought her home—
Home—but not to his heart, I know!
For it cannot be but her memories roam
To the first and the true love, long ago.
Noble and beautiful little bride,
Doomed in her gorgeous palace of stone,
Loveless forever to sit by his side,
And yet be forever and ever alone!

II.

Noble and beautiful spirit of love!
Well: I am glad if you're happy so;—
Though I stand out here while the stars above
Are as white and cold as the ground below.
I am glad that the splendor is all your own;
And I do not desire it—ah, not I!
I am well content at the foot of the throne,
Or to lie down here in the street and die.

III.

Perhaps you would see me then—who knows!
Perhaps you would see in my haggard face,
Whence they have risen, your subtle woes
And the something that saddens your stately grace.
Perhaps—ah me, I am bold indeed,
Perhaps you would touch me! Heart and brain!
I am sure it would make the old wound bleed,
If it did not wake me to life again!

IV.

They say I'm a drunkard now, and a knave;
That I riot and revel by day and night;
And they're hoping so that I'll dig my grave,
And hide my carcass out of their sight.
It's a hard, hard world, and I think sometimes—
When I think at all—if it did but know
The bitter root of my follies and crimes,
That it wouldn't be eager to hate me so.

V.

No matter: I love you, all the same.
'Twas a kind true heart that you threw away:—
I can say it now, and with nothing of shame
For I shall not live to another day:—
I can say, though the night of grief is long
That the light of morning struggles through;
And lifted out of my sorrow and wrong,
If I cannot live, I can die for you!

VI.

So I stand and look at your palace doors,
The lighted windows and all the rest:
I am not a guest to tread your floors,
But I am in your inmost heart a guest.
I know that you see me, lady fair;
I know that you hear me; and I know
That my life will be forgiven there,
Though the world be eager to hate me so.

Message expected by the Southern Confederacy from England.
Cotton to us.



SHOWING THE CURIOUS EFFECT OF THE DIRT THROWN BY THE NEW-YORK HERALD, WHICH TURNS TO PURE SNOW WHERE IT STRIKES, BUT STICKS, IN ITS ORIGINAL UNCLEAN QUALITY, TO THE HAND THAT THROWS IT.

AWAKE THERE!

Are we all dead-alive? Is the American nation bewildered, degraded, depraved, or what is the matter with it?

We stand, a nation of some thirty millions, one-third of which is urging the rest to ruin, and the rest wail and whimper, crying alas! and alack! The Ultras will not give way—the Moderates have no minds of their own—we are rapidly becoming the scorn and the pity of Europe, for our timidity, our indecision, and imbecility. By and by war may come. Fierce, bloody, civil war, driving all to rack and ruin. Then we shall see action enough. Oh, yes—the romantic and desperate, and the goaded idiot and the vacillator made furious, will be awfully brave *then*. As every fool or man of even small moral courage may become, when fairly slung into a fight.

Men of America—in the name of God, wake up! Let Somebody do Something. Your grandfathers—God bless them—knew enough to hold meetings, resolve brave things and act them out. If you want to take Fort Sumter, raise your army, walk up to the Seceding, gasconading, arrogant Cotton-ocracy, and TAKE IT! *You can do it.* If you want it to be let alone—why, cry out “Let it alone.” Let it be heard from the people in one tremendous outburst. Your Executive does Nothing—give him your voices—show him that there is a national opinion somewhere—and he’ll act.

If the Tariff offend thee—pluck it out—for it is better to lose a little on manufactures than go to destruction for want of a will. If you have the nerve to protect manufactures, and believe that the scoundrels of border smugglers can be suppressed—in other words, if the men and women of the North have patriotism enough not to buy the fancy stuff which is to injure us to build up the South—why, then protect them. But do Something. Show some scorn at least for the loathsome rascalities, false faith, stained honors and monstrous political crimes which are springing up like dragon’s teeth everywhere around us.

American people, you are partly to blame for this. You have made your deities and representative men of tricky politicians, shuffling, selfish rascals, fellows whose knaveries and stump buf-

foonerics and adroit balancings have delighted your very hearts. Fellows whose constituency has been Cameronia, or Seward-dom, or Buchanaan—but not the United States. And verily you have your reward.

And now let us see something done. We’re in a regular mess, and sitting still with folded hands will no longer avail. Let the strong men come out—if there be any such in this land of buying and selling, gabbling and trembling, and lead the people into some hearty expression of sympathy for bravery, manliness, and action.

Since writing the above, the clouds seem to be clearing away with a wild North-wester. Men are arming, ships sailing—a brave hurrah going up—and Something is to Be Done. Hurrah! Nine and a Tiger! Anything but stagnation and shame and sorrow. Let us make a hearty struggle, at least, ere we become denationalized, provincialized, and altogether sunk down to the social level of bewildered Dutchmen who know not where to look for a Fatherland.

A Chance for the Educated.

WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON, }
April 1st, 1861.

The subscriber is desirous of finding a few able bodied and intelligent young men, capable of speaking a little French, who would have no objection to travel or live in Europe as *Chargés d’Affaires*, Ministers and Consuls.

That there may be no equivocation or prevarication the undersigned would state that all applicants will be examined in French by himself.

ABRAHAM.

N. B.—No Jerseymen need apply.

By our Paradoxologist.

Old dog Tray’s ever faithful they say,
But the dog that is faithful can never Be Tray.

VANITY FAIR.



PRINCIPLE VS. INTEREST.

MR. BULL—MY COLORED BROTHER, DON'T BE IRREPRESSIBLE—THE UNHAPPY CONDITION TO WHICH THE OPPRESSOR HAS REDUCED YOU, ENLISTS MY WARMEST SYMPATHY—BUT, THEN, REALLY, ONE CANNOT KNOW FRIENDS IN TRADE.

VANITY FAIR BOOK REVIEW.



THE Sable Cloud. A Southern Tale, with Northern Comments. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELDS.

If there are any of our readers who have not as yet heard enough about the Irrepressible Habitant of the Wood-Pile, we commend them to walk under and into the Sable Cloud. As the Cloud in question, which at present lowers about our house, bids fair to rain swords and bayonets with the points downwards—to say nothing of dogs and cats—we fancy that they will ere long, get quite enough of Dis able prodnesum.

The Poetical Works of SAMUEL WOODWORTH, edited by his Son. In two vols. New-York: CHAS. SCRIBNER.

THE WOOD-WORTH in question left us many valuable bits of timber, and his son, like a chip of the old block, has by collecting the whole, shown us that it was "all oak;" the principal article in fact being the Old Oaken Bucket, which has come up before the public a thousand times since it was kicked by the author into publicity. But besides a bucket full, WOODWORTH drew several hundred sparkling goblets from Hippocrene—all of them imprinted in this boke.

LITERA SCRIPTA MANET.

HENRIETTE is the English title of a pretty French comedy by M. SARDON, called *Les pattes des mouches*. Mr. SARDON is a well-known dramatic author whose habit of sneering at his own pieces originated the phrase "sardonic laugh." His comedy has been very neatly dressed by Mr. WILKINS, and placed before the public on the stage of WALLACK'S Theatre.

It's all about a letter. A young man has been making love to a young woman on the sly. They establish an impromptu *poste restante* in the shape of a statuette in the drawing-room, where the mutual love letters are kept till called for. A misunderstanding takes place. The young man goes "strange countries for to see," and the young woman marries another, and during three years the letter that would have made all straight lies *perdue* under the statuette. Young man returns and meets young woman. Explanation ensues. Young woman learns that her letter is still where she placed it, and being now married and settled, is naturally anxious to recover the compromising document. Young man wants to get a pull on her, (to quote a classic author,) and desires its possession also. Mutual manoeuvring; young man successful. Then the adventures of the letter and the plots for its recovery, form the very ingenious thread of the rest of the comedy.

There can be but little doubt that Mr. WILKINS intended this situation as a subtle satire on the New-York postal system. Where could the idea of a letter lying for three years untouched have originated if not in the sarcophagus of correspondence that fronts on Nassau street? We expected every moment to hear the orchestra playing "Dixie" as a gentle tribute to the gentleman who succeeded to the post of the absquatulated FOWLER.

The title "Henriette" is unmeaning and bad. So good a piece ought to have had a better christening. As the plot of the piece turns on a letter left in solitude, why not have called it "Let her alone?" Or, as the epistle flies about in all directions afterwards,

and is blown through a window, why not take a quotation from OTHELLO, and name it "Let her down the wind?" Or, as the piece is so neat and compact, why not take a phrase from the actors' dictionary, and have it "Letter perfect?" Any of these would have been better than that of Henriette. In any case, however, Mr. WILKINS may consider that he has made his piece a Letter of Mark.

BULL-RUSHES.

All creatures are subject to antipathies. The Bull, as well as his two-legged corollary, the Turkey-Cock, manifests emotions of displeasure at the exhibition of a red rag, which he seems to consider an insult to his understanding. Out of this antipathy, some excellent sport might be devised,—a suggestion which we herewith present to Mr. NIXON, of the Royal Circus, who has plenty of red coats on hand. Consider a Bull in a ten-acre field, round which two red objects—say two New-York firemen in GARIBALDI shirts, are set to run in opposite directions at the regular 450 fireman pace, and, by a powerful mental process of fancying the feelings of that embarrassed quadruped, you may arrive at an approximate estimate of the present emotions of JOHN BULL the Biped, situated as he now finds himself, between the MORRILL tariff and a possible blockade of the Cotton ports. These are the two red rags of his immediate aversion, and he may be seen standing between them at the present moment, with his back up, his head down, and his tail in an undecided state of demi-depression. In this position he keeps one eye upon the London *Times*, while he uses the other for winking at a good many things connected with his domestic arrangements—things by which he is more or less afflicted, but which it is not at present convenient for him to treat in a less evasive manner.

His case is a distressing one.

There are five millions of white slaves in England, slaves without wool upon their heads, and likely soon to have no cotton upon their hands. There are cotton lords to be considered—men so constituted of cotton that their very existence may be looked upon as a Cotton State. Providence may cut off their cotton.

On this account, JOHN BULL will not put his trust in Providence, which he considers inferior in most respects to the *Times*; but, going to the latter institution he requests it to inform this side of the Atlantic of his private opinion that—"instead of ignoring the secession of the South, and determining to treat it as *non avenu*, the President ought to recognize it as a reality."

If *non avenu* was the French for "no thoroughfare," as it ought to be, the application of it by the *Times* would be more felicitous than it is, because it would then be expressive of the excitement under which JOHN BULL suffers at the apprehension of being cut off from access to his ancient cotton fields.

But, if JOHN BULL has got his back up at the idea of a Southern blockade, how buttlingly he has put his head down to run tilt against the MORRILL tariff!

"There are no statesmen in America!" exclaims JOHN BULL. "At least there are none in the North—the new Confederacy, indeed, gives better promise, for, while the North is passing a Prohibition Tariff, the Confederate States are behaving with marked prudence and propriety."

The Moral of this is that JOHN BULL wants no MORRILL.

And he is even less anxious to see anything like a blockade of the Southern ports, by which he would be debarred from cultivating the society of that Chivalry whose virtues have been so suddenly discovered by him with the assistance of his Cotton spectacles.

Hooray!

"Brooklyn has done gloriously. Democracy has triumphed in that City of Churches, which shows that the right political faith is appreciated in it. KALB FLEISCH is elected Mayor.—N. Y. Daily News.

"Kalbfleisch"—"Veal," you know, in German.

A very nice thing is veal—ven you know it ain't kittens. But if the veal in question had been knocked into Pi, who'd have indorsed him and hurrahed for him then, we'd like to know.

We thought not.

The *Herald* offers to "Old Abe," in the event of his being driven from Washington by the Co.'s, a home at Fort Washington—a pleasant locality, free from malarious and other unwholesome influences."

So it seems that after all BENNETT does not allow the *Herald* to be brought into his own family.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

LORZAMASSI, March 20th.



A, DEAR VANITY:—The greatest lark in the world! . . .

Imagine it! Count CAVOUR and myself, taken prisoner, and held in to durance vile, by a party of brigands! Yet such, as the Hon. NED EVERETT once remarked to me, such, my dear friend, is life.

CAVOUR, you must know, is ambitious. France offers him no field, and he desires to be a great man in Italy. Accordingly, I have organized a little movement for his benefit.

No man, in the provinces, has a fairer start in political life, or a better chance for advancement, than a deputy-sheriff. I secured CAVOUR's nomination, then, as candidate for that office, and he and I have been stumping the country. As it is well understood that I shall lay waste, with fire and sword, all districts that poll a majority against him on election-day, his success will doubtless be almost unanimous.

But up here in the inaccessible caverns and ravines of the mountains, over four thousand miles above the level of the sea, there dwells a rugged, hardy race of mountaineers who do not comprehend the fairness of a choice by ballot.

To them, suffrage is insufferable. They settle their little political differences with the carabine and the stiletto.

As the land is so poor, up here, that it will produce no kind of vegetation, and as the roads are so precipitous and rough that they are impassable even to foot-travellers, it may readily be surmised that agriculture and manufactures do not flourish.

Deprived, then, of all legitimate industrial occupations, the inhabitants have but one means of earning a livelihood.

They are all brigands . . . men, women, and children.!

The reading public, who are familiar with DUMAS, *pere's* novels, and in whose minds the names of MASSARONI, FRA DIAVOLO, MASANIELLO, and JACKALOW are still fresh, can appreciate the awkwardness of a political canvasser's life among such people.

Murder, robbery, arson, assault, burglary, and trespass are everyday crimes in this region. It is nothing uncommon for a man to go out to his business in the morning, and return at night with his head completely severed from his body. I am assured that there is not a man within twenty miles, who has attained his majority without having received at least a dozen mortal wounds!

Such is Lorzamassi!

CAVOUR and I arrived here the day before yesterday, and put up at the best hotel, kept by a retired brigand. We were treated with the utmost politeness the first night, but in the morning, when we wanted to go down to breakfast, we found the door locked on the outside!

The landlord shortly entered, and apologized for detaining us, but said that there were some young gentlemen in town, to whom he could refuse nothing, and they desired the pleasure of killing and robbing us.

Naturally enough, we objected, and offered a ransom of twice as much as we had about us. This was accepted, and I wrote at once to His Holiness, Pope Pius IX. to send me three million ducats. They will arrive on Wednesday next.

Meanwhile, we are kept rather close, although I am allowed to write and mail letters to you, on account of the interest our landlord takes in your paper. He says he could not get along without his VANITY FAIR every week. He reads English very well indeed, for an illiterate man, but some of my jokes require explanation before he can understand them.

Every Thursday night, he informs me, they have a grand hop here. I was present at the last one, and found it uncommonly brilliant, I can assure you. I never saw such splendid jewels and laces anywhere else, as were worn by the ladies. One beautiful blonde wore the *trousseaux* of three English brides who had been

surprised by her father while on their wedding tours. I asked her, in French, if she did not feel uncomfortable when she thought of these poor girls, murdered to furnish her with a blood-stained *parure*.

"Eh? Mais pournoi?" said she, with a bewitching smile; "*Elles sont tous trois heureuses, maintenant . . . et alors, on ne porte point des bijoux dans le ciel!*"

This answer, at once so brutal and so naive, charmed me. I danced with the little blonde seven times, and would have escorted her to her home, had I not learned that her lover was waiting outside the door, to stab me in the back.

An odd and amusing instance of the great hospitality of this strange people occurred this morning.

CAVOUR, Frenchman and diplomat, is a great snuff-taker. Last night, as he went to take his customary pinch before retiring, he found his box empty.

He passed a sleepless night, and early this morn, sent a boy to search through the village in quest of a fresh supply.

The boy was unsuccessful. Nobody took snuff in the whole district.

Toward lunch-time, poor CAVOUR became so desperate for want of his favorite luxury, that the handsome young STEFANO, our landlord's son, took pity upon him.

"Where are you going, good STEFANO?" I enquired, seeing him cleaning and loading his trusty carabine.

"I am going, Eccellenza," he replied, "to find a Frenchman. Your friend suffers. Habit is strong. The French all snuff."

He departed, whistling the brindisi from *La Traviata*.

In two hours he returned, and gracefully presented the Count with a splendid old-fashioned gold snuff-box, full of rappee.

"Thank you a thousand times, STEFANO!" cried CAVOUR, seizing the box and taking a mighty pinch, "thank you! but, where did you get it."

"I found an old *drole* of a French Marquis down yonder, in a travelling carriage. The footman fought well, and the old gentleman died hard, but *sapristi!* you wanted some snuff, and I am not a man to stand on trifles!"

Well, our ransom will soon be forthcoming, and as the people here have taken a great fancy to us, we shall doubtless escape alive, in which case we shall carry every vote in the district, and you will hear more from

MCARONE.

NEW ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH!

The London *Telegraph*, of March 19, in a spasmodic article about cotton coercion, says:

"Lancashire and South Carolina are too intimately united for the slightest symptoms or forebodings of paralysis in the one, not to spread consternation through the other."

Out of small beginnings great things have budded; and so, out of the above little paragraph, arises a suggestion for a new and improved Atlantic submarine telegraph. Let the cable be of cotton—this end of it at Charleston, that one at Liverpool. Moor the Charleston end to a fifteen hundred dollar darkey—the Liverpool end to a Lancashire white slave of the cotton-factory persuasion. Then arrange your alphabet, to be illustrated on this side by cuts, on the other by kicks. That is, a certain number of licks applied to the back of the darkey, with a cowhide whip, will communicate to his white brother at the other end of the rope any such "forebodings of paralysis" as may be justified by the circumstances of the hour; while a tariff of kicks, imposed upon the Lancashire factory-vassal, will impart to the \$1500 mooring-post at Charleston, such amount of British "consternation" as it may be considered safe to administer to the Southern Confederacy at one dose.

Con. by a River Policeman.

Why is a dock-owner, during business-hours, the Right Man in the Right Place?

Because he's surrounded by his Piers!

A Nail in the foot of John Bull: or, in other words, the Iron that has entered into his Sole.

Pennsylvania Iron.

Advice to Travellers.

Buy a box of Pulmonic medicine—the only thing to stop a Hack.

Naval Ammunition.

"Shells of Ocean."



Nervous Old Lady in a Squall.—MR. PILOT, IF YOU SURVIVE, TELL MR. MUGGINS THAT I ENDEAVORED TO BEAR MYSELF UP TO THE LAST.

TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE.

We take the following from the N. Y. Times of April 1.

"French fleets in American waters—Spanish cruisers hovering in our Gulf—English men-of-war along our coasts—significant rumors from France of her assuming new relations with her old province of Louisiana—burning, secret sympathies of England with her enslaved black "men and brothers"—menacing attitude of the Spanish Government, which, in its days of feebleness, we in our strength insulted with impunity, but which now, in our time of trouble, taunts and defies us by stationing ten thousand troops within fifty miles of our shores, to keep eye upon us, and possibly, in the domestic *melee* she hopes for, to repossess herself of the splendid provinces which, as Florida, Texas, etc., we now call sovereign States of the Union."

Just so. Let us hope—aye, let us hope, heart and soul, that it is ALL true, and that a great deal more of the same sort, much more aggravating, much more insulting, much more peppery and provoking, is not far off.

That's the medicine for our times. Give us a good round buffet, somebody—do us a real injury—for the love of humanity and all that is right! If somebody will only take a pitch-fork and thwack us soundly, with perhaps a good sharp poke in the ribs thrown in—like the Italian courier in *Rabelais*—it will save us.

When VANITY FAIR heard of that fleet, he cried "Tis too good to be true." And yet the country is frightened! Frightened! They'll be here—and then!

Why then, Union, and let them pitch into North or South—who cares? Send on your fleets, oh, Europe—bring on your bears. Only do it. Will nobody tread on our coat-tails?

A Material Consideration.

From Charleston we hear that new mortar batteries are continually in course of erection, either at Mount Pleasant or some other spot suggestive of repose, if not of verdure. We cannot, for the life of us, see how these Mortar batteries can be of effective construction, in view of the fact that all the Bricks are inside Fort Sumter.

REFUGE FOR A DESTITUTE MOTTO.

It is stated that a French surgeon has succeeded in producing a perfect agent for the reduction of pain in severe operations. This new anæsthetic is composed of a great many elements, and its effect is to numb, or deaden the part to which it is applied. Merit is entitled to recognition; and we are glad to learn that the medical Faculty of this city intend presenting the eminent French surgeon with a congratulatory address, expressive of the gratitude of the profession for the service done by him to science. If the address has not yet been drafted, we do not think that the Faculty could do better than make use of the motto of these Disunited States for the purpose. Its advantages are several. It consists of but three words: it is of no further use to the present owners; and what could be a more Cesarean operation than that of addressing the great French pain-killer with the pithy acknowledgment *E Pluribus You Numb?*

Query.

IS JEFF DAVIS' regard for Cotton in particular as strong as his antipathy to Wool in General?

From Boston.

What plain writer has the "Atlantic?"
The "HOLMES-pun-man."

Sugar Refinery.

A young ladies' boarding school.

Uncomfortably near relations.

Poor ones.

The Cab-Age.

There's a bill up at Albany for a Cab-company—one which is to have all sorts of decent vehicles at decent prices, so that decent people may have a ride without the risk of being indecently abused by a heathen rascal of a wild Irish driver.

Twenty cents a mile, fifteen cents for each extra mile is certainly drawing it rather mild, compared to what we have had to pay. But why not make it, say thirty cents anywhere this side of the Park. Twenty cents for each extra passenger. That would be intelligible and more profitable in the long run for the Company. Strangers don't know how far a mile is—they never do in London, and they won't here. Will WALT WHITMAN, who is said to understand long measures, favor the public with his valuable opinion on this subject?

The Cof Finny Tribe.

We find the following going the rounds:

In a case before the Paris Civil Tribunal the fact was revealed that the person who contracts with the City of Paris for supplying funerals is bound to have constantly on hand not fewer than 6,000 coffins.

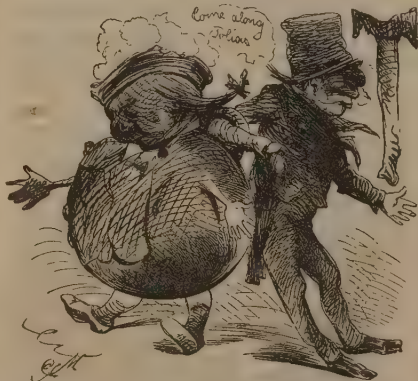
Six thousand coffins in a single case is a large amount. Those familiar with Nantucket will bear witness, however, that though the population of that whole isle is much less than that of Paris, it seldom has much less than five or six thousand COFFINS, if not on hand, at least on the sand, somewhere.

The Tribune Ahead.

The *Tribune*—of course it's the *Tribune*—advertises an Amalgam Bell. For only twelve cents per pound.

Our Fire Eating contributor says that down in his native Crescent City he has seen Amalgam Belles of the Quarteroon quality sell for from ten to twenty dollars a pound. New-York's the place, after all.

OUR ACTIVE AND EFFICIENT POLICE.



rooted aversion to A. Rithmetic & Co., but we are compelled to state—to begin with—that the villainous looking number of 65,809 indicates the exact sum of our city criminals arrested during the past year. We engaged the Lightning Calculator to foot up the amount, and if he has made no more mistakes than usual, we are nearly right. If you will but consider the manner in which the metropolitans do their duty, you will see that the number of New-York criminals, not arrested, is about ten times the 65,809.

It is singular what light the report throws upon certain errors of opinion in which we, in common with many good folks, have been in the habit of indulging. For instance, we have always believed that those mild, benevolent and peaceable individuals known to the public as Baggage-Smashers and Bogus Ticket-Agents were as bad as men could reasonably be, and deserved lynching, Sing-singing and even death. We confess our mistake. Only one Baggage-Smasher, only two Bogus Agents have offended against the laws and been held to answer. A total of three black sheep among the lambs whom we have all so unjustly condemned. Alas for the righteousness of human judgments!

Compared to this total of three! how we blush to find eleven Reporters, who have picked up something besides items, and taken the wrong kind of notes. And five editors, who have not confined their stealings to newspaper matter, and have manufactured worse things than bogus correspondence. Is it possible that JAMES GOR—O! no, it cannot be! And may GREE—how can we ask? Is this an express matter? Horrible thought. We suffer for the noble profession. Who can these editors be?

Glance at what part of the list we will, we find that classes which we thought vicious are models of everything good compared to classes which we deemed virtuous. Actors have used gags for other purposes than to raise a laugh, or conceal a defect of memory. Two hundred and one Artists have been drawing figures of the wrong sort, and making themselves models of infamy, and pictures for the Rogue's Gallery; while only two hundred and twenty-one thieves have taken property which they admired but did not legally possess. One Artificial eye-maker has been a Pupil of vice; but no black-eye-makers have been obliged to knuckle to the Law. Eleven Boot-Crimpers have kicked their heels in prison, but none of those Crimps whom sailors fear have suffered during 1860. Four umbrella-makers have been arrested, but no umbrella-takers. Two Rev. Ministers have neglected their own advice, but only one Alderman has been rung in by the police.

And so we might go on. The fellows whom we suspect of crimes, and charge with the wickedness of the land make no show in this list of the arrested, but the people whom one would never suspect of offences, appear in overshadowing numbers. Burnishers have been cutting illegal shins. Case-makers have turned out bad cases. Glassblowers have blown upon each other and come to blows generally in spite of the adage about persons in the glass business. Thirty-eight gentlemen have been locked up with twenty-eight gamblers—we have a new style of gentleman in New-York. Two thousand House-keepers are here, but no House-breakers. Ten Japanners, include the one Alderman, above-noted. The keeper of the City Hall Park was not joined at the Tombs by His Honor the Mayor. Twenty-two policemen have been arrested by their brethren, along with Deputy Marshals and Deputy Sheriffs, and Custom-house officers in great numbers have been also custodied; not, of course, because our officials are as bad as the criminals they should arrest, but because—well, for practice, we suppose, or for instruction.

HE Annual Report of our Police Commissioners contains an interesting and valuable statistical table, showing the trades and occupations of the persons arrested by our active, vigilant and efficient police, during the year 1860. We dislike figures, and have a deeply-

Many weighers have gone the downward way, and wheelwrights have dealt wrongly by the public weal. Watchmakers have made their patrons,

"Take no note of Time, but by its loss."

One midwife has had to assist at the Jail Delivery. Music hath had no charms for vocalists, Piano-makers, and music-teachers. Bartenders have smiled and smiled, and teen villains. Two Pocket-book-makers have made too free with their manufactures, but no Pocket-book-dropper has disgraced himself by being arrested. Twelve thousand Laborers have labored in vain and been incarcerated, but only five Loafers have swaggered into prison. Dock-builders have knocked down their piles and been caught at it; two Conductors have been found out at the same thing, but you look in vain for Highwaymen among such low company.

One hundred and seventy-six school children have been hauled up, several students have newly illustrated HOGARTH's "Progress;" and four Scribes have vindicated the Scriptural idea of them, and turned out badly, but no such word as Swindler occurs among the S's.

We have been wrong all the while. Our respectable men—our merchants, mechanics, builders, professional men—are our villains, and our roughs, runners and rowdies, are our genuinely virtuous citizens. Or else this report is wrong. Or else the police have been lopsidedly active. Or else KENNEDY has been too busy at Baltimore to attend to affairs here. And that can't be.

SOYEZ SAGE!

VANITY FAIR commends the following extract to all readers:

"The startling news from San Domingo, received by the *Quaker City*, from Havana, is corroborated by all reports which have since been received. A vessel has recently arrived at Key West, which brought the particulars as already published, with additions, which further implicate the French in the transaction, and render it still more probable that, whatever designs of conquest Spain may entertain, she is to receive the countenance of the French Government, if not its material aid. Indeed, the statement is made that a French corvette accompanied the Spanish fleet, and took part in the formal occupation of the island." *N. Y. Times*, April 3d.

Our French friends had better be a little modest; Uncle SAM isn't quite wiped out yet, as his Imperial Impertinence may find. It is not even necessary to "talk war," to show the silk-spinning nation this. A vigorous American League pledged against using French goods is not by any means an impossibility. There are brave-hearted noble women in this country,—aye, high-minded heroines now lying *perdue*, who, when the time for heroism comes, can show the world that they can get along as well with American fabrics, as with any other. And then Master LOUIS NAPOLEON "down goes your shanty." B; a thousand thunders!—as you say—you had better be back in Ham than in France on the day when we top your Lyons factories, your Paris perfume-shops, your mills which grind out *objets de fantaisie et de luxe*. Be civil! Your genius and your million-armed army—yea, all that and more, would be a stubble before the roaring fire in the face of the mob roaring for Bread!

And the American Press of the North can as assuredly form that League, as the sun will rise in the heavens—if they choose. Bah!—we hold your throne between our fingers, as a strong man holds a walnut, and can crack it to pieces when we will. Remember—the *proletaires* and the *fabriques*—there's where the gunpowder lies!

A Customary Proceeding.

An English lady complains of American Custom-House Officers for examining her baggage so critically upon her arrival in this country. It is rather hard to have the mysteries of the toilette scrutinized in such an unfeeling, or rather feeling manner, we admit, but people coming to America must expect to conform to the Customs of the Country.

A Judicious Appointment.

The appointment of One Palfrey to the postmaster-ship of Boston may be looked upon as a very judicious measure, considering that a single hub city naturally classes as a One-Horse Town.

Quite Likely.

The recruiting-officers of the Southern Confederacy have so far, been very unsuccessful—they have enlisted nothing but the sympathies of the people!

MAINE IN MARCH.
 "Remember the Ides of March."

—W. SHAKESPEARE.



No need, oh W. SHAKESPEARE, of telling me to remember those ides. I shall not forget them—not a solitary ide—while I live.

The Prodigal Sun shone brightly and warmly the afternoon on which I tore myself from my weeping friends in Madison Square, and started for Maine. Broadway was warm almost to sweatiness, and the classic Bowery lay in a cloud of dust. The dove-eyed maiden Spring was apparently here again,

and methought I would have nice times among the squirrels and blue-birds and dandelions, down in Maine.

I remembered a stately oak, on the banks of a beautiful brook I will recline under the oak, methought, and read the *New-York Ledger*. But the dove-eyed maiden Spring, like several other dove-eyed maidens who have had the pleasure of my acquaintance, had no hesitation in repudiating her promises, and sent a big snow-storm after us.

It came roaring upon us just as the night was setting in, beating fearfully against the car-windows and clogging up the wheels.

I am warranted in stating that it was One of the storms, leaving us in no doubt as to the drift of its meaning, for we soon found ourselves fast in a snow-drift. The "iron horse," as I think I have seen the locomotive called, made a few desperate plunges forward, and then seceded from us entirely, tearing down the track like the little bay beauty Flora Temple, with her tail done up in pepper-corns of an extraordinarily persuasive character. We were in the woods and the storm was raging with all the fury of a woman "corned." The black night, like the black knights of our popular bloodthirsty literature, laughed in a sardonic manner at our "Snow of troubles," and then frowned fiercely upon us—the innocent and helpless. We denounced the Railroad Company in withering terms. If I used stronger language than the rest—if I more thoroughly and convincingly laid bare the arrogant villainy of railroad monopolies, it must not be attributed to a desire to make myself conspicuous, but rather to the fact of my being a dead-head on the road. The refractory iron horse was led back, and we went slowly forward again.

The Conductor said he'd get us into Portland that night, certain, whereupon a gentleman from Bangor said he hoped so tew, for he'd rather gin a quarter than not reach hum next day—"I had, I snore!" he added, glancing around the car. "Darned if I hadn't."

Standing late at night in the great dismal depot at Portland, it occurred to me that when, many years ago, the Indians sold the land upon which that beautiful and brilliant city now stands, for a jug of indifferent rum,* they considerably cheated the whites. But this was only the churlish crotchet of the moment. Portland is all right, and abounds in inimitable clams; likewise pretty girls, who like to get fellows on a piece of twine and pull them around in a distracting manner. Portland has got over expecting the Great Eastern, its chief amusements now consisting of sliding down hill and admiring the princely quarterly dividends (which are now declared three times a day) of the Grand Trunk Railway, which thoroughfare is managed by British gentlemen with side whiskers, who have vainly searched many weary years for their long lost H. But as Lord Palmerston felicitously remarks, "what's the hods so long's we're 'appy?"

A city election was to occur next day, and fearing that I might be elected Alderman by one of those sublime uprisings of the honest masses which are sometimes witnessed when things assume a crisis shape, I hastily left by the early morning train. I go northward towards the White Mountains, which loom up in the distance like the ghosts of immense giants. A portion of the journey is performed by stage, and it pleases me to find an old friend and fellow-soldier in the gentleman who holds the reins over the spir-

ited team. We both fought in the Madawaska war, carrying death and devastation among the foe wherever we appeared. At the memorable and bloody battle of Pipsywispy we were both fatally wounded three times by falling out of the baggage-wagon; but the Eagles of victory perched upon our banners, and in the language of my old friend DAN WEBSTER, "we ain't dead yet."

I am partial to sensations, and jumping from sunny and Summery Madison Square to bleak and breezy Maine is one of 'em, beyond peradventure. The snow is very deep. The people want it to go, but it's no go! The fences are completely buried, and in some instances drifts have surrounded houses like the walls of a fort. But it is quite cheerful in the section to which I allude when compared to some parts of the State, where I am informed it snows continually for fifteen months in the year.

This is the happy land of baked beans and pure religion. Here "I guess I can dew it" means "I will dew it." Here men get rich on farms which at first sight look as if they could produce nothing but crops of rocks. Here, land which an Illinois farmer wouldn't have on his premises at any rate, is held at an elevated figure. Here, when a man don't clearly understand you, he says "Hay," and when he is astonished "Sho!" Here people talk through their noses to a great and sometimes alarming extent, Nature having kindly provided some of them with noses like covered bridges, each nostril being large enough to let a double team of words go through. Here the people have just eccentricities enough to be interesting. Here they can invent, chop, swap, work, and (if necessary) fight. Here there is maple sugar, virtue, shrewdness, strong arms and big chests, pickerel, rosy cheeks and true hearts, ever-busy knitting needles, cream, an undying love for Bunker Hill, honey, patriotism, stocking-yarn, mountains, ponds, hoop-poles, churches, school-houses, pine logs, scenery that knocks Switzerland into a disordered chapeau, and air so pure that the New-Yorker is sorry he can't bottle some of it and carry it to the metropolis for daily use.

I must not forget to mention a rather singular circumstance that occurred in my voyage from Portland to Boston per steamboat. I went aboard, secured a state-room, and proceeded to fall into one of those sweet slumbers which ever reward the honest man and Son of Temperance. On awaking in the night, it occurred to me that I would go on deck and converse with the man at the helm in regard to nautical affairs, as I was an old sea-dog myself, having had perilous experience on the Oxford and Cumberland Canal in the capacity of assistant chambermaid. The man was not at the helm, but I discovered that the steamer was going bravely ahead, taking a large wharf and a considerable portion of Portland with her. I laughed one of my "silvery laughs," but didn't say anything to anybody about the matter, because it was such an excellent joke on Portland. I don't remember to have ever read of a more singular circumstance. It is true that certain unprincipled persons, who I have reason to believe are Secessionists at heart, stated that the boat remained tied at her wharf all night, and did not leave Portland in consequence of the storm; but I confidently call upon LONGFELLOW, HOLMES, EVERETT, and the rest of the boys in Boston, who met me at the wharf the next morning, to refute the calumny. Going from Portland to Boston in a steamboat with a large wharf and several flourishing warehouses attached is a rather large thing to do, I candidly confess, but I did it.

In the language of Mr. C. MELNOTTE, dost like the picter?

ALPHONSO THE BRAVE.

Questions in Philosophy.

BY A NATURAL.

When a sailor grows penitent, what sort of a saint should he make?

An Anchorite.

What kind of vessel is typical of a profane John Bull?

A Dem-me-John.

Valuable Assistance.

An Alabama paper says that it learns on "good authority" that the Southern Confederacy "will not only be recognized abroad, but will soon receive an offer of Aid from France."

Gascon-Ade, probably!

"The Man of Ton."

Dr. WINDSHIP, who can raise that amount, and a little more if necessary.

Good at a Pinch.

Tight Boots.

*A fact.

TO THE BORDER MEN.

VANITY FAIR has a great liking for Border States men. They are generally genial, jolly good fellows—men not hard to reason with, being, in a remarkable proportion, gentlemen.

Therefore, VANITY FAIR doesn't wish to lose them out of the Union. Large hearted roysterers, bons compagnons, men gifted with Baltimoreanly pretty sisters and Virginianly hospitable smiles, to say nothing of first rate old Auntie, colored cooks and accomplished julep-making bartenders, are not to be let to lightly slip out of the Union. Or any other place.

Nevertheless, VANITY FAIR must warn those jolly Borderers lest they, in their mania for laying down the conditions of Union, should overshoot the mark. Gentlemen of the Virginia Convention—don't imagine that we believe—though you at present probably do yourselves—for you are as a class truthful and honorable, and not stained with Cotton State treachery—don't imagine that we are going to secure your adherence to the Union by turning over everything, bag and baggage, *sans* coercion, to the Seceders. We don't believe that you'd stick by us a single day the longer for showing the white feather and giving in as you propose. Not a solitary fraction of it—not a rap. *You're* not the sort of men VANITY FAIR takes you to be if you'd keep such cowardly company. What! you—the gallant cock-fighting, slasher-gaff men of Maryland and cavaliering Virginia, brothering with fellows who give in to threats!!

Not that we know of.

Gentlemen of the Convention—we believe that you, if you know what is good for you, will hold on to the good old Union, simply because it is for your own good. Don't stay one minute longer than that on *our* account—and we feel tolerably certain that you won't. As a lover said, "Don't caress me as a favor. If you don't like it, don't love me!" If a slave-importing, selfish cotton-ocracy which snubs you socially, worse than Yankees, and is restive under your superior claims to culture and intelligence—if such a race of rattlesnake rebels suits you better, and will prove a profitable Master—master, we say, for *you* will never lead in Cottondom—in short, if going to the devil generally, and becoming the tail end of an agricultural community suits you—you, men of high blood—better than becoming great, opulent, manufacturing, progressive States in our company—why then, go it! Go it strong, unmixed, undiluted!

Bah—we don't believe it. Every instinct of your nature prompts you to sing *The Star-spangled Banner*—you gave us that song, you know—and hurrah for the glorious old stripes and stars of Seventy-six. Hurrah for them—anything. Hurrah for all of us.

And the Star-spangled Banner in triumph shall wave
On the banks of Potomac by WASHINGTON's grave.

THE COMING MAN.

When the city of Rhodes was besieged, the tradesmen proposed to save the place each after his own manner, the shoemaker suggesting the propriety of covering the walls with shoes, declaring there was "nothing like leather." So, some festive irrepressible, named OWEN, who is evidently more familiar with Measures than men, proposes in the *Tribune* to overwhelm the South by—contract! All that he requires is "power of attorney, as in any other case, to collect a civil debt," aided by sundry "live Yankees."

Hadn't the spontaneous OWEN better wait till we've tried SCOTT? Perhaps OWEN is the greater military man of the two—who knows! But let SCOTT try—just a little—if only to humor the ignorant people. And let the civilians be modest!

That Wasn't Pretty Bad.

Young GREEN immigrated from Maine to New-York a few months ago, and wrote home to his parents that he was "doing fine—and moving in the First Circles." It subsequently turned out that he had rented the right to sell peanuts in the first circles of the Bowery theatre. And still there is Secession.

Bad Latin but Good Joke.

By OUR PLUCKED UNDERGRADUATE.

Exclamation probably used by Roman Charioteer in the games or the Curriculum—"I tu forte!"
[It is suggested that Hi! two forty! is here suggested.]

The Bone of Contention Just Now.

Ole Dabe's back-bone.

BUSINESS CARDS—THE JEWELLER.

The subscribers beg leave to introduce to the notice of their customers their very large and varied stock of jewelry. They confidently exhibit a profusion of chains, calculated to draw a fund of attention, together with a variety of shirt buttons, warranted extraordinary in their make. Pins at once known by the least penetration, and rings without end—the whole a precious lot.

They are fully prepared with an extensive collection of watches on hand, which they desire to wind up without delay. These superior and valuable articles are warranted to go, to every purchaser. They will be sold for cash only as on account of the nature of the goods, time is out of the question.

In precious stones, the most brilliant inducements will be offered.

In this department they would particularly direct attention to their attractive display of Emeralds.

Their gold is assured of the most delicate fineness, and devices of every kind are exhibited in their establishment. The insinuations of their rivals, that any brass enters into their dealings, they can afford to treat with the contempt it merits, and discarding the mere lacquer of praise, refer at once to the goods themselves.

In conclusion, they confidently offer their stock for the extreme art displayed in it. In selling their customers, they will perform the duty without stint or reserve, soliciting, however, the most perfect confidence, which they find highly necessary to the disposal of their fabrications.

C. & T. A. KAYRE,
T. A. KAYRE & Co.,
L. O. & O. K. SHARP,
U. R. GREEN & Co.

STICKYER & Co.

WENDELL PHILLIPS.

While we war on traitors without, let us not forget those black-hearted treble venomous traitors *within*, who, while brave hearts are pressing gloriously on for the Right, vilify and deprecate everything for the sake of aiding the Wrong.

Such a wretch is WENDELL PHILLIPS, who—base as BENNETT—maligns the efforts of the President to maintain the dignity of the law.

A nice, manly, unselfish individual, this PHILLIPS, to snarl and throw mud in such times as these!!

WENDELL—or Wend Ill—sees in all the military expedition to Sumter only low cunning and base trickery—an arch stroke of treacherous genius to force a compromise—something to terrify the people with the horrors of war into the most ultra pro-slavery compromise; into the basest of concessions. "As sure as a gun is fired to-night at Fort Sumter," he wrote recently, "within three years from to-day you will see those thirty States gathered under a Constitution twice as damnable as that of 1787."

Put this on record, that those who write history at some future day may learn who were the foes of "coercion," and who were the traitors among us.

Vanity Fair Book Notices.

The Life and Career of Major JOHN ANDRÉ, Adjutant-General of the British Army in America. By WINTHROP SARGENT. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELDS.

It is as the well-known author of a comic ballad entitled *The Cow Chase*, that Major ANDRÉ achieved a brilliant reputation, and eventually secured himself this first-rate notice in VANITY FAIR. We are sorry to learn that he got into some trouble, about something somewhere in the road up towards the old Dutch Church at Tarrytown, which caused him to be hung, but are still glad that he became so distinguished as to merit the compliment of a biography from so excellent and elegant a writer as WINTHROP SARGENT—a gentleman who was, we understand, at one time Governor of Massachusetts. Go thou and do likewise.

Perhaps it is He.

At a recent secession meeting in Americus, Georgia, as we see by the *Sumter Republican*, a resolution was offered by "Mr. SMITH, of New-York." We don't definitely understand what SMITH this is, but if it is JOHN we think we know him.

The Clown at Nixon's.

After hearing the humorous efforts of the gentleman in striped clothes at the circus for an hour the other night, we consider ourselves justified in advising Mr. NIXON to appoint a Guardian for that WARD.

THE TURTLE TRAIN.

By the last English mails we are informed that the first street railway in London was opened on the 23d March. This enterprise is due to American energy, the founder of it, Mr. G. F. TRAIN, being a fast-trotting Yankee of the 2.40 conviction. It is stated that "in the afternoon Mr. TRAIN gave a 'turtle lunch' in honor of the event." This was a nice bit of tact on the part of Mr. TRAIN. Englishmen are apt to look upon Americans as a little too fast, and since the turtle, in common with the other members of the *testudo* tribe, may be accepted as the emblem of slowness, a "turtle lunch" was just the thing to put a fine balance upon a 2.40 apostle of progress. When the renowned G. F. T. has arrived at running his cars through London by steam, as no doubt he will, by-and-by, we would suggest that the first string of cars should be called the "Turtle Train," alike in honor of the founder, and in allusion to the succulent but slow creature so slyly implied by him as typical of English tardiness.

Intactible.

At first Old ABE was down on attack; now he is on the other tack. He is a fair tactician.

From Our Cadaverous Contributor.

Why is a boy studying Latin like a corpse?
Because he is dreadfully Livyed (livid).

Model Lodging House.

The Patent Office.

The Room for Poker Players.

The Ante-room.



A SOUTH CAROLINA SHIP-OF-THE-LINE.

"IT IS PROPOSED TO ATTACK FORT SUMTER ON RAFTS."

[Dispatch from Charleston.]

NAPOLEON'S TOMB IN NEW-YORK.

Advertisements in the daily papers last week announced a lecture by Capt. SAMUEL WHITNEY, on the following subject:

Visit to the Tomb of Napoleon at the Seventh Avenue M. E. Church, near Fourteenth street.

It was to us, and we suppose it must have been to many others, a piece of novel as well as startling intelligence, to learn that the tomb of the great Napoleon was in New-York, and that in one of our own church vaults, are now resting the remains of the conquering Corsican.

What can have caused the removal of Napoleon's remains to this city? Was his body stolen? Has the "nephew of his uncle" become suddenly trepidant at their proximity to his palace, or has he sold the inanimate bones on speculation? These and other questions naturally and pertinently well up in the mind. And how happens it that the "Seventh Avenue M. E. Church" have the remains in keeping? Where is BARNUM? What has become of the enthusiasm and worship of the French people?

We can answer none of the above questions at present. Like Capt. SAMUEL WHITNEY, we will visit the Napoleonic Tomb at the "Seventh Avenue M. E. Church," and as he probably essayed a description of it in his lecture, we will do up a description for the next V. F. Meanwhile, we expect to hear of a terrific rush of visitors to the aforesaid "Seventh Avenue M. E. Church," to see diffusive cuts in the illustrated sensationals of the city, and read lachrymose rhymes of pensive poets, written on the spot. Henceforward, the "Seventh Avenue M. E. Church" will have a history and an interest, beyond that of the archæd temple at Sakhara, the tomb at Beni Hassan, or the great temple at Karnak, where sleep the illustrious dead of ancient Thebes.

Maine-tained.

The boast of the *Dirigo* State.

We Will Pitt FESSENDEN against the Little Giant any day of the session!

NOT THAT MAN,

[BUT ANOTHER MAN.]

VANITY FAIR lately discovered the following, cropping out of a pile of exchanges, in a Milwaukee paper.

"Mr. BUCHANAN is a man of fine sensibilities. You seldom hear the word 'I' in his discourses; neither does he set his people by the ears by taking sides in the strifes and contentions of the world outside; neither does he enunciate dogmatic dicta on those subjects regarding which good men differ. He preaches the gospel, and leaves its application in particular doubtful cases to each man's conscience."

"Gra-cious goodness!" quoth We, "what a change must have come over the old gentleman since his Retirement. Yes—yes—we see it all. Wheatland has done it—done it brown, and JAMES of a ditto. Let it go the rounds of the papers—he preaches the gospel, he has repented, he has wailed over his sins—he is one of Us."

But a glance at the upper portion of the ¶ corrected us. It wasn't J. B. whom the Milwaukee in question was unlocking, but J. M. B. the Buck-canon of the North Presbyterian Church—a gentleman who "is tall, with a studious and intellectual countenance," and who moreover is not given to whiskey. No such luck. But when JAMES—OUR JAMES does reform—the World shall hear of it, and there will be great rejoicing over the won sinner that repenteth.

By an old Dip.

Policemen get to the cook's cupboard by the open "airys"—statesmen arrive at State arcana through their secret-airys!

By our Celt.

Who's our minister to Spain?
SURE'T's a foreigner.

Great need for a Southern Army.

In DAVIS'S Straits.

MR. BULL CONTRIBUTES TO THE HARMONY OF THE OCCASION.



When dry-salt stuffs and halkaline
To dooties must knock under.

My heye! but coals looks black and sad,
A thinkin' of wot's afore 'em,
With seventy-five per cent to hadd
Unto their *had wulorem!*

While in our hiron districts—eh?
Wot 'owls goes up to 'eaven,
At sixteen dollards a ton to pay
Instead of from five to seven!

And, lawk! when cotton stops!—Don't larf,
To mock distress is 'orrid:
Waiter! a mug of arf-and-arf,
The beads is on my for'ead!

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

RAUDI, March 28th.

DEAR VANITY:—I have at length escaped from the brigands, but not so easily as by simply being ransomed.

I think I told you, in my last, that I sent down to Prus IX. for some money, with which to ransom poor Count CAVOUR and myself. His Holiness had the cheek to send me the following reply:

“DEAR MCARONE:—You be blowed; I'm only too glad to get rid of you!”

“Quirinal; Monday.”

Did you ever?

Let Prus beware! When I return to Rome, I shall show him whether I have a policy or not. . .

Coërcion is my game.

Let me tell you of my escape. I don't suppose there is any other man living, who could do what I have done; though, to give CAVOUR his due, he was really quite an assistance to me.

On the afternoon of the day when our ransom-money should have arrived, our landlord came to our apartments, and asked if we could accommodate him with the payment of our bill.

I have but one way of treating all duns . . . one must preserve one's dignity and self-respect. . .

I kicked him down stairs, then, and fired three shots from a revolver at him as he lay on the mat at the bottom.

His sons expressed some sentiments indicating that they took exception to my course toward their father; but I thought it was only an outburst of unreasonable family prejudice on their part, so I freely forgave them.

The following day, I received Pope Prus's note, and informed the landlord that I could pay neither the bill nor the ransoms.

The news went abroad throughout the village, and preparations were instantly made to kill and eat CAVOUR and myself, after an old custom of the inhabitants of this almost barbarous region.

When all was in readiness, a deputation of the Board of Common Councilmen waited upon us and informed us of the fate to which they had devoted us. CAVOUR . . . who is stoutish . . .

CRIKEY!

the ques-

tion saps

my brain,

However to

live we are,

if

Those Yankee

coves our

folks con-

strain

To gulp down

their MOR-

RILL Tariff.

How, by the

mouths of

WEAR and

TYNE,

Folks will get

their grub,

I wonder,

was to be made into a soup for the poor. I was to go for sausages.

We were then handcuffed, and led out to the public square, where a huge chopping-block was erected for my accommodation, and a huge cauldron for CAVOUR. An immense concourse of people followed and surrounded us, hooting and yelling. It was worse than St. PATRICK's day, or the reception of Old ABE LINCOLN in New-York!

This noise and confusion . . . these jeers and insults of the rabble . . . exasperated me. I do not particularly object to being made into nice sausages, but to throw rotten eggs and dead cats at a man who is at your mercy, is, to say the least, a great breach of etiquette, if not positively rude.

Being angry, then, those who know my strength will not be surprised to learn that I broke my fetters into ten thousand fragments, and seizing the enormous chopping-knife that was to have been used upon me, dared one and all to come on.

“Come one, come all!” I cried; “this block shall fly from its firm base as soon as I!”

This was considered by those present, rather a neat thing to say.

The crowd drew back in affright, and I improved the moment thus gained, to slip off CAVOUR's handcuffs.

He snatched a brand from the fire under his cauldron, and at it we went.

Such fun! I don't know when I've enjoyed anything so much! The people went down like dying sheep. I was in front . . . as usual . . . swinging my terrible cleaver round and round, literally cutting off my enemies in their prime, and raising the d—l generally. The Count followed with his brand plucked from the burning, and those who escaped me, received the *coup-de grace* from him.

The square was soon cleared, but we had got into the spirit of the thing so nicely that we could not bear to stop then, so we went on.

We attacked the hotel where we had been stopping, and every member of the landlord's family fell a victim to my cleaver. When they were all comfortably finished, CAVOUR fired the building, and we passed to the next house to repeat the same little comedy of turning the tables.

This diversion lasted nearly all the afternoon. We were shot at a number of times, but escaped any severe injury. I had a front tooth knocked down my throat by a pistol bullet, and CAVOUR lost a bit of his left ear. That was all.

When the god of day sunk serenely to his Western couch, where flamed the glories of an Italian sky, painting the heavens from horizon to zenith with what the *Herald* art-critic would call a “topazescient splendor,” the town was only a mass of smoking ruins.

Across the deserted square, encumbered only by the bodies of those who had fallen before my irresistible prowess, stalked three mysterious figures, looming blackly against the golden sky of sunset.

Myself, CAVOUR, and the pretty blonde girl with the diamonds about whom I told you in my last. The fact is, I was always a soft-hearted creature. Too much soul has ever been my bane. So, when I had killed everybody in the village, except this girl, I could not find it in my heart to quench the light of her beauty. I told the Count to let up, then, and to spare her. He thought I said “scare her,” and instantly set fire to her clothes, but with the most wonderful presence of mind, I extinguished the fire before she was hurt.

After having pillaged the ruins, we set out to walk down the mountains, and only arrived last night here at Raudi, a rough little place in a gorge of the hills. BIANCA . . . the girl whom I saved . . . has quite recovered from the regret she naturally felt at being so suddenly separated from her friends and relatives, and is excellent company.

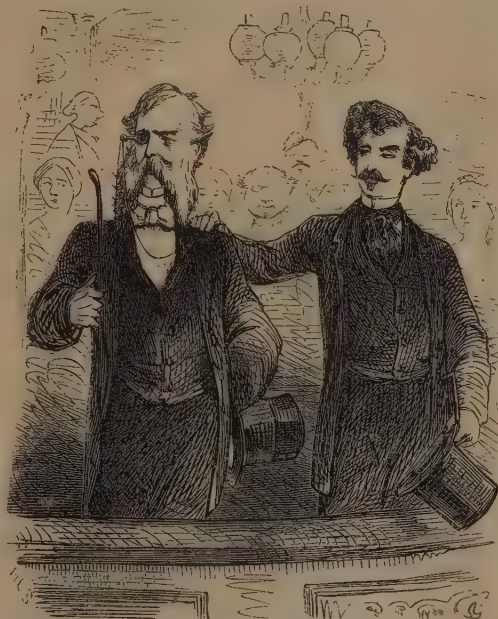
To-morrow, I shall take the cars hence for Rome, and as BIANCA has the most delicious voice in the world, I shall appoint her *prima donna assoluta* to the Papal Opera-house. I have some idea of taking the management of that establishment on my return. . .

. . . Pardon me . . . I am called to officiate as second in a duel between CAVOUR and a gentleman who gave him offence by mispronouncing his name. Next week, I will try to let your readers hear . . . as I understand they are always only too happy to . . . something more from

MCARONE.

A Settled Point.

Doubts have been expressed in regard to Dr. O. W. HOLMES' Theology. The title of his forthcoming book, however, “Songs in Many Keys,” makes it obvious that he is a Manichean.



AT THE OPERA.

Habitué No. 1.—COME, ADOLPHUS, LET'S GO DOWN AND HAVE A LOOK AT THE PARQUETTE.

Habitué No. 2.—AW, WAIT A MINUTE, TILL THAT, AW, YOUNG WOMAN WITH THE PEARL LORGNETTE, AW, GETS THROUGH LOOKING AT ME!

RAISING THE HATCHET.

"Not to put too sharp an edge upon it," we may as well explain that our head-line bears no allusion to the war-path, the tomahawk or the scalp-lock. We only intend to make a few remarks as to the way in which the British hatchet, or axe, has been exalted by the *London Times*. That excitable journal wants us to understand, over here, that we cannot chop down any more trees, on account of the MORRILL Tariff, which deprives us of the British axe. Now, in connection with this, it is a singular fact that we never saw a specimen of the antique instrument in question on this side of the Atlantic, and yet, a few acres of this country have been cleared of trees, and the whole of the North has been fenced in by ABRAHAM LINCOLN, who didn't split his rails with a British axe by any means. Many of our readers, probably, have never seen an English axe. Let us describe one. The head is broad and square, like a spade; the handle long and straight, like any other stick. In consequence of these peculiarities, an axe thus constructed sends a jar from the finger-nails up to the top of the hat, the moment it is struck into a tree. If the jar was full of beer, JOHN BULL would not mind it so much, of course, nor would it ever stand a chance of getting higher than his mouth; but as it is only a jar, and nothing else, it disgusts him with that kind of work, and he had rather do anything else. It takes two men so long to cut down a tree with one of these tools, that the birds are quite sarcastic about it. A crow has been known to build her nest in a tree after the first blow of the hatchet had fallen upon it; do up her incubation, hatch and educate her family, and soar jubilant away with them just as the tree began to fall—an event consummated at last only by the intervention of two more "foresters" with a cross-cut saw, several teams of hairy-legged horses, and all the adult inhabitants of a neighboring village. We defy the *Times* to have a Crow over the American axe. If the *Times* tries that little game, we shall only say that it, like the British axe, is a clumsy tool in the hands of a heavy party, unaccustomed to making clear tracks through a wood.

"The Minstrel's Curse."

Burnt Cork.

THE JEREMY DIDDLEERS OF THE ARMY AND NAVY.

If there is anything which strikes VANITY FAIR as peculiarly remarkable in these days, it is when an Honorable Chivalric Sworn and Pledged officer of the Army or Navy hangs on to the very last minute of salary until ordered off on duty, and then resigns!

Then, and not till then! Isn't it enough to sicken one to see such sneaking sponging, such contemptible Jeremy Diddlerism in any human being? The fellows who slink away in this manner don't resign so soon as they have made up their false hearts to side with Secession. No—none of that. They hold on while money and rations can be drawn, and then after doing all the dirty mischief which they can, run away like thieves as they are, just fifty-nine minutes and fifty-nine seconds after the eleventh hour.

Do these precious specimens of gentlemen think that all their greediness and pan-licking, and tail-turning will be forgotten! While grass grows or water runs—never. While the memory of the old Tories of the Revolution is still foul—never. While perjury and dishonor is hateful to noble hearts—never. While truth and manliness have a friend—never. While small trickery and sneaking shrewdness are despicable—never. While a brave-hearted woman, or whole souled gentleman lives to know of their ineffable baseness—NEVER!

And they will be known. What is written is written. Men are not branded and pilloried in a thousand newspapers of the day, or even in the VANITY FAIR of the day, to be forgotten. They will rise again in history, the enemies of their children will remember them, they will be banned in their graves, defiled in their memories as the lowest of traitors—the traitors who as thieves waited to the last moment for the sake of pilfering from their country.

A MINOTIFICATION.

The following cool announcement appears in the *Tribune*, under the head of New Jersey items:

POSTPONEMENT.—Owing to the illness of Mr. MINOR's father, and the consequent absence of Mr. M., the Superintendent, the trains will not run from the Long Dock Depot on the New-York and Erie Road until next Monday, a week from to-day.

Now we are sorry to hear of the illness of Mr. MINOR's father, but we cannot see why this domestic calamity should become a public nuisance. Suppose that in consequence of the indisposition of the grandmother of one of the directors, the Bank of England was to do no business for a week, how would the public take it? Or if a member of the numerous family of LELANDS suffered acutely from corns, and urged by feelings of profound sympathy, the firm closed the Metropolitan Hotel to all travellers until the beloved extremity was pronounced to be out of danger, would the proceeding meet with the appreciation of the thousands that pour weekly from railroad depots to the great caravanserais? The sufferings of Mr. BENNETT—supposing him to be laboring under an attack of that favorite Caledonian complaint, to the amelioration of which the great ARCYLE bent his philanthropic mind—would be scarcely received as an excuse, by the general reading public, for a non-issue of the *Herald*. But Mr. MINOR leaves the public without a mode of conveyance because his father is ill. What his absence has to do with the suspension of the running of the trains is more than we can fathom. Let us trust for the sake of the public that Mr. MINOR's family is generally healthy.

A Neat thing in Art.

"Why does GOUPEL fly a tri-color flag over his gallery?" asked MIDDLEDISTANCE of MADDERVILLE, as they sauntered down Broadway one afternoon. "It ought to be a Bicolor, you see, because we Buy our colors there."

"Ay," replied MADDERVILLE, "but we Try them before we Buy them, my boy. Let the Tricolor wave!"

Epitaph on a Universalist Minister.

Here lies a shepherd of the fold,
Body and limb,
Because he wouldn't damn the world,
The world damned him.

Southern Staples.

The Confederacy has, undoubtedly, very heavy assets in Cotton, but then, she has a very heavy debt in Tow.

Character of a Mississippi Man.

• *Caractère d'homme aigu* (Dumb Ague).



GRAND BALL GIVEN BY THE WHALES IN HONOR OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE OIL WELLS IN PENNSYLVANIA.

IT STILL LIVES.

Divers and sundry old women, some oratorical, others editorial, in the Old World and the New, are favoring their cliques and publics with wails and deary-me's! over the down-fall of democracy and freedom in America. "Alas! that so fair a prospect is dimmed and spoiled," cries *Once a Week*, and an army of noodles reecho the cry.

Don't believe it. The *Republic* is now as large, gentlemen, as ever it was, and a great deal more purified. What have we lost, let us ask, in the name of all justice and truth? Leave out the blacks and tell us when was there ever any Republicanism—any recognition of the equal rights of white men, in the seceding States?

When did they ever legislate humanely and tenderly so as to give the poorer human beings among them so much kind treatment as English laws extend to dumb beasts?

When did they ever recognize "the greatest good for the greatest number," as the fundamental law of society?

When was there ever any popular repudiation of the Mud-sill theory, proposed with infernal coolness by their representative man HAMMOND?

When was there ever any spirit of public charity, philanthropy and reform shown in planter-dom? What have they done amid their boasted millions and enormous prosperity, towards educating the poor?

When was it that "poor whites," and "mean whites," and "dirt eaters," were not terms of reproach, and who ever labored earnestly and Christianly among Cotton legislators to alleviate the condition of those poor degraded creatures?

When were all their boasts and all social tendencies in any other direction save to magnify a few "first families" and concentrate all social power in the hands of a very limited number?

For all which cruelty and hardness God will hold them to judgment.

If the secession of a country—of States which have for years lived and breathed in a spirit of bitter and narrower aristocracy than is known in Europe—indicates any decay of democratic principles, we confess that those principles must differ very materially from VANITY FAIR's idea of the article. If popular liberty

depends upon the possession of a certain amount of territory instead of on the action of hearts and brains of free-born men—why then, the sooner it goes the better. But it does not. Neither is all yet lost.

Men of America—brothers—friends—all—remember this. While man exists, while Nature gives us her golden glorious laws of life and beauty—while Spring succeeds to Winter, human liberty is always progressing and always will progress. The last man will always be the freest. Secession and war will only hasten it. Freedom is never lost and never goes backwards.

Noch ist die Freiheit nicht verloren.

In every song of the lark it is born again; wherever goodness and beauty and truth well forth, there Freedom rises to light. It comes with the bursting bud and the rose to life—it is the soul of happiness, and man is never happy without it. Never tell us that Freedom has gone backwards in America. Her sun may be overcast, but it is rising—ever rising, and when the clouds pass away it will burst forth fairer than ever. And we—we may live or die, but let us never lose faith in the progress of Freedom, any more than we would our faith in the eternal beauty of Nature and in the mystery of God.

Up and arm! This is no time now for half-measures, half-policies, or half-men. Sumter is taken—it is the signal rocket—fired away into night and lost, but its blaze calls every free-man to arms.

And now for battle! Drive out the traitors from among us—let no one breathe Secession now. War is on us—there is no rose-water compromise to be spoken of. Hurrah then for war! Be brave, prompt and true. The ancient devil of tyranny now vanishing from every land in Europe has taken his last stand among our foes. And wee to the coward who quails!

The loss of a fort shall not crush us. The loss of every fort—yea, of all things, would be as a trifle to the spirit which is awakened, and which calls for war. From the Border over West and North there now goes up but one cry—the millions are aroused. Freedom makes her last great effort on earth and calls for glorious deaths.

VANITY FAIR.



THE LAST ADVICE.

UNCLE SAM.—HERE! HERE! WHAT'S THIS MEAN?

MASTER LINCOLN.—WHY THIS HERE JEFF DAVIS AND HIS FELLERS' BEEN A CROWIN' OVER US LONG ENOUGH, AND NOW THERE'S GOIN' TO BE A ROW.

UNCLE SAM.—WELL, NOW! IF YOUR'E GOIN' TO FIGHT, MIND YOU FIGHT LIKE YOUR FATHER—GO!

HISTRIONIC—IF NOT HISTORIC.

A demand has been long felt in our Educational Circles for a Text-book to guide the studies of those ardent youth now pursuing a thorough course at the Academy (of Music). For this the Libretto, in many respects, a valuable work of reference, seems, for several reasons, insufficient. Therefore, V. F., who never leaves a public want unsatisfied, (*"Cui opera vita est?"*—who can't exist without his Opera,") respectfully submits a few catechetical extracts from a work soon to be issued from the house of those well-known patrons of Musical Science—the HARPERS.

Question. Give the name of that King who, though possessing great merits, was nevertheless, from mistaken motives of policy, kept in the background, and thus secluded from his devoted subjects, actually failed of a popularity richly deserved.

Answer. K—Log.

Ques. Of what King, famed as the cruel successor of King Log, are we reminded by the graceful approach of BIGNOLI to the foot-lights?

Ans. King STALK.

Ques. In the most reliable account which tradition furnishes of the *Miserere*, in *Il Trovatore*, mention is made of the passionate tears of Leonora. What is the proverbial character of that scene?

Ans. *Hinc ille* (HINKLEY) *lachrymæ!!!!*

Ques. What famous artist derived his name from the possession of a voice, sweet and well preserved?

Ans. ST-JELLY.

Ques. Who succeeded King COLE of musical memory, and, inheriting his pipes and fiddlers three, considerably enlarged the orchestra, and successfully carried out the policy of that Monarch's reign?

Ans. COLE'S SON.

Ques. Which instrument did King COLE especially enjoy?

Ans. A horn.

Ques. Upon what did Muzio, a famous General in History, rely, to enable him successfully to encounter the infernal Styx which met him on every stage of his progress?

Ans. FERRI.

BALLADS FOR THE TIME.

THE LAND OF THE PINE TO THE LAND OF THE PALM

I.

Ha! Southron we're coming,—you've roused us at last,
And the chains that once bound us together so fast
Shall clank at your feet 'neath the Palmetto-tree,
Ere your treason shall shatter the "Home of the Free."

II.

From the white Hampshire hills where the Bald-Eagles rest,
To the prairie that sweeps through the land of the West,
A voice has awakened our slumbering souls;
And it gathers in strength to itself as it rolls.

III.

'Tis the voice of the nation your sin has betrayed;—
In the balance of Justice your treason is weighed:
By the names you d shonor—your time is at hand,
When the cry of the mighty goes up for their land.

IV.

Do you think in your vanity, pride and conceit,
You can force the stern Northern to basely retreat?
Ah! pause in your blindness! awake from your sleep!
Ere ye meet us in enmity earnest and deep.

V.

From the "Father of Waters" whose valleys are wide;
From the great Northern lakes to the Green Mountain side,
Shall pour down in myriads, constant and true
The men who still stand by the Red, White and Blue.

VI.

That old flag shall blind with one gleam of its stars,
Your paltry abortion of prison-house "bars,"
Your laws—upon paper; your forts—upon sand;
In the light of that banner they never can stand.

VII.

And when ye shall see it float high in the air,
With all its old memories vibrating there;

Ah! your hearts will turn back by the Palmetto-tree,
With fealty and truth, to the "Home of the Free."

ANDERSON AT FORT SUMTER.

"Declaring by the emblem meet,
Of that serene repose,
How calmly noble hearts can bear
The baiting of mean foes!"

He flung his country's banner,
Forth from the Outward Wall,
Where the free and glorious sunlight
On the stars and stripes should fall,
And he said "Float thou in triumph,
Oh Standard of the Brave,
While I guard my country's honor,
By her own Atlantic wave!"

And the ringing shouts and welcome,
Went o'er the rolling sea,
And he fought them like a hero
In the cause of Liberty.

How the world looked on expectant,
With mingling fear and ire,
As when Sumter's heavy cannons
Opened their thundering fire,
To hail the honored Birthday
Of Him, whose sacred grave
Lies in the watched and guarded mound
Where Vernon's shadows wave.

And the sound went o'er the waters,
Full, resonant and free!
And he oped the coming battle,
For the cause of Liberty.

OFFICIAL.

"*Intus est equus Trojanus*," that is, the backers of PALFREY, having worked like Trojans, have caracoled (See SCOTT, W.) in-side the walls of the Boston Post-office, and directly over the head of the ancient Postmaster, Mr. NAHUM CAPEEN. It has been a close run, or, as LIVY terms it, *Bellum magnis nominis*, "a battle with the great NAHUM," but the thing is done.

One great difficulty now is, that with a Palfrey at the P. Office, Boston must be content hereafter, as remarked by the great and good VANITY FAIR, to acknowledge herself a one-horse town, and the mails for the rural districts must be carried by Pony Express. The old party Hacks having been quite generally turned out to grass, we suppose the new incumbent will be found pretty constantly tied to his *Post*.

But to descend from our "high state of metaphor," V. F. is glad, in all seriousness, to recognize in this new accession to an important Department of Letters, one, who as the faithful and learned Historian of the Past New England, cannot fail to grace any position which the Present can offer him.

"When Greek meets Greek."

The tow-boats *Yankee* and *Uncle Ben*, (why not Uncle ABE?) took their departure Southward with the *Baltic* and *Illinois*, that bore the United States Greeks to meet the Southern Confederacy Greeks. This is fulfilling SHAKESPEARE to the letter... "then comes the Tug of war!"

Recreation in Natural History.

Why is it that a parrot so readily repeats phrases in different languages?

Because it has a Polly-glottis.

Con-sanguine.

How do our newly appointed foreign representatives try to improve our relations abroad?

Why, by taking their relations abroad.

Well Done!

Motto for the unsuccessful oil strikers in Pennsylvania:
Let well alone.

THE SPRING FASHIONS.

Two Words on Husks.

"He leap'd into th' imminent and deadly breach."



OR a definition, say "A bifurcated bulb, obovate, the loose upper husk just covering the point of bifurcation." This would describe botanically those numerous flowering shrubs called "gents," loaded down with the present plentiful harvest of "pants," or Trowers, as I trow, sir, you will allow me to express it. Our youth, from being habitually loose, have become decidedly loose in habits. Those

who once strode the streets with no visible means of support, are now, like unruly cattle, exceedingly Fraachy. The denizen of this nether world might truly say, with the poet, to the many-headed public, for whom he inexpressibly arrays himself: "I pant, I sigh for thee."

This forked distention always reminds me of one of IRVING'S old heroes of Nieuw Amsterd—m (I never swear), Mynheer TEN BROECK. Mynheer got his name from the fact that he was the first to introduce into this country the good old Dutch fashion of ten pair of breeches. He held the responsible office of land-measurer to the colony, from his fundamental qualifications for that position. The purchase of real estate in those days was made on the terms of so much money for as much land as a man could cover with his nether garments. The crafty Dutchmen, of course, made TEN BROECK'S breeches the standard of measurement. By this standard this goodly metropolis was bought. The historian here naively remarks that the natives "stared with astonishment and dismay as they beheld this bulbous-bottomed burgher peeled like an onion, and breeches after breeches spread forth over the land until they covered the actual site of this venerable city." If our youth to-day were only taken as the standard, with full power of appeal, *Mehercle!* how surveyors would thrive, and what a city we should have!

When I see a short, stocky man; puffy at the waist, and spindling at the ends, breeched in good style, I think of another venerable worthy, old WOUTER VAN TWILLER, whilom Governor of this province. He was a man, says his biographer, exactly five feet six inches in height, and six feet five inches in circumference; and when he stood erect, he looked like a beer-barrel on skids. The good old Nederlander, still lives, after two centuries, in his bulbous descendants.

Quære: What effect will this inflation have upon the education of our young ideas? Unless birch-rods increase correspondingly, there is danger lest sound learning should suffer. Let those who are sitting at the seat of knowledge look well to it.

"AVAUNT! BASE QUEAN!"

The immortal WILLIAMS makes one of his characters remark, "Motley's your only wear"—or something similar. I haven't the book by me. For the sex, one might truly say now, "Basquine's your only wear." The basquine is emphatically an institution. To be sure, the basquine, in itself considered, is a unit, but then it has variety. Variety in unity, unity in variety, is the great law of basquineous development, and of nature. Through its many shifting phases, the logical observer may see running the central thread—the unmistakable basquine principle—which binds all in harmony. On Broadway, of a sunny afternoon, one may observe and classify, to his heart's content, the varied incarnations of this subtle basquine essence. There, you shall see basquines stretched tight as a drumhead sheepskin, or loosely flowing as the robes of

GUIDO'S AURORA; as ornate as Indian art, or severely simple as the Roman toga of CATO. Basquines with a duet of buttons, with martial lings, platoons, brigades, divisions of buttons, and basquines sans buttons. basquines as capaciously comfortable as a night-watchman's wrapper, or scant of skirt as a cavalry captain's jacket. Basquines whole, and basquines swallow-tailed, or tri-nay, multi-furcated. Basquines braided and abridged—gimped, fringed, tasselled beaded, bugled, and laced, or hung with one Titanic bell-pull (as if that were necessary to set the owner's tongue swinging!). With capote, and sometimes, may be, without caput. All kinds. Each to her own.

Now closed martially high up in the neck, beyond ornament, yet within strangulation; now triangulated mathematically downward to a bold promontory of breast-pin, with all the precision of BACHE'S best charts; with the fattest of Southdown mutton sleeves, half-developed, ignobly chained down to the mother basquine, and, like MILTON'S lion, "pawing to get free;" there they go, each husk with its fair kernel within, up and down, in and out, skipping, hopping, ricochetting, interthreading, impinging, elastically rebounding; there they all are, long or short, it may be, but all vast, colossal, tumescent.

Like nature's own blue-bell, sweetly campanulated, (though hardly that, if *campanula* be a little belle!) anon, stiffly wooden, frigidly erect, like sentry-boxes on an airing; now, like big drummers, with little muffs of drums before them (they must surely be snare drums to tender hearts, they are so bewitching); then pyramidically tapering from infinite base-lines to beau-knots of bonnets; here have we the truest type of nature's profuseness in humoring our æsthetical whims. Every cynic may find something to his taste. Here EUCLID could see walking diagrams, and HOGARTH trace his line of beauty.

And do you ask, reader, what is the moral of all this? and what is to be the end? Alack! Itt hathe no morall that I knowe, and ye end is not yet. Peradventure, like a jack-towell, itt hathe no end.

MORE TRIFLES.

BY OUR CONCEITED CONTRIBUTOR.

Herein is an anomaly that short-hand reporters are never light-fingered—yet one was never known to over-reach in his business transactions.

"Change in business" seems an appropriate heading for an advertisement calling upon "those indebted to call and settle."

How much better it is, to pay a due regard to the proprieties of life! Why couldn't the poet give the well-known couplet thus:

"Bacon and eggs—
Take care of your limbs."

Possibly a fastidious person might object to the rhyme, but then how many smirks and blushes it might have spared innocent dames!

I'm not a philosopher, yet it seems to me that an undue love of excitement is the exciting cause of many a one's undoing.

FAIRBANKS' wealth was undoubtedly originally got up on a most magnificent Scale.

Disgraceful Attempt to upset a Railway Train.

A private correspondent, writing from London, informs us that, as Mr. GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN was making tracks up Holborn Hill a short time since, a pig ran between his legs, and nearly threw him off the track. The pig, which was a pig of iron, was probably made a tool of for the commission of the dastardly act by some person smarting under the imposition of a heavy duty on that metal by the MORRILL Tariff, and who thus feebly attempted to arrest the progress of American institutions in England.

Hint to the Clown at Niblo's.

Why not cram a little from the *Journal of Commerce and Law Reporter*? Let us try to be cheerful.

A Game Supper.

Dutch Cheese and "Seven up."

English Opera Abroad.

Mr. ATNSLEY COOK has made a successful appearance in Cork.

A Patent Report.

Concerning Southern ingenuity,—*Non est inventus.*

The New Canute.

Once on a day, when CANUTE wore a crown,
He Sea-ward went and just escaped "Old
Davy;"
SE-WARD our CANUTE goes—his "foot puts
down"—
Shall DAVY Gulph him—horse, foot, forts
and navy?

Go it!

Why is the conduct of the Secretary of the
Treasury in regard to the new loan unevan-
gelical?

Because it is a CHASE after riches.

Our Celt again.

What is the difference between a church
and the Custom House?

In one there's an altar railing, and in the
other a *rale* altering.

Pastoral.

"We haven't had anything from your
Pen in a long time!"—as the hen said to the
pig that had left off grunting in consequence
of his nose being out of joint.

Black and Green.

The President don't indulge in wine, but
he has a hankering for the Chinese herb—
the T. WEED.

Favorite Name with Spinsters.

MARIUS.

Botanical Definition.

Prickly pear. A pair of Hedge-hogs.



THE NEWCASTLE HAT.

Small Party in foreground to Friend.—I say JAKE! HERE COMES ONE OF THE SPRING
STYLE HATS I TOLD YER ABOUT!

Jake.—MY EYE! IF THERE AINT YOUR OLD GOVERNOR IN THE STREET WITH ONE, TOO!!

STOLIDITY OF A LONDON POLICE MAGISTRATE.

In the Thames Police Court, according to a late London news-
paper, a costermonger was brought up before Mr. WOOLRYCH, for
selling apples by beat of drum. It seems that the drum is a new
dodge among the street dealers, and one that has been unfavor-
ably received by the ears of STEENEY and other suburban retreats
—ears being very properly tenacious as to any interference with
their own tympanis, or drums. But the point of the matter, in
the case before us, is, that the magistrate merely admonished the
offender and discharged him. Poor magistrate!—what a chance
thou there threwest away from thee for the production of a large
thing in the way of a pun!—what a quip were thus, but for Us,
lost to the world forever. Stolid WOOLRYCH! Had the offending
costermonger, now, been amenable to American police practice,
say for instance, to the merry legislation of our own lightsome
CONNOLLY, then would he probably have been disposed of by that
worthy magistrate, thus:

"What! Apples by the Drum? Hang me up this costermonger,
suddenly! Figs are sold by the Drum, Apples, never!"

Fish and Flesh.

A Halifax (N.S.) paper, talking of the fisheries, states as fol-
lows;

"By vessels arriving from George, we learn that Plaice are very scarce."

By a singular coincidence, the following dispatch from a dis-
appointed office-seeker at Washington, shows that matters are
equally unsatisfactory to the fishers there.

"Fishing in troubled waters. Everything disposed of. Place very scarce."

Two to one it is Jim.

DON SANTIAGO GIBBONNOISE is announced at a Broadway Concert
Hall. That must be—we know it is—JIM GIBBONS.

WHERE BE YOUR GIBES NOW?

Death continues to mow a double-swath with that sharp scythe
of his. Funny people, who do so much towards making the world
happy, are cut down as freely as melancholy people, who do so
much towards making the world miserable. Entering the merry
house of minstrelsy, Death seizes the funny man, whose
Africanised comedy and jolly quips and quirks have made
many people cheerful, and sends him far over the Silent Sea.
The house which so lately resounded with uproarious laughter,
stands grim and still to-day—decked in the sable trappings of woe.
JERRY BRYANT'S Bones were useful while he lived—may they rest
in peace now. He has gone, let us believe, where the good darkies
go, and may Heaven rest his soul.

Pulverous.

The Boston *Post* publishes Pacific items under the head of "Dust
from California."

Doesn't the reader get it in his eye, though?

Certain champagne is mentioned as being manufactured from
turnip juice, and made to sparkle by gas from vitriol and marble
dust.

And those who drink the stuff are swallowing their own tomb-
stones.

Ewesful.

At Danbury (Conn.) a farmer bought 200 common ewes, last
year, and made a clean profit on them at the end of the year, of
over \$1,000.

By which time he found them to be W's (double ewes.)

The Broadway Railroad.

Poor GEORGE LAW! His Gridiron being smashed up, isn't it na-
tural enough that his fat should all be in the fire!

NATURAL HISTORY.
THE REJECTED CONTRIBUTOR.



S the Rejected Contributor is not by any means a cheerful person, let us open this brief notice of him by avowing that it would not deject us, but rather the reverse, to see him stuffed by a skilful taxidermist, and placed permanently in an asylum for decayed woodpeckers and owls. Generally of an atrabilious temperament, the Rejected Contributor sees everything connected with literary affairs—except his own writings—in a dim, but not religious light. The sea upon which he has launched his literary bark is, according to his own ever-recurring description of it, a disastrous and gloomy one—so much so, indeed, as to suggest the idea of a lake of black-draught, surging wildly upon a beach of blue pills. His mind is generally occupied, for a week at a time, in boiling with hatred of the particular journal or magazine from the doors of which his last poor production has been turned penniless away. If the editor of the *Hebdomadary Horsecollar*, for instance, snubs him by declining to accept a string of "Grins" carefully prepared by him with a view to raising the wit-standard of that spicy journal, and a couple of dollars, the Rejected Contributor passes many bitter days in throwing dirt upon the H. H. He perambulates the city, permeating and infesting the establishments of the news-dealers, to whom he denigrates the character of the *Hebdomadary Horsecollar*, asserting that he is acquainted with many serious old fathers-of-families, who would not admit it into their house on any terms, fearful lest a gloomy spirit might be fostered by it in the family bosom. Then he states that the editor of the H. H., although an ass, is quite a brilliant star of dazzling light compared to the man who conducts the *Deep Sea Lead*, upon the chaste cover of which select monthly he plumps down the finger of contempt, reminiscent that from its columns his poem of "The Oyster Opener" has been formally excluded, "with thanks." In conclusion, we would advise all who value rude health more than feeble writing, to run away as fast as they can whenever they see the Rejected Contributor approaching with his bundle of "declined-with-thanks," because, as we have already remarked, he is not by any means a cheerful person, nor one whose conversation is calculated to divert the spleen.

Bit of Information.

The *Church Journal* says that the Bishop of Durham has set his whole diocese in a ferment by an uncommonly big family job. The earliest place that fell to him in his former diocese of Carlisle was given to his son-in-law, the Rev. EDWARD CHEESE. Being promoted to Durham, the first Rectory of \$6,500 that falls vacant is given to the same Mr. CHEESE, under very aggravating circumstances, too, which makes the thing look worse than common, says the *Church Journal*.

A very rich Cream Cheese, this! The identical one of Mr. G. W. C.—hey?

Propter Nimium.

Why is the middle of March like an old cotton umbrella?
Because it is always Lent.

Why is that conundrum like first rate Montefiascone wine?
Because it's the old "Est," you know.

Balm for Wounded Politicians.

App-ointment.

SONG OF THE KEYS.

With eyelids heavy and worn,
With aching brow and knees,
A husband toiled at a slave's own work
Finding his wife's lost keys.
Search, Search, Search,
Under bureau, table and chair,
He growled of a place that I've heard of at Church,
And wished that the keys were there.

Look! Look! Look!
In basement, bedroom and hall,
Look! Look! Look!
In each crack in the plastered wall,
'Tis O! to be a slave
In a Southern sun to broil,
Where niggers have only to work for a grave,
If this be a husband's toil!

Search! Search! Search!
Till the brain begins to swim,
Search! Search! Search!
Till the eyes grow heavy and dim.
Drawer and pocket and shelf,
Shelf and pocket and drawer,
Till I dream that I am a key myself,
And wonder what lock I am for.

O! men who live in your rooms,
O! men without servants and wives,
You little know how those things wear out
We poor ex-bachelor's lives.
Look! Look! Look!
Under bureau, table and chair,
Till weary, we sit on the basement steps
And go to sleep in despair.

But why do I talk of despair!
That phantom of grisly bone,
With reddened eye and ruffled hair,
It seems so like my own!
It seems so like my own,
So sick of this mortal round,
O! would that wives had a place for keys
Where wanted they might be found!

O! to be once more in my room,
With my slippers upon my feet,
To spread the aroma, the soft perfume
Of that Indian weed so sweet!
O! but for one short hour,
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew that the loss of keys
Would defer the morning meal.

O! but for one short hour,
A respite however brief,
From the fearful thought that thro' loss of keys,
The dinner will "come to grief."
A little brandy would give me strength
And grant my spirit ease,
But I cannot reach the consoling drop
For my wife has mislaid the keys.

With eyelids heavy and worn,
With aching brow and knees,
A husband toiled at a slave's own work,
Finding his wife's lost keys.
Search, Search, Search,
Under bureau, table and chair,
While I growl of a place that I've heard of at Church,
And wish that the keys were there.

To Be Let Alone.

In search of eight millions, Ole ABN made a chase,
From Bankers and Brokers to fetch 'em;
Three millions came in at a 94 pace,
But 93.12 couldn't Ketchum!

And Again,
Why is a sign-board, at the entrance of a park, warning intruders against hunting the animals, like the late U. S. loan at 94?
Because it's forbidding to KETCHUM!
(N. B. No more received on this subject. Ed. V. F.)

LOCAL WAR NEWS.



OUR own Rep—we beg pard—we mean our Special Cor—has been about. With an American flag wound around his hat, he has plunged into every den—he went once into the *Daily News* and *Day Book* offices—to take the Sense of the people on the War.

We find only two blank pages in his book. They contain such Sense as he collected in the offices alluded to.

Everywhere else the uttermost confusion prevails in all circles.

The Ring talks Roundly of coming out square for the Union. Steel hooped skirts are being contributed by thousands of the fair sex, for the purpose of forming an electric battery, which is to shock those horrid creatures who are coming here with mortar, paixhan and petard. As the wires in question have been at all times Highly Charged, it is thought that no battery will be requisite to render them available.

A club of Vivandières is being formed in the Fifth Avenue. Our friend YDOLA CLEMENCE has got such a perfect little love of a barrel slung by a Solferino ribbon. She Pants for the fray, being in no wise afraid of an engagement.

In HERR DIETRICH SCHWILLERNSAUF'S Lager Bier Haus, dedicated to the Palatine Free American Bohemian German Revolutions of '76 and '48, in eighty-seven syllables, stupendous enthusiasm prevailed. Nothing was said, of course, by the two score Teutons weighing about a ton each who sat and drained in the *Wirthshube* where the Bier is schenken out; but our Demi-Rep—we mean our full special, who has learned the secret language of German conversation, as expressed by puffs of smoke, declares that a fierce, furious, and bloody debate went on, mingled with several very lively songs, which were applauded by taking tremendous pint drinks of all sizes except small ones. While the session was in Full Smash it was startled by the entrance of a very large Secessionist in a new hat. Five puffs of smoke were at once emitted from the left nostrils of the whole party, which being interpreted signify "Schlag him on de kop, throw him outer de window mit himself." A wild rush at once ensued, and the intruder was pitched into the street, which was fortunately only two feet below the sill. Recovering, he found himself suddenly converted, and crying aloud "To der tyfel mit der soosayshoon!" rushed insanely away.

April 17 witnessed a big fight between an intemperately attired Old Line Democrat and a joyous multitude previous to the Tribune office—or, to give every one a fair chance, say the *Times*. Democrat considerably bungy—tried to hurrah for North and Union—wasn't used to the words—tried Seventy-Six and Gel—lorious Constitution—went easier, and ran for life down towards CROOK and DUFF'S.

Mob gathered in front of *Day Book*—yelled voci-feriously for *American Flag*—*Day Bookers* didn't carry such—"only provided with a Black Flag and Cross Bones," as a cheerful mobbite suggested. Great American manifestation—stupendous voice—free 'n' nited people went up in union on high—*Day Book* scared out of its wits—caved—sent out and bought new one, which was exalted amid upwards of a few roars from the patriots.

Rush No. II. at the *World*. Patriots evidently insane. Turned out that as it was only read by the Pious, which are few, the Patriots were not posted. *World* didn't see the thing, until finally a Patriot said DAMN! Then—fearing lest some one might repeat the Expression, the *World* at once discovered a star and stripes which was hung in a pious old way out of a window.

Rush No. III. at old *Journal of Commerce*. Flag came out promptly as our porte monnaie does when requested by our tailor to settle. A song requested by the joyous multitude from the MEERS. HALLOCK. MESSRS. H. offered to split difference and sing a hymn—mob broke and rushed away for dear life.

Towards *Express*, rush No. IV. Extraordinary developments. Six grave old gentlemen, members of Dr. SPRING'S church, in a state of Intox, wildly roaring for a little more blood, and frantically calling on Brooks for vengeance and atonement. Heard a

Times attaché declare that he would probably fetch some out directly in a coffee-pot. Yells grew slightly savage. Elder in Dr. TYNG'S church suggested fire and camphene. Overruled by Rev. Mr. —, who thought that a little crucifixion on the half-shell would be appropriater. Right in the middle of the three cent pie, out came the *Express* and convivially hoisted its Rag. A fierce shout from the thousands broke who thought to see them die. First came the *Herald* and the *Sun*; then all the others one by one.

Rushest of all rushes—first and last—was that on *Daily News*. *News* wouldn't Flag, because, as RAYMOND says, they like to be abused and Wanted to be martyred and charge it to city. Just so. HARRY FRANCO saw this and did his Little Utmost to preserve harmony and property. Implored mob NOT to pull up paving stones if they would come out easy, and NOT to smash those beautiful large plate glass windows which were Mayor WOOD'S. Which they didn't. *News* finally compromised to obey, and did so with great disgustingness.

4 P. M.

As we write ten thousand infuriators are performing a wild Saraband of ferocious triumph, hand in hand, in an enormous ring clear around the Park. Talk of raising an impromptu army to go South and conquer Jersey, and making the Great and Good VANITY FAIR its General. Hooray! We're On It. We hear 'em coming up stairs. Our enormous Instinct suggests their intent—they come—they beat the door in!

What an Institution we are, to be sure, and what a grand affair it is to be popular.

A SUGGESTION, TO MAJOR ANDERSON.

Although without question

All credit is due

To your courage and skill,

Dear ANDERSON; still,

One little suggestion

V. F. makes to you.

Why didn't you throw,

When the first bullet fell

Round your fort, a few shell

Of ten inches or so

Toward the town

Where, they say,

All the people came down

To see, through their glasses

(The pitiful asses!)

How soon stout Fort Sumter would crumble away?

Suppose that a bomb—

Or a dozen—had come

Majestically sailing

Right over the railing,

That runs round the green,

(Which a delicate flattery

Has christened "The Battery,")

How many brave Southerners there had been seen?

And each beautiful lady

Of the "Five Thousand" fair,

Who "held themselves ready"

Would they have staid there?

'Twas a thing to have done,

If only for fun, ..

Just to show how the gallant spectators could run!

"Give 'em Rope!"

The leader of the Southern rebels, one JEFF DAVIS, is fond of issuing proclamations in which he exhorts his followers to go heavily into the privateering business, and "promote Concord." As a counter to this, let every Union man, North or South, do his best to promote Whippoor for the backs, and a stouter quality of Cord for the necks of all who go in for "promoting Concord" on the JEFF DAVIS principle.

A Bare Supposition.

There is reason to suppose that Fort Sumter, at the time of its surrender, was preparing to wade over to Morris Island and take the batteries by assault; because, when the rebels took possession of it, they found it without Breaches.

About to go through the Mill.

The Flour of Chivalry.

GEMS OF WAR-JOURNALISM.



HE renowned RUSSELL, war-correspondent of the *London Times*, should lose no time in making such arrangements, with his hatter as are necessary to meet the contingency of a diminished head.

For the famed historian of two fierce campaigns no longer looms up Titanic among his fellows in the field of battle-literature. Hitherto he has been held up by the press of both sides of the Atlantic as a kind

of supernatural photographer of passing events: a Recording Angel, in fact, with a gold-and-ruby pen in his inspired hand, and a bottle of *mauve* ink at his martial button-hole, wherewith to engross upon cartridge-paper his purple entries of butchery by the law of nations. We have frequently had the pleasure of beholding Mr. RUSSELL in our mind's eye, as he appeared—or might have appeared—on the skirts of the battle. Upon such occasions we generally found him seated upon a keg of the very best F. F. gunpowder that could be procured for money, writing out his notes upon the saddle of the dead steed that had just been shot away from under him, and now served him for a table, and keeping his pipe alight by occasional reference to the smouldering fuzes of a fat shell that lay, bloated with destruction, at his elbow. Alas! for poor Mr. RUSSELL, as he erstwhile appeared to our mind's eye! Alas! for the mind; which, being provided, as everybody knows, with but one eye, cannot see Mr. RUSSELL and the editor of the *Charleston Courier* at one and the same time. Since we have a War among us, and also an Editor of a *Charleston Courier*, let us be content that the latter should seat himself in the place recently occupied by Mr. RUSSELL in our mind's eye. Let the man of the C. C. and not the "other man" be henceforth our type of the angelic stenographer who takes down battles in short-hand on the spot, and then enlarges the record into a great newspaper epic "upon ice," with all the modern improvements.

That we may not be amenable to a charge of injustice toward the hitherto renowned war-correspondent of the *London Times*, let us examine, briefly, the Southern Narrative of the bombardment of Fort Sumter, as related in the *Charleston Courier* of Saturday 13 April.

A great fact had transpired. It was the afternoon of Thursday, April 11, 1861, and Major ROBERT ANDERSON had just replied to the demand of General BEAUREGARD for the surrender of Fort Sumter, that he wouldn't do it. See how the Man of the C. C. has spread himself upon his purple pinions and hovered over the fact. Alluding to the reception of Major ANDERSON's reply at Charleston, he says:

"Rumor, as she is wont to do, shaped the facts to suit her purposes, enlarged their dimensions, and gave them a complexion which they had not worn when fresh from the pure and artless hands of truth."

All intelligent persons are aware that Truth resides at the bottom of a well: coupling which fact with the general tone of the Man of the C. C., we infer that he possesses a fountain of that kind in his back-yard, and has got his hands into a "pure and artless" state by washing them in it. This must be good for the limpid element, out of which the Man of the C. C. might make a handsome thing, if he would only bottle it off, and sell it under the name of Southern Congress Water.

Describing how the anxious Charlestonians looked out for the "flash of the first gun," the Man of the C. C. opens a field for "wild surmise" and startling suggestions. The following are his words:

"There they stood, straining their eyes over the dark expanse of water, waiting to see the flash and hear the boom of the first gun. The clock told the hour of 11, and still they gazed and listened, but the eyelids grew weary, and at the noon of night the larger portion of the disappointed spectators were plodding their way homeward."

Without waiting to speculate upon what "the hour of 11" said

when the clock told it that the people of Charleston were engaged in straining their eyes for a flash, and their ears for a boom, let us dwell a moment upon that fine and original expression, "the noon of night." There is a "wild surmise" intimately connected with that fine and original expression. It is this. That the Sun of South Carolina has set for an indefinite period, so that the inhabitants of that district are obliged to go to the middle of the night for a Noon. We hope that they will not experience any very bad consequences from this remaining "out in the cold."

There is a fine religious spirit breathing throughout the entire war-report of the Man of the C. C. He prays for the "venerable EDWARD RUFFIN," who fired their first shot from the Iron Battery. We trust that he spells his name right. He also sanctifies the immense event of the evacuation of a partially wooden fortress with seventy men in it, by "returning thanks to Almighty God for the great success that has thus far crowned our arms." Likewise he informs us that, at the outset of the struggle he, the Man of the C. C., did up a good deal of praying in his own cheerful way for "sanction and aid" from a Quarter approached by him with singular confidence and familiarity of address. To see how complete and consistent a Christian the Man of the C. C. is, we have but to read the following sentiments indited by his facile pen.

"The sword must cut asunder the last tie that bound us to a people, whom, in spite of wrongs and injustice wantonly inflicted through a long series of years, we had not yet utterly hated and despised. The last expiring spark of affection must be quenched in blood. Some of the most splendid pages in our glorious history must be blurred. A blow must be struck that would make the ears of every Republican fanatic tingle, and whose dreadful effects will be felt by generations yet to come. We must transmit a heritage of rankling and undying hate to our children."

There are many rash persons in this part of the world, who would not hesitate to characterize the battle-editor of the *Charleston Courier* as a Blasphemous Bottleholder.

THEREBY "HANGS" A TALE.

The Southern papers—which, by the way, are almost as peculiar an institution as some other Southern arrangements—are, just now, very *couleur-de-rose* and rhetorical; not to put too fine a point upon it, indeed, they are highfaluten to a marvellous degree.

They have only to beat any political bush, apparently, to start up a first-class statesman. Their loans are all taken at high premiums, even before they are offered. Business is brisker than ever before, right "in the dead waste and middle of the" crisis. All Europe is only awaiting a chance to take the sweet-scented practical Amalgamation Confederacy to its bosom, and the grass is growing in the streets of the Northern cities—all for two dollars *per annum*, payable in advance!

Here, then, is a passage, quoted literally from one of these lively and imaginative sheets. It is the peroration to a leading editorial:

"The dawn of a new era of freedom from Northern oppression is flushing our hill-tops with its iridescent splendors. Awake, brothers! already we see its glorious beams above our heads!"

Curiously enough, this sentence contains a glimmer of prophetic truth. There are many of the Amalgamation patriots and statesmen, who if they do not now, will doubtless very soon see Beams Over their Heads . . . and the beams will have ropes hanging from them!

Dramatic.

JOHNSON (to dissipated young party, inclined to theatricals) Say, STIMPINS, you've got good legs for tights.

STIMPINS (with wild "larf") Yes; they've been on 'em often enough!

The new "Paper Tie."

A "tie" between the *Day Book* and *Express*, as to which of them would be first in running up a Union Flag, when a Union crowd was around their door-steps the other day.

Similia Similibus Curantur.

The administration are evidently believers in the axiom of the Homœopathic School. They send vessels to Southern Ports, hoping by a Sea Session to repress Secession.

Spurs that cannot "make the Mare go."

The "Hot-Spurs of the South."

Isn't That So, Slemmer ?

From a telegram that lately appeared in that festive publication, the *Herald*, we take this cabalistic sentence :

"A brush at Pensacola is daily looked for."

We don't know exactly what the size of this expected brush is, but we can assure the Secessionists beyond all doubt that it is one which will Take Their Hair Off when it does come.

A Word With McCullough.

By our Washington Correspondent.
BEN, BOLT !

Military Intelligence.

We are authorized to contradict a statement in circulation to the effect that the Boot Black Boys of this city are about to be organized into a brigade for active service.

The rumor that a Polish regiment is about to be raised is, we believe, correct.

Artistic.

What sort of Magazines are there to be in the new French frigate ?

The sort that is embellished with steel plates.

Another and worse.

Moses, who has lately been going to the opera, has discovered that the first woman was a Hebrew—the Jew EVE.



OUR COOL ARTIST ALWAYS PHOTOGRAPHS HIS "GRIZZLY," BEFORE HE SHOOTS IT.

DEAR MURDERED DUNCAN.

JEFF. DAVIS used to talk about Crocodile Tears, when people wept after he and his fellow swindlers had stripped them.

Here is a specimen of the style of editorial tears, in which that Influential, Consistent, and Patriotic Journal, the *N. Y. Herald*, lately indulged :

"Can anything be imagined more atrocious, more heartrending, than this steady-roll onward of the flood, which has begun to devour before it every trace of our past prosperity as a nation? The stupendous treason, which has insidiously, slowly, but surely, worked itself into a dividing line between those who have cherished the institutions of the country, and the traitors, North and South, who have been resolved to destroy it, is at length consummated. Brothers are armed against brothers; fathers against sons; a United States fleet, with every implement of destruction, has been sent to carry death into the midst of communities bound to us by the most sacred ties, and the signal for massacre has, in all likelihood, already been given."

That, friends and fellow readers, is pretty well for the *Herald*. After performing all it could to incite this civil war; after doing its little best to alienate the South from the North; after years of misrepresentation of Northern sentiment, and encouragement of Southern animosity; after fostering and developing treason by all the meanest means in its power; after doing all it could to persuade the Southern Philistines to war, upon the plea that the Secessionists here would act the DELILAH by the Government SAMSON—after all this, it is very gloriously well for the *Herald* to begin to whine and shed hypocritical tears at the prospect before us !

There was once another celebrated Scotsman, one MACBETH, who did the same thing in about the same style. After having crept to DUNCAN's chamber at the dead of night, and committed a cowardly murder, with what a *Herald*-like air he declaims to McDUFF, BANQUO, and LENOX,

"Had I but died an hour before this chance,
I had lived a blessed time; for, from this instant,
There's nothing serious in mortality;
All is but toys; renown and grace is dead;
The wine of life is drawn, and the mere lees
Is left this vault to wag of."

Don.—"What is amiss?"

Macbeth.—"You are, and do not know it;
The spring, the head, the fountain of your blood
Is stopped; the very source of it is stopped!"

All is appointed for some wise purpose in this world—and time will show why God has given life to rattlesnakes, *Heralds*, copper-heads, calumniators, Dead Rabbits, fever and ague, swill-milk, the Five Points, Secession, and all that is vile, foul, false, and unholy.

For which reason, we express no particular astonishment that this MACBETH has not ere this been extinguished to the tune of "The time is free." Romantic retribution is out of date save in the *Mercury and Ledger*. But final justice and truth endure forever—they come slow-footed—but they come, and there is no joke or merriment in the idea of that last hour when the avenging furies shall send their first shrill scream in eternity to the soul of a BEN-NERT! Orestes had no better cause to tremble.

Malaprop.

"The treasury notes of the Confederate States have at the end the Goddess of Liberty in starry drapery." So says an exchange.

And the image of CHRIST was placed at the corner of the torture rooms of the Inquisition—yes—held up before the face of the screaming victims. This is not the first time that the enemy has found it convenient in one form or another, to quote Scripture, or perversive symbols. "Oh Liberty!" said Madame ROLAND, "what horrors are committed in thy name!"

Rather Maize-y.

A correspondent asks: "Has the Southern Corn-fed-eracy really induced the New-Orleans Banks to Shell Out, or is that statement only an 'ear-say'?"

There may be some grain of truth in the report, but for full information, we refer our correspondent to ex-Secretary COBB.—Ed. V. F.

Why Major Anderson did not Shell Charleston.

Because, though he had A-range-meant to reach the city, not even a gun could be brought to bear to destroy it.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

ROME, April 1st.

DEAR VANITY:—I write you under the effects of a tremendous excitement.

This is the proudest moment of my life!

Let me, however, calm my emotions, and begin at the beginning.

As I proposed in my last, I assumed the management of the opera-house immediately on my return to Rome, and produced the *Trovatore*, with my new prima donna, the brigand's daughter, as *Leonora*.



The difficulty was to procure a tenor, capable of properly supporting her.

I was in despair.

I tried half-a-dozen celebrated tenors—FIDDELLI, MEZZO DI RELIEVO, STUCCO, UGLIPARTI—and others, all well-known and sweet singers; but none would do. My prima donna was too good for them, and their voices sounded wretchedly thin by the side of hers.

So I had to sing the part of *Manrico* myself.

There was not a dry eye in the house.

While I was repeating the "*Non ti scordar di me*" for the twelfth time, in obedience to the whirlwind of calls I received, a Zouave, one of my own battalion, brought me a dispatch...

The war had reopened...

GARIBALDI, with a hundred thousand men, had invested the Quirinal, and a bombardment was about to commence!

Nineteen batteries, constructed of sandbags, railroad-iron and fascines, lined the shores of the Tiber, and a large floating battery had been moored within short gunshot of the Pope's palace.

All this work had been done while I was up in the mountains.

I left the opera-house instantly, breaking my *aria* off in the middle, and rushed to the scene.

GARIBALDI had just opened the ball by firing two shots at the Quirinal.

This was twenty-two and a third minutes past four in the morning. The Pope did not reply until sunrise, when he fired several barbette guns back, and three batteries opened upon him.

The fight was now fairly inaugurated. Ten thousand more men arrived at the batteries.

Shot and shell rained thick upon us, but we were so well protected that nobody was hurt.

Our men were perfectly reckless. After every shot, they climbed up the flag-staffs, looked at the effect of their fire, and cheered.

Their precision was wonderful. Each discharge told fearfully. All the windows in the palace were broken.

Three vessels of the Papal navy appeared below the bar, in the Tiber, but rendered no assistance.

A party of dragoons at the STEPHANO iron battery played a game of seven-up on the parapet during the hottest fire.

I was in my operatic costume, with only a dress sword, but the intrepidity I displayed was almost superhuman.

An immense crowd gathered in the Coliseum, to watch the battle with their eyeglasses. Five hundred thousand ladies held themselves ready for any emergency.

A sharp rainstorm came on in the afternoon, but did not damp the ardor of our soldiers. They were mostly stripped to the waist, and fought valiantly under umbrellas. Ten thousand more men arrived.

Night alone stopped the cannonade, though not entirely. I gave orders that each of the nineteen batteries should throw twelve shells a minute into the palace, just to keep his holiness wide awake, all night.

The battlements of the Quirinal were greatly demolished, and several of the barbette guns dismounted. No breach appeared as yet.

Seven hundred balls riddled the floating battery below the water-line, but produced no effect upon it.

The shells were thrown during the night, as I had ordered. The display... also according to my command... was splendid.

In the morning, one of our batteries commenced firing red-hot shot, and the palace took fire in eighteen different places.

Many loud explosions were heard inside, and it was reported that the Pope was blowing up his own stronghold.

It was found, however, that he was only blowing up his servants.

Sheets of flame now burst out from every window and port-hole of the palace. This did not, however, interfere with Prus's fire, in the least.

It was observed that he launched a raft on the Tiber, and sent out his entire force with buckets to dip up water for extinguishing the flames. Our batteries were directed towards this raft, and made sad havoc with the poor fellows upon it.

A heavy bombardment was still kept up from the Quirinal.

Ten thousand more men arrived at our batteries.

Every one of our soldiers was knocked down many times by pieces of shell. One fragment struck my head, glanced off, and buried itself two inches deep in a mahogany plank.

Up to this time, nobody was hurt.

The Papal flag was shot away from the Quirinal, and waved triumphantly in the breeze.

There was hardly any firing from the other side. It was thought that His Holiness was heating shot.

Every gun now told upon the palace, and it was plain that the Papal forces... consisting of only three men, including the officers, band, and laborers... could not hold out much longer.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, a white flag was hoisted from the ramparts. GARIBALDI and I rowed across the Tiber in an open boat, with the bombs skipping about us in every direction.

Prus received us at a case-mate.

"Why do your men fire upon me after I have hoisted a flag of truce?"

"You must strike the Papal colors," I replied.

The objectionable bunting was withdrawn, and a mighty cheer spread up and down the line of batteries, as the firing ceased.

"How many are killed on your side, Mac?" asked Prus.

"Not a man; and none wounded. How many on your side?"

"Not one hurt. Send me a fire-engine. All the brickwork in the palace is on fire. Bring a flatboat with you to take me off. Here is my sword, General GARIBALDI."

JOE waved his hand toward me.

"That is the man to receive it," said he, with emotion.

Prus tendered the weapon to me. I took it, hit him a playful wipe over the head with it, and handed it back.

"I won't take it, old fellow. You are too much of a brick," I said.

This sublime magnanimity, of which I have given so many proofs, touched him. He wept.

The flag of United Italy now floats over the Quirinal. The flames were extinguished easily, and it was found that not the slightest damage had been done on either side, to life or property.

The Pope is the guest of General GARIBALDI, and is treated with the greatest kindness. All is quiet, and I am happy.

I feel certain that your readers would find it difficult to believe the strange particulars of this unparalleled battle, were they not told upon the honor of

McARONE.

In Regard to Leaving in Peace.

When we discover a party of burglarious persons in the house, we may possibly conclude to let them leave in peace, but shall object to their carrying off our spoons and things. Seceshers who have stolen our forts, arsenals, navy-yards, mints, etc, please notice.

A WORD TO THE MILLINER OF THE PERIOD.

Appreciation of the fitness of things is not a characteristic of the milliner of the period in which we live. Tradition seems, with her, to be a fixed principle; and all her so-called creations in the way of bonnets and hats are but ill disguised modifications of the coal-scuttle, the bee-hive, and the *casserole* of the red-armed scullion maid. The *belle* who promenades Broadway with a *suprême de volaille* upon her head, thinking that she is doing things in a manner strictly original, would be shocked to learn that her expensive top-dressing is but a piratical compilation from the *perdrix au chou* of her great-grandmother; and yet such is the fact. Now no milliner, accustomed though she may be to giving particular fits, could so modify either of the articles in question as to render them fit for the progressive exactions of modern propriety. The fault of the milliner of the period is that she will not go to nature for moulds. She goes to grass, indeed, for the wreaths wherewith to deck the *gay purée à la jardinière*; to the garden she proceeds for the rose, the camellia, and the fragile *ornithorincus paradoxus*. But there she stops, shutting off nature as she would gas; and, returning upon her fossil footsteps, she falls over the ancient coal-scuttle, upsets the time-worn bee-hive, and flattens her nose against the unsightly *casserole* of the red-armed scullion-maid. Let the milliner go boldly to nature for her moulds. There is a bonnet in every bird's nest, a *ruche* upon every bank, and a sweet love of a hat in the shell of the tidy shore. Dear milliner of the period! see what can be done by going boldly to nature for a mould. From a mere shell the mind of taste—our mind—has devised the delicious thing in hats with which we here present you. Try our seasonable sea-side hat. The materials for it are cheap and easily procured; for shell, which is of vascular and organic structure, consists simply of sixty parts carbonate of lime, fourteen phosphate, and twenty-six cartilage. Earthy particles, united by juxtaposition, may be thrown in to give consistency to the composition.



THE HALF-SHELL HAT.

A SWEET LITTLE SEA-SIDE THING FOR THE COMING SUMMER.

THE COLOR OF ROMANCE.

One of the sensation-weeklies heads an advertisement of a new story by NED BUNTLINE (who, it seems, is still alive!) with this somewhat startling display:

"THE DEATH MYSTERY!"

A CRIMSON TALE

OF

LIFE IN NEW YORK."

"Crimson Tale" is good, though rather bewildering at first sight.

Can it mean a Highly Colored fiction?

Tales are "stories," and so are falsehoods; is the "Death Mystery," then, only a White Lie painted red?

Perhaps Mr. BUNTLINE emulates the example of the fabulous monkey who desired to be "neat but not gaudy." Perhaps his romances are all *couleur de rose*. Perhaps the writer of the advertisement meant to imply a covert sarcasm on the parrot-like style of these sensation-stories generally, and to insinuate that

Mr. BUNTLINE had a parrot's hues—a green head and "crimson tale."

Seriously, where is this sort of thing to end, if once recognized by the public?

May not SYLVANUS COBB come out in prismatic opposition, and give us sky-blue Romances of Boston, Orange-colored Adventures in Ireland, or Black and Yellow Narratives of Virginia Life?

What is to prevent the lesser writers, too, from going into dilettantism and pursuing the nicer shades of chromatography? Think of the rainbow literature that may arise... the mauve essays; the salmon or violet sketches; the cream-colored incidents, and pistachio poems!

After all, some good may come out of the Buntline Nazareth. A Red, White, and Blue Life of Major ANDERSON would be exceedingly appropriate; or a Brown History of Raids. We shall give our correspondent, McARONE, a hint to bring out a Flaming Solferino and Magenta account of the war in Italy, and contemplate, issuing yearly, from this office, a volume which shall be universally hailed as the Pink of Humorous Literature!

ADVICE TO A PRIVATE EAR.

The following notice appears among the advertisements of the Charleston Mercury:

"Wanted—A first class strongly built clipper steamer. She must be fast, light draft, and capable of being fitted out as a privateer. Address "Sumter," through the post-office."

Well and good. That's the game, is it? Pirateering. But where are you going to take your prizes when you get them?

Secondly—you don't happen to have any rich plantations, do you, lying around loose on the borders of the sea, where Northern or Old Union privateers could run up? Nor any small towns? And it don't seem to have occurred to you that this commerce of ours which you want to letter-of-marque so badly, may take to privateering itself. There are abundant ships and copious Yankees who understand sailing them a little better than you probably do, Master SUMTER. And VANITY FAIR rather guesses that your Coast will pay about as well as our Commerce.

Finally—how about the Niggers! This is a matter which we of the Old Union have no notion of meddling with. But there be certain renegade rascals—fellows who now carry on the Slave-Trade which you so much admire; rogues and scoundrels of all nations, who will play Cow-Boy and Skinner, and skin your sea-side plantations pretty effectually of negroes for the Cuban market. "What is to hinder it?" Cuba and Spanish Haiti will not, that's pretty certain. *Bozal* is *Bozal*—no matter whether he talks Spanish or English.

See here. We are going into one of the fiercest, bloodiest, longest, strongest wars ever read of in history. Make up your minds to that, ye merrie men all. You've goaded us step by step to it—and now we're going to accommodate you. And since you are to have as much as mortal heart can desire, what is the use of privateering, when an instant's reflection must show that we can beat you ten to one on that game.

SUMTER—be moderate!

That's it.

"The South has treated us as a foreign, hostile Power, and we can no longer treat or temporize—we must fight"—*N. Y. Herald*, April 17.

Or be kicked. That's so. And the "we" in question came precious near it the other day when it rushed round the corner up to Broadway with a well shod mob howling after it.

This is too Horrible.

The public generally, we presume, is not aware of the fact that Mr. E. G. P. Q. R. X. Z. WILKINS, author of "Henriette," is a cannibal. Such, however, is the case. He makes A Meal (*Emile*) of LESTER WALLACE every night.

Nye, trating thim.

General NYE it seems has been going about Washington knocking down secessionists. We presume that his favorite song is "go away black man, dont you come Nye me."

By our Historical Contributor.

The Rulers of the Southern Confederacy—The Dynasty of the Seizers.



THE EDITORIAL JIM CROW.

Wheel about, an' turn about,
An' do jis' so,
An' ebery time I turn my coat
I says I told you so.

"GONE-FOR GOOD."

Fort Sumter is gone.

And in God's name let it go. If it was fought to the last gasp as a true man with his whole heart in a cause fights, why, well and good. No one can outdo the best. If there had been a desperate deed of daring—one of those fierce acts of struggling to the last, and then a match in the powder magazine—it cannot be denied that the dramatic force would have been somewhat heightened.

But it is gone and to good purpose. No more paltering now, no squeaming, and squirming; and shrugging of shoulders—no delicate dread of "offending the South," of "coercion" and of "irreparably widening the breach." All that is cast to the winds. Friends and brothers—sisters, and all in whose bosoms beat honest American hearts, let us bravely face the fact that WAR IS HERE—and don't let a living soul flinch before the fact. Ay, WAR—and let it be so. When insult, aggravation, and intolerance goad man into resistance—as we are goaded, let him take hold bravely

genially and hopefully—fighting to the last, though it be even to the sweet and holy death of him who dies for the truth.

In this new Cotton Confederacy—in this Devil's Compact—the world sees the last stronghold of that old primeval Serpent of the Sum of all Sin—the principle that a vast mass of men should be Mud-Sills, whereon the privileged Few may rise to pleasant aristocracy and elegant ease. Under the action of Capital and of Manufactures, the power of Public Opinion and of the Rights of Man has gradually enlarged in every land, until Emperors vie with each other in elevating the peasant and proletary. Only in Cotton-dom does its President shamelessly proclaim, that henceforth slavery, and with it of course, aristocracy, shall be enforced as fundamental principles. He who strikes such a land a blow does God good service.

And now that they want war, give them war—as much of it as they can bear! Up and arm! Never yet in the whole blood-roll of battles, not when CRESCENTUS fought for the last spark of Roman freedom—not when ULRICH VON HUTTEN, the noblest heart of his day, guerillaed with the band of FRANZ VON SICKINGEN for Free Thought during the Reformation—not when the Swiss rallied at Sempach, not in our own glorious Revolution, was there ever a fairer fight for Humanity, Truth, and Man's Rights.

"Whether on the gallows tree,
Or in the battle's van,
The noblest place for man to die,
Is where he dies for man."

And it is a great privilege for every man of brave heart and noble feelings, to realize that he has the chance to fight in behalf of this truth, more clearly expressed than it has ever been at any time. There is not a principle of progress, of humanity, of liberty, and above all, not a struggle for that holiest of doctrines, free thought and action, which is not involved on the one side—not a dark dogma to the contrary which is not professed by the other. So go on, soldiers of all that is great and good. Already the drums rattle from afar, the trumpet sounds *reveille*—hurrah for the sacred cause! North and West, hurrah! Pour down your strong-armed millions to do battle as of old in the holy cause. The world's last great struggle is before you—happy those who can die in it! Hurrah then!

OUT AND FIGHT.

Out and fight! The clouds are breaking,
Far and wide the red light streams,
North and west see millions waking,
From their night-mare doubting dreams,
War is coming. As the thunder
'Mid the mountain caverns rolls,
Driving rains in torrents under,
So the wild roar wakes our souls.

Out and fight! The time is over

For all truce and compromise,
Words of calm are words of folly,
Peaceful dreams are painted lies,
Sumter's flames in Southern waters,
Are the first wild beacon light,
And on Northern hills reflected
Give the signal for the fight.

Out and fight! Endure no longer,
Goading insult, brazen guilt,
Be the battle to the knife blade,
And the knife blade to the hilt,
Till the sacred zone of Freedom,
Girds the whole Atlantic strand,
And the braggart and the Gascon
Be extinguished in the land.

VANITY FAIR.



LET IT BE EVER THUS WITH TRAITORS.

THE FIGHT AT SUMTER.

I.

'Twas a wonderful brave fight!—
Through the day and all night,
March! Halt! Left! Right!
So they formed:—
And one thousand to ten,
The bold Palmetto men,
Sumter stormed.

II.

The smoke in a cloud
Closed her in like a shroud,
While the cannon roared aloud
From the Port;
And the red cannon balls
Ploughed the gray granite walls
Of the Fort.

III.

Sumter's gunners at their places,
With their gunpowdered faces,
Shook their shoulders from their braces,
And stripped
Stark and white to the waist;
Just to give the foe a taste,
And be whipped.

IV.

In the town—through every street,
Tramp, tramp, went the feet,
For they said the Federal fleet
Hove in sight;
And down the wharves they ran,
Every woman, child and man,
To the fight.

V.

On the fort the old flag waved
And the barking batteries braved,—
While the bold seven thousand raved
As they fought,
For each blinding sheet of flame
From her cannon, thundered Shame!—
So they thought.

VI.

And strange enough to tell,
Though the gunners fired well,
And the balls ploughed red as Hell,
Through the dirt;
Though the shells burst and scattered,
And the fortress walls were shattered—
None were hurt.

VII.

But the fort—so hot she grew
As the cannon-balls flew,
That each man began to stew,
At his gun;
They were not afraid to die,
But this making Patriot pie,
Was not fun.

VIII.

So to make the story short,
The traitors got the fort
After thirty hours sport

With the balls;
But the victory is not theirs
Though their brazen banner flares
From the walls.

IX.

It were better they should dare
The lion in his lair,
Or defy the grizzly bear
In his den,
Than to wake the fearful cry
That is rising up on high
From our men.

X.

To our banner we are clinging,
And a song we are singing
Whose chorus is ringing
From each mouth;
'Tis "the old Constitution
And a stern retribution
To the South."

WORDS OF THE DAY.

"Wish we were well out of it!"

Now don't, my good fellow, wish any thing of the kind. Rather wish that you were well *into* it, a brave man, with a good gun, doing what in inspired and better moments you have often wished for—fighting the battles of your country. It must have come sooner or later, so hurrah for it! You couldn't be better employed in any way.

"We have fallen on dismal times."

Stuff—we've fallen on nothing of the kind. Do you want to pass a life of buying and selling, of petty cold watering every generous motive, every noble impulse, belittling every thing as you grow older, losing your soul year after year in trash and trifles. Pshaw!—these be brave times—glorious times—times to belt and buckle and go forth strong of heart.

"Our business is like men to fight,
Or hero-like to die."

"Well—I don't know about it."

If you don't, my precious dough-face, there be those who will know for you, Mighty Sudden. This is no time for Do Nothings and Milk Sops to be idling about in the way, drawing out their idiotic doubts, hanging fire, and slackening the courage of true-hearted Men. Shoo!—out of the way, or the very girls will hiss you.

"Isn't there to be any liberty of opinion left?"

If we left you no more than your beauties of Secession friends have left us in their land you might well say so. But the fact is that when a street is on fire, houses all red-blazing, buckets passing, engines playing, the man who sticks himself right in the road to button-hole folks and argue with them on the expediency of quenching flames, is apt to get kicked out of the way. Be wise in time. There's a storm rising and the devil loose, and idle words of fault-finding uttered Now, may come back roaring dragons of Treason and Toryism in a few weeks.

"These are ominous times!"

Neither ominous nor ominous, master Noodle. True they are active, earnest, serious times—times of tremendous force—times not to be dodged in any earthly way. But not Ominous save for the Coward, the Driveller, and the Traitor. Walk up to the lion—lay your hand on his mane—be brave and he will not harm you. Nay, they are grand times, glorious times—and thousands who read what is here written will soon cast their whole souls into their charms as into wine celestial. "But where will they be ere it is all over?" Where?

Why some calm and quiet, under green grass, sleeping the loving, sweet sleep of the Saint and of the Hero—the dear martyrs of holy truth. Some with honorable scars, some glorious and great—all testifying either from the Silent Land beyond, through the echoing halls of memory, or from every place of honor in this country, how great and good it is to live and die for Freedom.

The "Fortunes" of War.

X. thinks the military men are sharp, commercially speaking. He hears of nothing now but High Commissions, Close Operations, and men and supplies Thrown In!

THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY—ILLUSTRATED.



AND THEY GOT POWER AND GREW SUDDENLY, AND LO! THEY WERE
PUFFED UP.



THE NIGHT PASSED, THE DAY CAME, AND BEHOLD THEY WERE NOT.

THE CASE OF "JASPER."

In Wednesday's *Times* newspaper we read a very thrilling description of the flight from Charleston (induced by peaceable coercion) of "JASPER," the late Charleston correspondent of that journal. As the description was written by "JASPER" himself, it must, consequently, be true. But "JASPER's" excessive modesty (a failing which is fast crushing metropolitan journalists) prevents his doing himself justice. He managed his escape adroitly, as he delicately intimates, and as the following dialogue shows. (The reader must understand that "JASPER" was arrested in Charleston as a Federal spy; that he was carried off to a dungeon; that he staid there all night, while ruffians outside talked about hanging him, cutting out his heart and liver and drawing and quartering him, and indulged in other conversation of a like cheering character; that in the morning he was let go; that he started Northward, but that telegrams were sent to various points along the route, requesting Vigilance Committees to look out for him. The designs of the Charlestonians, as we infer from "JASPER's" statement, was to have him executed at each station on the route, that being their idea of a large thing on a Northerner.) Here is the extract:

STRANGER—Are you the *Times* correspondent?

JASPER—No, Sir. My impression is that he is still in jail; in fact Gov. PICKENS told me so just before I left the city.

S.—Ah, you know Gov. PICKENS?

J.—Oh yes, very well.

S.—I beg your pardon, Sir. I evidently have made a great mistake. But don't you think he is aboard?

J.—I do not. (*Exit Mr. Nonplussed.*)

That was neat. But "JASPER" omits other and far more thrilling scenes. At Whiskey Four Corners, where the secession feeling is intense, the following occurred:

STRANGER—Are you the *Times* correspondent?

JASPER—No Sir. Not by no means. I'm GREELEY!

STRANGER.—Not HORACE GREELEY, of the *Tribune*?

JASPER—Well, I am, boss.

STRANGER—I'm glad to see you, Sir. Excuse the mistake. Can't you stop and take tea with us? Oh do!

It was a lucky thought of JASPER's—the GREELEY dodge.

At the Devil's Own Hole, a thrifty but strongly disunion town, "JASPER" foiled an infuriated mob by telling them that he was assistant editor of the *Liberator*, and had slept with WENDELL PHILLIPS. At another station he baffled a similar crowd by stating that he wrote the humorous articles for the New York comic monthlies

and wanting to know why he was like a meeting-house? Mob ran howling away. At other points he represented himself variously as BUCHANAN, BEECHER, PERSONNE, PIUS IX, MACE SLOPER, LUCY STONE, MCARONE, KOSSUTH, MRS. STOWE, ARTEMUS WARD, the Star Spangled Banner, a two-horse Columbiad, ELSIE VENNER, etc. Altogether, "JASPER's" escape from South Carolina was a neat thing.

A REGULAR SON-OF-A-GUN.

Among other raving and incomprehensible nonsense published in the doughface daily papers, anent that stupendous southern expenditure of gas and gunpowder, the Battle of Charleston Harbor, there appeared a statement that Ex-Senator CHESTNUT fired a single gun "for amusement" (!) from Mount Pleasant, and knocked away a large fragment from the battlements of Fort Sumter.

Facetious CHESTNUT! . . .

Terrible Gun! . . .

And above all, obliging battlement!

Mount Pleasant, be it known, is two and three quarters, or three miles distant from Sumter . . . about the maximum distance that the Columbiads of large calibre can throw a ball. At that range, one may hit a man or miss a seventy-four gunship with equal facility . . . that is, a practised artilleryman may.

But the stalwart and mirthful CHESTNUT is not a practised artilleryman. He is a private gentleman, merely seeking his "amusement," so he may be expected to shoot with greater precision than any professional gunner. When CHESTNUT says "go!" the ball must obey. CHESTNUT seeks the grateful shades of Mount Pleasant, conquering and to conquer. CHESTNUT applies the match like an army with banners; and lo! battlements crumble before his unerring aim. Glory to CHESTNUT!

If CHESTNUT had made one of his rabid fire-eating speeches before Fort Sumter, it had been no wonder if not only the battlements had toppled over, but the entire fort had crumbled to powder. Doubtless, a ten-inch Columbiad ball is very heavy. Too heavy, we should say, to be dropped upon one's pet corn with comfort. But there are heavier things. There are CHESTNUT's speeches.

We beg . . . we implore CHESTNUT not to come North, in case

"The blood-red blossom of war, with a heart of fire."

should spread its somewhat sulphurous perfume in this direction. Spare us, O CHESTNUT! Point not the murderous columbiad toward us. Like Captain SCOTT's coon, we will come down if you only won't shoot. You who seek the bubble "amusement," even in the cannon's mouth, can afford to let us up easy. "A merciful man is merciful to his beast," and why should not a merciful beast return the compliment?

But if you should prove deaf to our prayers and entreaties, O CHESTNUT; if, having tasted the joys of amateur gunnery, you should wish to repeat your battlement experiments upon the chimney-pots that rear their protecting heads above our cheerful and virtuous hearth-stones; if, in short, you *should* come North, why you will find in the pleasant and aspiring pursuit of hemp-stretching, that eminence and publicity for which your career has so perfectly fitted you. CHESTNUT, take our blessing, and stay on your farm!

The Seventh.

Hurrah for the SEVENTH—God bless them and give them all that glory which their bravery will be sure to win. They have gone—gone to fight for the holiest of causes, as gallant gentlemen and true hearts can. We saw them

Marching along, thousand fold strong,

full of hope, going on one of the grandest missions ever soldier knew.

VANITY FAIR has three contributors in the SEVENTH, three as good fellows and *bons compagnons* as ever cracked a jest. We can ill spare their merriment, but we can well spare any man to do his duty to our country.

Gentlemen of the SEVENTH—much is expected of you, and you will do much. You are New-York's pet and favorite—enough said. You will take a place in history.

How Fort Sumter is regarded by the South.

Beauregard-ed.

How IT WILL BE RE-GUARDED BY THE NORTH.

With seventy-five thousand men.

Reason for an Extra Session of Congress.
Confederate State Treason.

Musical Plagiarism.

By OUR BEGINNER IN FRENCH.

Though Halevy may have written *La Juive*, everybody that has seen the opera knows that the last scene is Boiled Jews. (*La Dame Blanche* is also one of the same BOILLIEU'S.)

The Chivalric Code.

First debase your people, and then debase your coin. A brilliant idea worthily conceived and carried out by Mississippi repudiatory of honest debt.

Secession Catechism.

Ques. What has FLOYD done for the South?

Ans. Done "good by stealth."

Ques. What ought he to do?

Ans. "Blush to find it fame."

Musical.

We understand that one hundred clerks in Southern Dry Goods houses in this city, have offered their services to the Southern Confederacy as Drummers.

Sentiment by an N. G.

"Let the Carolinians stick to their Palmetto; but one of these days the Seventh may go down there and carry off the Palm!"
(Immense Cheering.)

By our Cassimere Contributor.

"A cloud of thick coming Fancies oppress me."

Privateering.

The ring that will have a speedy end.

BARNEY.

The most thoroughly unhappy man on the Island of Manhattan is BARNEY. It was not always thus. Time was when BARNEY had peace of mind and domestic bliss; when he could perambulate Broadway with an erect head and elastic step; when his not unhandsome face wore a cheerful smile, and contentment sat upon his brow. Although a lawyer, BARNEY was a pretty honest sort of a fellow. But in an evil moment BARNEY went and accepted the office of Collector of Customs for the Port of New York, and no more can he roll the cud of contentment under his tongue nor moisten his diaphragm with the cocktail of peace. He can't live anywhere. He can only stay around loose, closely disguised. He has taken down his door-plate and moved from where he lives now. The shingle, which a few moons since adorned his office-door, has vanished—gone, no one knows whither.

We are warranted in stating that the sorrows of BARNEY utterly knock those of WENTER, in point of agony, poignancy and all those things.

BARNEY has not been within two miles of the Custom House for a week. He Dare not go. Although desperately miserable, BARNEY still places a slight value upon his life, setting the question of clothes entirely aside.

Meanwhile, the Custom House is densely packed with hungry applicants for inspectorships, clerkships, etc., etc., etc. Every man who carried a tin lamp around in the late Presidential campaign; every man who has split rails; every man who knows BARNEY, or has seen BARNEY, or has read of BARNEY, or is acquainted with any of BARNEY's relations, or who knows anybody possessing the unhappy name of BARNEY, wants to get into the Custom House. It is currently reported that a man who once escorted BARNEY's aunt in the country home from a paring bee, is an applicant for a first-class position, but it is proper to add that we entertain doubts about this. The man, however, who once drove sheep with BARNEY's grandfather is an applicant for an inspectorship and will probably get it. The chances of the man who speared suckers



A NEW ADAPTATION.

Sharp Boy Communicative.—"SAY, OLD WOMAN, ONE SWALLER DON'T MAKE IT SUMMER, EH! DOES IT?"

Unappreciative Old Woman.—"ONE SWALLER IS IT YE'R SAYIN—SURE AN IT'S AS MUCH AS YE'D GET AT TAYLOR'S FOR A SHILLIN, AND IT'S MESELF HAS BEEN THERE TO SEE THAT SAME."

with BARNEY, in childhood's sunny hours, are not quite so flattering. But we understand that the man who killed hogs with a neighbor of an intimate friend of one of BARNEY's uncles, will probably be the recipient of something big. The prospects of the man who used to be one of BARNEY's warmest friends, borrowing money of him freely, are not, it is proper to say, very brilliant.

The petitions that are daily filed by applicants are appalling to even think of. The Custom House cannot, of course, hold them, and they are carted off to different parts of the city. The Commission houses along our docks are not doing much just now, and the immense bins which were formerly filled with grain are now filled with petitions for positions in the Custom House, BARNEY having leased them for that purpose. But they are inadequate, and BARNEY is compelled to have the documents carted to wherever store-room can be obtained.

Unhappy BARNEY! We weep. We mingle our sobs with thine. But then why didst thou go and do it?

A Game of Bluff, is it?

So the call by the President, oh, veracious Southern correspondent, is thought to be a bluff, is it? Ha! Ha! Have you heard the blast of the Northern bugle yet, or do you still hear only the slogan of the *Herald*? Are you prepared now to learn that forbearance is not cowardice? The people are up! the great pulse of the North throbs with noble anger, and half a million voices answer back in a trumpet shout to the call of the Union leader. In the vocabulary of the "game of Brag," a game of cards well-known to the South, do they not know the "bullet" always outranks the "bragger."

Present and Future.

The cry of the South, just now:—"Secession!"

The cry of the South after Uncle SAM shall have castigated it a little:—"Cessation!"

THE BATTLE OF MORRIS' ISLAND,

A Cheerful Tragedy.

(AIR:—"King of the Cannibal Islands.")

I.

The morn was cloudy and dark and gray,
When the first Columbiad blazed away,
Showing that there was the d--l to pay
With the braves on Morris' Island;
They fired their cannon again and again,
Hoping that Major ANDERSON's men
Would answer back, but 'twas all in vain
At first, on Morris' Island:
Hokee pokee, winkee wum,
Shattering shot and thundering bomb,
Fiddle and life and rattling drum,
At the Battle of Morris' Island!

II.

At length, as rose the morning sun,
Fort Sumter fired a single gun
Which made the chivalry want to run,
Away from Morris' Island;
But they had made so much of a boast
Of their fancy batteries on the coast,
That each felt bound to stick to his post
Down there on Morris' Island.
Hokee pokee, winkee wum, etc.

III.

Then there was firing in hot haste;
The chivalry stripped them to the waist,
And, brave as lions, they sternly faced
—Their grog, on Morris' Island!
The spirit of Seventy-Six raged high,
The cannons roared and the men grew dry—
'Twas marvellous like the Fourth of July,
That fight on Morris' Island!
Hokee pokee, winkee wum, etc.

IV.

All day they fought, till the night came down;
It rained; the fellows were tired and blown,
And they wished they were safely back to town,
Away from Morris' Island.
One can't expect the bravest men
To shoot their cannons off in the rain,
So all grew peaceful and still again,
At the works on Morris' Island.
Hokee pokee, winkee wum, etc.

V.

But after the heroes all had slept,
To his gun each warrior swiftly leaped,
Brisk as the numerous fleas that crept
In the sand on Morris' Island;
And all that day they fired their shot,
Heated in furnaces, piping hot,
Hoping to send Fort Sumter to pot
And glory to Morris' Island.
Hokee pokee, winkee wum, etc.

VI.

Finally, wearying of the joke,
Starved with hunger and blind with smoke
From blazing barracks of pine and oak
Set fire from Morris' Island,
The gallant ANDERSON struck his flag
And packed his things in a carpet-bag,
While cheers from bobtail, rag, and tag,
Arose on Morris' Island.
Hokee pokee, winkee wum, etc.

VII.

Then came the comforting piece of fun
Of counting the noses one by one,
To see if anything had been done
On glorious Morris' Island:
"Nobody hurt!" the cry arose;
There was not missing a single nose,
And this was the sadly ludicrous close
Of the battle of Morris' Island!
Hokee pokee, winkee wum, etc.

VIII.

But, gentle gunners, just wait and see
What sort of a battle there yet will be;
You'll hardly escape so easily,
Next time, on Morris' Island!
There's a man in Washington with a will,
Who won't mind shooting a little "to kill,"
If it proves that We Have a Government Still,
Even on Morris' Island!
Hokee pokee, winkee wum,
Shattering shot and thundering bomb,
Look out for the battle that's yet to come
Down there on Morris' Island!

ANECDOTES OF THE WAR.

A few days before the battle of Charleston Harbor, Major ANDERSON found two gunners talking very earnestly in an embrasure, and questioned them as to their discussion.

"The Floating Battery, sir, was the subject of our dispute," said one of the men.

"Well," replied Major A., smiling pleasantly, "I think you ought to Sink that Subject!"

This *mot* had quite a success among the soldiers in the fort.

* * *

—It is well known that the Charleston correspondent of the *Tribune* has a deadly aversion to spiders. (The charming naiveté and confidence of this person have made all familiar with the smallest detail of his life and character, through his letters.)

It is said that as he was standing on the Battery, at Charleston, watching the bombardment of the 13th inst., he saw a large black spider running up the wall, inside of one of the embrasures, which gave him such a feeling of disgust and nausea that he was compelled to retire from the scene.

* * *

While Sumter and the harbor batteries were exchanging iron compliments, the officers of the fleet outside the bar were looking on with great interest and powerful glasses.

"The rebels have an awful advantage," said Commander P * * * * *, "they are twenty to one."

"Yes," replied Captain F * * * * *, but you know, the race is not always to the strong."

"No," said Commander P * * * * *, quickly, correcting this misquotation with his usual admirable readiness; "no, nor the Battle to the Fleet, it seems; eh, Captain?"

LATEST FROM THE WIND-MILL.

The long-expected flip-flap of the venerable turn-coat of the *Herald* has come at last. On the 15th of April a small dose of popular demonstration and a few hints from the indignant multitude compelled the Scotch gentleman to very unwillingly hang out an American flag in sign of capitulation and defeat. Next morning came, of course, the editorials praising the present Administration, with the nauseous and ancient twaddle of what "we predicted," and what "we" advised Mr. BUCHANAN, with assertions that the latter should have done five months ago what Mr. LINCOLN is doing now. *Hum—hum—tootle too.* The old barrel-organ playing the old Rogue's March. As We predicted it would!

However, now that BENNETT has been well kicked into the traces, let him see that he makes himself useful. We are not aware at present of any dirty work to be done in the Old Union cause, but the instinct of the *Herald* will be sure to nose such out if it exist, in addition to which use the public may expect as of old any amount of double lead, highly sensational ingenuity. *Tra la la la la!* "Tremendous Excitement!! Great Imbrogio!! Old Abe Triumphant!!" Won't the display type of the *Herald* have to suffer during the coming war? Only let our precious cotemporary draw it mild at first and not be too fulsome in slabbering "OLD ABE" and the North with praise. Its abuse of them is as yet too fresh in the minds and memories of the people.

By-and-By.

The *Mobile Register* suggests that if LINCOLN wished to show his pluck, he should have arrested the Southern commissioners while they were in Washington.

Don't be in a hurry, Master FORSYTH. The President will Arrest the whole lot of you in your treasonable courses ere he have done.

Non dum—which means that he's not so Dumb as you deem.

VOL. 3

NO. 71.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,
MAY 4,
1861.

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BALTIMORE.



Even those festive aboriginal persons, the Comanches of Arizona, who are extravagantly fond of burying their tomahawks in the skulls of white people, have been known to respect the White Flag.

If Baltimore is insane enough to spurn our White Flag we may be rash enough to disregard her White Feather, which symbol of excessive fatigue she must sooner or later exhibit—possibly sooner.

Baltimore has been unpleasantly "lively" on several previous occasions. It has ever abounded in people of an uproarious and smashing turn of mind. The Bully Boy with a Glass Eye lives in Baltimore.

In 1857 Mr. J. BUCHANAN, the well known friend of virtue and rye whiskey, narrowly escaped having his venerable head caved in by the roughs of Baltimore, while going through that city on his way to assume the duties of the Presidency at Washington—which was particularly uncourteous, as he had done nothing *then* to deserve it.

A short time since our friend ABE was compelled to rush through Baltimore disguised as an elongated Highlander. If he hadn't adopted this adroit piece of dramatic strategy (which we believe was suggested by the beloved though absent "Judd") we are pretty sure he would have been stoned in the streets of Baltimore. We didn't believe it then. We laughed at ABE. We constructed a joke about his flight; the joke was first-rate, like all of ours, but ABE was right in his head after all.

And Baltimore talks about its loyalty.

Its Mayor, who rejoices in the odd but expressive name of BROWN, says no more United States troops must pass through that city. Gov. HICKS says so too. If they do go through, attempts will be made to cut them up.

Still Baltimore is loyal.

The newspapers coolly inform us that "the centrifugal gun" is now in first-rate working order. It is a gun which goes by steam, shooting two hundred large balls a minute—which is a cheerful style of Minute Gun, we should say. This gun now commands the principal street, and will be instantly set to work the moment Northern troops appear, signal bells being rung for citizens to get out of the way. We actually read this kind of stuff in the Baltimore papers.

Still, Baltimore is loyal.

Baltimore, don't make a disagreeable ass of yourself. You have nothing in common with the Gulf Pirates. Your interests are all in and with the Union. Why go to the Bad simply to oblige the dastards and roughs, who, not content with cursing you so long, now want to damn you forevermore!

Baltimore, if you murder any more of our Union men there will be none but cripples and blindmen left to take care of the women and children of New-York. We shall go over and attend to your case.

Baltimore, if your boasted loyalty is not a humbug of elephantine proportions, why don't you hang the villains who are moving earth and hell to plunge you into the black whirlpool of Disunion?

Coming Darkness.

In their time, the border states have been Great Lights; are we to let them all Go Out?

THE RALLY!

I.

Off the bar of Charleston harbor our gallant vessels lay,
The dark northeaster swept its clouds of rain across the bay,
Beneath its gloomy veil a thick blue vapor heavenward curled,
Where the cannon of the batteries their deadly missiles hurled.

II.

And still when slacked the driving rain, and the thick smoke
edded by,
You might see the glorious stars and stripes against the murky sky,
Where, worn with care, and watching through the weary night
and day,
Bravé ANDERSON, in Sumter, held ten thousand foes at bay.

III.

Full thirty hours he held it against the traitor power,
And but sixty men to back him in that stormy opening hour,
There was Moultrie, iron Cummings, and seven batteries more,
The quick, fierce flashes lit the long low reach of sandy shore.

IV.

Full thirty hours he fought them in sunshine and in cloud,
Then first, before a traitor's flag, our country's banner bowed,
And Treason's Rubicon was passed, the Traitor's challenge given,
So manlike take the proffered gage, and rest your cause with heaven!

V.

Hark! those guns have found an echo on mountain and in glen,
From farthest East to West, and in the hearts of valiant men,
And our Union's flag shall fly again where now it droops in shame,
And a hundred thousand heroes rally round her honored name.

VI.

There's a sound of coming footsteps, a trumpet's signal call,
Above the breaking of the seas along Maine's granite wall,
Wafted with murmur of the pines from far New-Hampshire hills,
And mingling with the music of the clear Green Mountain rills.

VII.

From the valleys of Connecticut the martial call is borne,
And the hills of Massachusetts have passed the signal on,
O'er the iron Adirondacks it echoes low and deep,
From Manhattan's sunny bay to where Ontario's waters sleep.

VIII.

From the Alleghany ridges borne northward by the breeze
That along fair Juniata wakes to life the sleeping trees,
And where the broad Atlantic breaks in showers of glancing spray,
Brave hearts are answering to the call on Narragansett Bay.

IX.

O'er the cornfields of Ohio in the new Spring's genial glow,
In the wash of Erie's waves, in the rivers stately flow,
From Wisconsin's sunny openings, from Indiana's fields,
Sounds the clashing of the weapons which many a warrior wields.

X.

From East to West the land is up to guard her ancient name,
And the Altar of the Commonwealth from foul disgrace and shame,
From the mountain and the valley they come with steady tread
To a victor's garland living or a nation's reverence dead.

XI.

They are coming, they are coming, for the memories of the Past!
For our Flag, against a traitor hand, to strike one blow at last,
For the love of their high duty, they are going to the fight,
God have them in His keeping, and God defend the Right!

It's All The Same.

A writer in *Once a Week* speaks of "Colonel ANDERSON of Port Sumter." Might we inquire about the health of Lieutenant WELLINGTON, who bonabarded Waterloo?

The Pink of Valor.

We hear that the Artists' Brigade are procuring their badges. Some are getting the Red White and Blue; some are getting Madder!

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

SUAMPI, April 6th.

DEAR VANITY :—At length it has come. . .

I have been defeated. . .

Yes, defeated. . .

Upon my honor! . .

The goddess of Liberty weeps. . .

Italia mourns. . .

PIUS IX. exults. . .

GARIBALDI sweats. . .

. . . And VICTOR EMMANUEL takes his tod moodily, but says nothing.

After the terrible battle recorded in my last letter, wherein I gained possession of the Pope's palace and conquered the Eternal City, I ordered a general parade and celebration on the part of my army.

Crowds went about the streets, compelling the newspaper offices to hang out the flag of Liberated Italy. Everybody wore rosettes and badges, proclaiming his or her allegiance to me and to VICTOR EMMANUEL. It was a spectacle at once amusing and instructive.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, my forces were in order for a dress parade and review. They set forth, colors beating and drums flying, to march through the city in triumph.

But, amid all the glare and glitter of steel and brass . . . there is a plenty of both in my army . . . amid all the pomp and circumstance of glorious war, amid the shouts for "Liberty to Italy," and "McABONE forever!" that arose on every side, I saw the dark cloud of the coming storm, and heard the sullen thunders muttering on the fitful breeze.

I knew there would be a muss.

"Load with ball cartridges," I whispered to my men. Then I redoubled the police-force, and said, with HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, of Fort Sumter: "The die is cast: I have dared it! Put none but Americans on guard to-night."

Ah, what a brilliant spirit is mine! Alas, that modesty . . . my only fault . . . should be ever "hiding my light under a bushel" (I quote from THOMPSON, of Portsmouth, N. H.,) and rendering me the wee little azure-eyed violet of the valley, when I should be the gorgeous and glowing tiger-lily of the Alps!

God defend the Right! . .

And the Writer.

As I was saying, I smelt gunpowder in the air, and knew right off that there was going to be a dickens of a row. But, O, dear VANITY, I didn't think that they could catch this weazel asleep. Not any. But, O, dear VANITY, they did.

My valiant Zouaves . . . the bone and sinew of my army . . . were engaged . . . dining out, in fact . . . or the issue had been different. . .

. . . Perhaps.

Knots of sullen-looking men, short of stature, red of shirt, bull-necked, beetle-browed, short-haired, ugly-mugged, were collected around the engine houses and bar-rooms. Bodies of villainous boys; bleary-eyed, shambling, knock-kneed, stumpy-fingered, crop-eared, hang-dog fellows, with very tight trousers and very large caps, paraded back and forth before the lines, conversing in low tones. Some influential citizens, hitherto considered respectable, also evinced a dangerous demeanor.

At half-past three, the troops got under way. As they passed up the main street, a sudden volley of paving-stones saluted them from a truck-house, followed by a shower of bricks from an unfinished building.

Many more were knocked down and badly wounded, but the ranks were unbroken. The assault continued. It was exactly like Baltimore on election-day, and therefore a sight unworthy of a city of decent cannibals.

I ordered my men to fire upon the crowd. Half-a-dozen of the rioters went down, and I nearly choked myself, laughing.

They returned the fire, with revolvers, muskets, rifles, and a perfect hurricane of brickbats. Our ranks were broken, and we dashed off at quickstep, loading and firing as we went.

I met my lieutenant of light quadrooms, galloping furiously along, on foot.

"What manner of men are these?" I asked him.

"They are an inferior sort of assassin, Eccellenza," said he; "we call them 'Plugguggli.'"

Thanking him politely for his information, I raised my revolver, and getting three of the scoundrels in range, shot them all with one bullet. At the same moment, an enormous cornice stone thrown from a church-steeple, struck me fairly on top of the head, and crushed me to the ground!

As this stone weighed over three tons, I could not throw it off, so I was compelled to lie there during the rest of the combat.

The loss of their gallant commander infuriated my army, and they cut their way through the city to a railroad dépôt, where all took the cars for the agricultural districts.

I alone remained.

Four days afterward, the place being still in the hands of the vile mob, some workmen were engaged in constructing barricades in the main street. They came to an immense block of stone which they thought serviceable, and turned it over.

Underneath, lay a human pancake, not more than two inches thick, and adhering closely to the pavement by atmospheric pressure.

It was me. . .

I never felt so flat in my life!

They took me up on a shovel, and carried me by my direction to a friend's house. This gentleman is attached to the Roman Museum. He remembered among other curiosities there preserved, a small rack, formerly used by the Inquisition, and hastened to have it brought to my bedchamber.

By the aid of hot baths and gradual stretchings on this rack, I soon regained my customary proportions, and am now about as fine-looking a man as can be found . . . perhaps the finest-looking man . . . in the world.

But the mob recognized me at once. If I had remained in my flattened state, my friend could easily have carried me out of town unknown to the rebels. I might have been passed off as a patent door-mat, or an india-rubber car-spring, and when once in Caprera, restored to my usual perfection in safety.

As it was, I came near losing my life. My protector was forced to dress one of his servants in my uniform, and deliver him up to the fury of the mob. I pitied the poor fellow, but then, could he have died in a better cause?

I then had my head shaved, blacked myself all over, and was exhibited in the Museum as a "What-Is-It?" until a good opportunity of escape offered.

It was midnight. The heavens were hung with black. The screeching owl's plaintive monotone was heard in the land. The thunder rumbled on the horizon, and the freshening wind of night foretold a storm. Just as the iron tongue of night had woke the sonorous vibrations of the final stroke of twelve, a factitious "What-Is-It?" might have been seen issuing from the back door of the Roman Museum, with a carpet-bag and an umbrella. . .

That was me.

Alone and on foot, with no provisions save some red herrings and an onion; with no arms save my trusty umbrella, but with a stout and noble heart I set out for the coast, resolved to leave this land of ingrates to its own swift destruction.

After a walk of over four thousand miles, I arrived at this little marshy village on the seaboard. Fortunately, there is a theatre here, in full blast. An opera-company were singing to crowded houses when I arrived, and you may judge of my surprise when I found that the *prima donna* was no other than my little BIANCA, the blonde girl of the mountains!

I immediately joined the troupe as tenor, and have accumulated sufficient money to purchase a yacht, in which BIANCA and myself will shortly embark. We shall proceed first to Sardinia for a cargo of sardines. Thence, I know not where. If my own country needs me, I may find a sphere for my genius with you, and show that I can, if required, be a second WASHINGTON, though the first

McABONE.

A New Call.

X. is of opinion that a call should be made for a regiment of Cooks, to perform culinary service for our gallant volunteers; for, he says, it is well known that when the soldiers undertake such matters they invariably make a Mess of it!

Signal Bravery.

The Artists of the Studio Building in Tenth street, are forming a military organization. In case of a Brush with the enemy, we may be sure that they will stick to their Colors!

The Mobocracy.

Baltimore has upheld her villainous reputation as the City of Mobs. What can we expect of Plug Uglies except a Plug Muss?

The Zouave Firemen.

"An Army with Spanners."

HURRAH FOR BUTLER!

There are renegades and then again there are respectable and honorable repentants—and of this latter B. F. BUTLER is at last, unlike WOOD and BENNETT, one of the right men in the right place. It is said of this brave BUTLER, now in command of the Massachusetts Regiment, that when he landed, some of the authorities of Annapolis protested against the passage of Massachusetts troops over Maryland soil, to which he replied:

"Sir, we came here not as citizens of Massachusetts, but as citizens of and soldiers of the United States, with no intention to invade any State, but to protect the capital of our common country from invasion. We shall give no cause of offence; but there must be no fugitive shots or stray bricks on the way."

That's the talk. We like such Butlers—they are the kind who on the field of battle will be certain to freely Tap the Claret of the Foe.

Much as Usual.

It was believed by some that the "Confederacy" loan would not be taken, but report says it has been. Did anybody ever know anything in the money way that the rebels wouldn't take?

Appropriate.

This time of year is just the one for raw recruits to go to war in. All Green Things begin to Shoot in Spring!

The Sticking-Point.

The Point of the Bayonet.



A MOVE IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.

Lady.—CHARLES FREDERICK, I HAVE BOUGHT YOU A NEW LIVERY THAT WILL BETTER BECOME YOUR MANLY FORM. TAKE IT AND SEE THAT YOU DO HONOR TO THE CLOTH.

THE WOMEN OF OUR UNION.

God bless the women of the Union!

Wherever VANITY FAIR has been, wherever it goes, it sees the ladies toiling night and day in the Good Cause. In Philadelphia they are busy as bees, cutting and stitching on the ten thousand Government uniforms; in New-York lint-scraping and bandage-rolling have taken the place of crochet-work; in good old Boston the grandmothers of '76 live again in the untiring industry of the girls. In every parlor sit the dear souls, wearing their tri-colored badges—keeping time with scissors, needles, and sewing-machines to the music of the Union.

Don't tell us that the world goes backward in Heroism. For it don't. Haven't we within a day heard mothers bid their sons go to death if it must be, but not to disgrace? Haven't we seen true woman hearts put to the sharpest tests and come out of the trial as nobly as ever saint or heroine of history? Haven't we learned that the American girl is a glorious creature, full of spirit as of tenderness, well fitted to be a brave man's wife—or to cherish honorably his memory in death?

How it fades away now like an empty dream, all that was ever written or said of old, of Woman's frivolity, fashions and fickleness! Where be your gibes now, gentlemen, you who were wont to chatter of the Sex, women this, and women that. Forgotten all—all lost in true-hearted, brave and beautiful deeds.

There is a wide range of war before us—stirring scenes and tremendous events. Our life is entering on new phases—we are to live in new feelings and those strange or sublime emotions which we have hitherto only known in a reflected form, from history, ballad, fiction, or the stage. In this stupendous drama the Women of the Union will play no ignoble part. Their hands will pack the knapsack, tie on the scarf, their lips will give the parting kiss and whisper the parting blessing—their memory will inspire many a heroic action and cause many a glorious deed.

Women of the Union—yours is no ignoble mission, that of encouraging, aiding and nursing the defenders of liberty. Remember that you have ALL the opportunity before you of doing that

which will make all who come after you proud of your name, and of conferring family honor. Keep no brave heart back, but do yourselves honor by urging all you can onward in the career of glory!

The Magazines.

The last number of *Harper's (Ferry) Magazine* is to be credited with several spicy articles. Among these we may mention Lieut. JONES, who blew it up in the teeth of the advancing rebels.

It is said that the *Atlantic*, for the next month or two, is to be encumbered with a series of heavy articles, in the shape of *Letters of Marque*, from the pen of JEFFERSON DAVIS. They will be very likely to Go Down, although arrangements for cutting them up have been made with a gentleman accustomed to Reviews. These *Letters of Marque* are also likely to be pitched into extensively by that able-bodied class of readers whose taste for fiction is embodied in the well-known saying "Tell that to the Marines."

We understand that the *Ladies' Magazine* has on hand a great number of articles of a war-like character. "Lint" is the title of one of these; "Bandages" of another. There is also to be a series entitled "Preserves and Pickles." These latter, addressed to "the loved ones away," will doubtless be devoured with great avidity.

"Tis not Alone my Inky Cloak."

The ever gentle AUGUSTUS, journeying through the Republic of Vermont by stage some years since, found himself face to face with an indescribably charming lady, arrayed in deep black.

"You have lost a relation, I fear?" said the sympathetic AUGUSTUS.

"No blood relation," said the lady in black—speaking cheerfully even as she wept—"he was my husband. That's all."

AUGUSTUS mingled his tears with her'n, and everything came out all right.

THE THROWS OF WAR.



H A T word—Throws—is improperly spelt 'Throes' by the representatives of the squeamish press. Spell it as we do, valiant though gentle reader, and listen, pray, as we touch upon a few Throws that may be good to remember in these times when everybody's back is up, and nobody backs down.

In the first place, should your mind indulge itself with any scruples about rushing into a civil

war, Throw them away from you; for, if there's anything Civil between us and the Cotton Rebels, we don't exactly see it.

If you are an employer, and your strapping young foreman comes to you, and says he is a Zoo-zoo, and must go off, to-morrow, to fight for the old Star-spangled, by the side of his fellow Z-z's, don't you Throw him over. Pay him his wages; Throw in as many dollars extra, for outfit, as you can afford, and hire an older and less athletic man to take his place during his absence.

If two of you young fellows with muscles and things agree to decide by the dice which of you will buckle up the straps and go down to the battle, mind you Throw sixes every time. Then you can both go, and settle the Throws afterwards.

If SLOPKINS comes and tells you that if a sympathiser with the Cotton Rebels hits you a clip on the right ear, you are to stick your hands well down into your trousers pockets and accommodate him with a loan of your left ear for a duplication of the process, Throw cold water on SLOPKINS.

If SLIPKINS comes and says you must be a fool for taking any side now, and had better wait, like him, to see which side of the bread is likely to be buttered the thickest, Throw dirty water on SLIPKINS.

If SLUMPKINS comes and hints that he has a letter from Montgomery, by which he understands that he, and you too, can have a commission in the Rebel Army, Throw hot water on SLUMPKINS.

If you are a nice young girl—O! what lots of you there are around, to be sure!—Throw your arms round your lover, and kiss him, ere he hurries away to the war. *Voilà un petit canard!* there's a little duck!

If you are DODSWORTH, Throw your "minstrel boys" into the "imminent and deadly breach" between Right and Wrong; let them have their "wild harps slung behind them," their drums before them, several revolvers and other musical instruments all round them, and then Throw up your baton and "let the kettle to the trumpet speak."

If any disaffected Dog sets up a howl, in your hearing, at the Old flag, "Throw physic to him," in the shape of a blue pill from your seven-shooter.

If you are a clergyman, Throw as much powder in with your heavy lead as is consistent with your ideas on the subject of muscle in connection with Christianity.

If you are a patriot, Throw off such linen garments as you can spare, and send them to the Society for supplying the soldiery with lints and bandages, at the depot, No. 744 Broadway.

If you keep a horse, Throw your left leg over him, a knapsack upon your back, a kiss to your sweetheart, a glance at the cheerful fighting sentiments inculcated by VANITY FAIR, and then put the spurs in, and don't Throw a look behind until you have done as a dragon many brave deeds upon the battle field.

If a man drinks to the Confederate flag in your presence, empty your tumbler, religiously, to the Stars and Stripes, and then Throw it, earnestly, at his head.

If you are called upon to make any remarks about the Southern press, and particularly about the Charleston *Courier*, Throw as much contempt into the expression of your features as possible.

Finally, whatever you do, O! boys of the right sort, whoever and wherever you are, keep your heads cool, your hearts firm, and your hands free, in this great Crisis, and don't Throw up your little fingers oftener than is good for your health.

HENRY WARD. BEECHER.

BY OUR BROOKLINENITE.

Who is H. WARD? Really, my dear friend, you are a little behind. Why, H. WARD is one of Brooklyn's exceeding great big things, Indeed he is. He has a church and a half Over There, and all the Great and Good go therein to learn about the weakness of the Politicians, and the little Narrow Gate. And that's not all neither. H. WARD has a newspaper, a newspaper whose circulation is One Hundred Thousand copies weekly, and he is the Columbiad who is to, and does now, and has for an inconvenient length of time, bombarded the Fort Sumter of Sin and Slavery. Oh yes. And that isn't all neither. For he has a farm where he cultivates Pigs by scores, and raises Flowers in fields that are mown down by scythes, and other agricultural implements of Hu-bandrical skill.—though whether they, the Flowers, not the Fields, are at once cast into the Oven or not, I cannot say, not knowing the country. And he has also "Kine" and live Muttons, and a Donkey, which he rides, but he does not drink.

Then, too, H. WARD is a great and consecutive traveller. He travels two-thirds of the diurnal spaces, and talks the rest of the time. And that aint all neither. Certainly, yes, sir, and he lectures on varied topics to suit his audiences. To the Eastern people, he talks of cod-fish and factory girls, deprecating the interference of our Mother England in the fisheries, and scolding vigorously those Bosses who cruelly grind the poor and pay them only most miserable wages. Yes. And when he gets to New-York he pitches into rascals who Wood control the city finances for their own benefit; and denounces those old sly boots who are hypocrites, and who, while making believe to be good, have not Beennett. Oh yes, H. WARD's no fool. So when he gets out West he lets out all his wit and humor, for he loveth the Western people, and he telleth them stores, and leaveth his Notes, and extemporaneously discourseth with the audience which has gathered to listen to his words of coal-burning eloquence, whereupon the audience cheer, and H. WARD laughs! then they shout loud applauses, and finally draw him in a carriage to the Domicile wherein he tarrieth, and there he maketh a candescent speech, and they all laugh and cry together, and H. WARD, being refreshed, turns around, comes to Brooklyn, and preaches next Sunday on the War—go it!

Oh! yes, indeed—H. WARD, we love th e—we greet thee with a holy kiss, and we appreciate thee thoroughly. Selah!

HO, MEN OF THE NORTH!

Ho, Men of the North, you have borne full long the insult and the jeer:

Up, in your majesty and might, hurl back the taunt of fear:
No compromise with Traitors now but the point of the bayonet:
No cry but God sustain the right till Slavery's sun is set.

At the blast of our leader's bugle horn a million men are up,
And the Southern Gascons yet shall drink full deep of the bloody cup;
For the loyal hearts of the mighty North, the East and the prairie West,
Are swooping to their quarry like the Eagles from their nest.

They said that our blood runs water—they will find Niagara's flood,
That never yet has been stemmed by man, much easier withstood:
That we're wedded to love of trade and worship alone the mighty gold:
They will find our manhood something that cannot be bought or sold.

And the flag which o'er our free heads floats, the same which our fathers bore,
Shall never trail 'neath an enemy's foot though doubly dyed in gore;
But a beacon of Hope it will proudly wave amid their trembling slaves,
For we'll bear it there in triumphant march, or fill unhonored graves.

About the Size of It.

President LINCOLN has been accused of indecision—of saying a thing one day, and withdrawing it the next. We shall see a new and startling proof of this, soon. "Fort Sumter" is his word now, and we have every reason to believe that he will very speedily Take It Back!

The best Oil to allay the waves of Rebellion.

Fusil Oil.

VÆ VICTIS!



t) those who broke the barrier—and *Væ Victis!* Woe to the conquered!

All winter long there came up from the South the clink of arms—STOLEN arms, mind you—making ready to subdue us. With the sound came jeers at Yankee cowardice, Yankee villainy, Yankee fanaticism. And by that same word, they shall find that there is a Northern fanaticism which once aroused fears no death, and crushes all before it! It wakens slowly—it moves little by little, but it DOES move—and when once aroused—*Væ Victis!*

"The Southron's wrath is like straw on fire,
But like red-hot iron is the Northman's ire."

The strife presents the world-old aspect of Northern blood opposed to the fury of the Meridional. It will be with the old result. So long as the Greek preserved the Northern Slavic blood, he conquered the Persian—so long as Roman had not exhausted the old Rhetian fountain drawn from Transalpine sources, he overcame the world. Slow to move, but tremendous when moved—*Væ Victis!*

The Southern man is quick to murder. So is the Italian peasant or the Spaniard. They set but little value on human life. The Englishman values it highly, and winces before daggers. But who conquers in battle? Speak out. Who is the brave man? Who sweeps down Southern bravo, and braggadocio, and knife, and stiletto, and rattlesnake-hiss, and reptile wrath, like chaff before him in the broad field of battle? Who but the Northman—hurrah! Now he is on in his wrath—earnest and terrible in his Faith of Free Labor and of Humanity. "He is on, he is on, and with him the Faithful to battle are gone."

Væ victis!

Who dreaded murder, or prized human life more highly than the Puritan sires of the New England regiments now marching South? Who cried out so sorely as Master PRYNN and many more like him at the "bloody, murdering, devilish Cavaliers." But *who* when blood *was* up killed every living soul at the siege of Drogheda—who smote in the name of the Lord and slew all? Men of Baltimore—if you rise against us and check God's cause of Liberty with your murdering insolence, you shall learn what is to be between the hammer and the anvil.

Væ victis!

Strike now. Remember that we are at WAR, not at election fights or in newspaper squabbles. Virginians are grasping, stealing, lynching—doing all they can to spoil us—the Southern Confederacy strikes one bold blow after another, while our leaders, unable to comprehend the fracas, keep bowing and smiling and polite letter-writing and neglecting opportunities—bah! up and at 'em. At the enemy wherever we find him! Pennsylvania—send down your brave boys on gallant raids and take back what is stolen—or its price. Sweep over Maryland like a fire-storm!—there must be no barrier between the North and its Capital—and above all, no elegant etiquette with rebels and murderers. Scout and harry, run and ride—*Væ Victis!*

The treason and treachery of the Secessionists of Maryland and

Hurrah for the free North!

For it has risen with a rush and a ring into such a storm of arming and battle-marching as the world never saw before. When was there ever such a hot rage for war shown by so many millions? When did man ever fight for so great a truth? The rocks are rent at last, and the molten lava pours down in one tremendous current. Woe

Virginia will for ages be sung in song and told in tale as baser than that of the snake-like sepy. The Cotton States indeed thieved before they ran away—but the Tobacco neighbors gave us a false show of Union and a lying protestation of friendship—false and fair, they have forfeited the last claim to manhood and honor, they have dropped the last rag of that tattered robe of chivalry which has so long been defiled by assassination, meanness, vanity and decay, and stand before the world disgraced by plain, simple villainy. But the North knows them now—*Væ Victis!*

There are Nineteen Millions of us, rapidly becoming as one man in feeling, and that feeling kindling to fury. We have wealth, we have the Wide West full of food, we have the inexhaustible resources of practised labor and science, and we have the verdict of the whole world that we are Right. Ring the storm-bell, sound the war-notes, up and arm, sweep over land and sea for the greatest—it may be the last and greatest—battle of history is at hand, so cast away your lives as nothing when weighed against help truth. *Væ Victis!*

WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT THAT.

While JEFF DAVIS threatens to burn the Capitol, and while the whole South boils and rages with threats of conquering Philadelphia, and laying New-York in ashes, the President assures deputations of the rebels, including the five "pious" young humbugs who had the impudence to represent Plug Ugly-ism and Blood Tub-ism the other day, that he intends nothing but to defend Washington!

ABRAHAM—We Don't Know About That. The millions of the North are aroused, crying Vengeance and War—thinking steel, and dreaming gunpowder. You might as well try to stop the thunderbolt in its career as check them now. The javelin has been cast over the border, and the word is Death! Yet you and Uncle SEWARD continue to talk sweetly, and "arrange," and pacify as though you believed it possible to tie up this shattered Union with Red Tape!

We Don't Know About That—and what's more we don't want to. Hurry up brave ABRAHAM—and either guide the flood or be overwhelmed by it. One or the other.

This is a republic, mind you, which does an immense amount of thinking for itself and shapes its own action, speedily casting aside all incumbrances. In short it has made up its mind to do a great deal besides defend Washington. It is going to make of all Maryland a safe and subdued field of transit—or a desert. It is going to essentially chastise Virginian treachery and snake-like falsehood, and exact from that falsest of foes full value for every penny stolen, for every blow struck. It is going to cripple Confederate State commerce, crush down all Confederate State conspiracy, to injure us, and in short do all that can be done with war and weapon, to re-establish the full territorial power of this Union. It is not to be satisfied with half-measures or a half victory. The cup of its wrath is poured full and brimming over—it has received the last insults and turns like a mad tiger on the hounds. As for holding it in!!

We Don't Know About That.

GET OUT.

This thrifty municipality is adorned with a very queer paper called the *Daily News*, so named, we believe, because it never publishes any news, nor anything else but Buncombe and Bosh. It played into the hands of the Seceders as long as it dared to, and now it is amusing itself and disgusting its few dozen readers by crying "peace!" It also says, among other stupid things, that the war is an exclusively "Black Republican" affair, and that Democrats are compelled to go in the ranks while Republicans carry swords and wear epaulets. How about BEN BUTLER, commander-in-chief of the Massachusetts forces? How about the entire democracy of the North? Nobody but a noodle or something much worse talks about political parties now. They are gone up higher than a kite, and that is one good thing. There are only two parties now—Union men and Traitors. And a man in a crisis like this who regards a Busted Party of more consequence than his Country would cheerfully appropriate the coin from the eyes of his deceased maternal grandparent or run down little school children and rob them of their dinner pails.

Advice Gratis.

The Rebels, we understand, are taking measures for the capture of Washington. We advise them in such case to Take very close Measures indeed, for they may depend that the moment they make the attempt in question they will be whipped just Within an Inch of their lives.

THE WHEREABOUTS OF GEN. BEAUREGARD

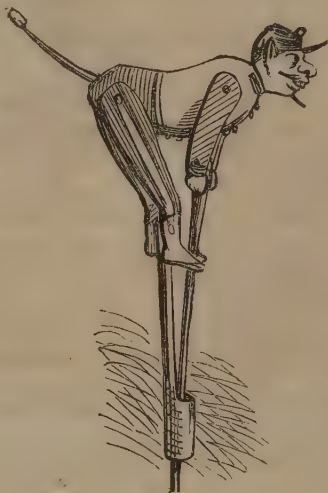
BY TELEGRAPH TO VANITY FAIR—AFTER MANNER OF DAILY PAPERS.

HAVRE DE GRACE, April 26.

Gen. BEAUREGARD was in Richmond at 23 minutes past 6 o'clock yesterday, and will attack Washington at once.

PHILADELPHIA, April 26.

We learn on undoubted authority that Gen. BEAUREGARD was in Alexandria at 24 past 6 yesterday, reconnoitering.



GEN. BEAUREGARD RECONNOITRES WASHINGTON.

BALTIMORE, April 26.

Gen. BEAUREGARD was in Norfolk at 25 minutes past 6 yesterday, and took a gin cocktail with several of the First Families.

HAVRE DE GRACE, April 26.

I learn from a gentleman just from Mobile, that Gen. BEAUREGARD is on his way North, with 150,000 troops. Gen BEAUREGARD is six feet high, but will not join BLOWER's "Household Guards." Declines advertising the *Household Journal*.



HE re-TURNS TO CHARLESTON.

ANNAPOLIS, April 26.

Gen. BEAUREGARD was discovered in the White House rear-yard last night at 26 minutes past 6, armed with three large howitzers and a portable sledstake. He went away after reconnoitering pretty numerously.



HE TURNS UP IN RICHMOND.

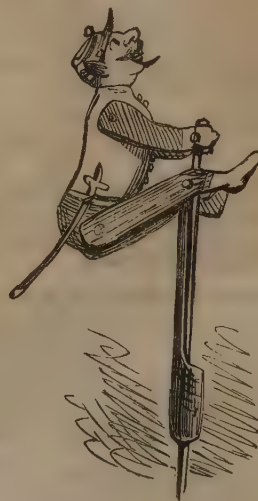
PHILADELPHIA, April 26.

I learn on excellent authority that Gen. BEAUREGARD was in Charleston at 22 minutes past 6 yesterday, and had no intention of leaving. He was repairing Fort Sumter.

The people of Bangor, Maine, and of Cape Cod, Mass., report that Gen. BEAUREGARD has lately been seen prowling around those places.

I learn that Gen. BEAUREGARD is within five miles of Washington.

The report in some of your cotemporaries that Gen. BEAUREGARD is within five miles of Washington is utterly without foundation. Sensation dispatches in times like these cannot be too strongly deprecated. The public will invariably find my dispatches reliable, and can always find out all about Gen. BEAUREGARD by buying VANITY FAIR. Price 6 cents.



HE SITS DOWN BEFORE FORT PICKENS.

VANITY FAIR.



ESBETT-HOOTER, D.

OLD ABE.—AINT THERE A NICE CROP? THERE'S THE HARDY BUNKER HILL FLOWER, THE SEVENTH REGIMENT PINK, THE FIREBOY TULIP--THAT TRICOLORED FLOWER GROWS NEAR INDEPENDENCE HALL--THE WESTERN BLOSSOMS AND PRAIRIE FLOWERS WILL SOON BEGIN TO SHOOT.

COLUMBIA.—WHAT CHARMING PLANT IS THIS?

OLD ABE.—THAT IS RARE IN THIS COUNTRY--IT WILL BLOOM SHORTLY AND BEAR THE JEFFERSONIA DAVISIANA.

NATURAL HISTORY—"THE ROCKS."

"Rocks" are the landmarks of society. We steer by them, and to use a significant phrase, one cannot travel without them. Let us state their physical peculiarities before we describe their uses. As for color, they are mostly of three—white, copper-color, and a Guinea yellow. The latter are the most interesting, the white next, the copper-colored last. They are all possessed of a singular attraction—I do not allude to the attraction of gravitation.

They are commonly laid in concentric or circular bits, often in "streaks." Specimens of the yellow rocks are rarest and most precious. Eagles repose upon them and stars cluster around them. Indeed, the goddess of Liberty may sit upon a high hill, but she is oftener seen upon these rocks than anywhere else.

Rocks of nickel have been lately discovered in the United States. They are classed with the copper-color in value, both being of less account than the pure white or yellow.

Rocks are of divers shapes. The most common form is termed a "pile." These "piles" are plentiful in the neighborhood of California, where they first discovered some fourteen years ago. A multitude of explorers, desiring specimens for their home cabinets have been digging them there ever since. Rocks frequently assume the forms of houses and castles, and even resemble moneybags at times. They are good for building purposes; in fact, you can build hopes and airy super-structures very safely upon them—in fancy, of course. They are not the less material, however, to real tenements.

They are found invariably in the vicinity of Banks (not alluding to mud banks), where deposits of them are made in the most usual form.

Rocks form always the basis of fine mansions, and conversely are seldom found in any great quantities in the neighborhood of cottages. The Capitol at Washington is an immense example of what uses they can be put to. The Rocks of the Sub-Treasury vault furnished nearly all the material for that stupendous work.

Rocks very often disappear in a rapid and unaccountable manner. They are very dry at a low tide, and very slippery things at a flood. They are easily Dissipated, and melt Under a Cloud like snow under the sun.

The impressions made upon the faces of the Rocks form an interesting study. We can there trace the ages of the world—that is, scientific people can—ordinary folks, however, can only decipher a great deal of the History of Nature—especially human nature.

In some parts they are indigenous, and last from generation to generation. They belong in these cases mostly to ancient families, and are called patrimonial Rocks. Sometimes they are discovered by close attention (to business), as in the case of STEWART, whose marble buildings attest his "pile" of them.

Sometimes they are stumbled upon in a moment of good luck. COL. FREMONT is perhaps the most striking instance of this class of Rock discoverers. He has "the Rocks" in an immense degree. His collection is a matter of universal envy.

The Testimony of the Rocks has been lately given to the world by HUGH MILLER, but the fact is, their testimony need not be written—it is felt. It was correctly observed by a CHAP in the pulpit, that the work in question was intended to illustrate the great Hugh Miller-ty of its author. But it is by no means sure that the World was ever Told so, by the MILLER in question.

It is remembered that in California mining, the Child who gets the most Rocks in his Cradle, sleeps the least.

Advice Gratis.

Our dear old friend, the *World*, in an article on the bombardment of Fort Sumter which—the article, not the bombardment—came within one of affecting us to tears, calls the Secessionists this thing!

"Maddened, miserable, misguided men!"

This is slightly severe on the Southerners, but when you had your alliteration harness on, brother, why didn't you give it to 'em good? If now, for instance, you had characterized them not only as "maddened, miserable, misguided men," but also as mangy, malignant, matricidal, manœuvring, measly, mumbling, mangel-wurzel maniacs, the invective would have been perfect, and the Charlestonians have felt so bad that they wouldn't know what to do. And served 'em right.

Another Hicks.

Company D., of Portsmouth, Virginia, is commanded by Capt. HICKS, and he would do well to remember the fate of ALBERT. We refer to the late Mr. ALBERT HICKS, pirate.

FERNANDO'S PROCLAMATIONS.

Now that the whole country is up and arming, drums beating *reveille*, artillery rattling and troops marching, Master FERNANDO WOOD, that precious Apostle, presents us with a honey-water proclamation, advising pretty peace and Quakerly quietness—limiting all Action to a vague and election-hacknied phrase of advice to Rally for the Constitution and Union.

FERNANDO WOOD, this is the third separate and distinct time that you've aggravated us by proclamation since last Thanksgiving. So You hope, do you, to slip in among the honest men and pick up something in the war! The times are coming when all hollow politicians and selfish demagogues will be sunk lower into obscurity than the very dust. For look you, Mayor WOOD—in a great, earnest, terrible WAR for Humanity and Truth, all tricksters and selfish, immoral men are tested by a fire which soon melts them down and shows their uselessness. It is not a mob of Five Point drunkards who appoint rulers when a people rises to assert pure and holy truths. Decent men—the best men—rise *then*, and that which is brave and noble assumes the power and influence which thieves, bullies and the dregs of the people exercised before. The storm is rising—the thunder roars! Keep quiet—be off! There are elements at work now, very different from anything you have been used to—and you would do well to dodge them. Secede silently into congenial darkness.

Since writing which we have seen you, after discovering that treason Don't Pay, take the back track, make Union speeches against the men whom you led on and encouraged in this infamous rebellion, and publish another proclamation worded bravely enough, urging all things to carry on the fight against your late friends!

Talk of treachery—talk of poor old Turn Coat renegade BENNETT—talk of any thing or anybody that is false after this. What led JEFF. DAVIS and his lunatics on to their present position so much as your assurances that the North would never oppose Secession? And what wonder that they believed it, when they saw a proclamation from the Mayor of this first Northern city, urging Secession, and Union with their S. C. A.!

Well—we're glad at any rate that you are drawn into the traces, and made to serve *con gré mal gré* among Honest Men. Keep quiet, And make your *Daily News* as Union as yourself. And we'll consent to forget you. But keep quiet. You're played out—the times ask for different men of different metal from yourself—and you and all hack politicians would do well to remember it. So hurrah for the North, and Down with Secession!!

THE GUN MAKING RASCALS!

Let every man who from this day supplies the Enemy with any aid or comfort—be it as an ounce of powder, a bullet or a loaf of bread, be something more than Marked. Let him be Stopped—stopped in any way you please—by the strong hand of indignant Justice.

This is no time to palter, and quibble, and talk about toleration and such stuff. While our brothers, and nearest and dearest are being killed by the foe, we cannot pause to argue with those who give the foe weapons. *Down with them.*

"Allow them not a parting word,
Short be the shrift and sure the cord."

As for those treble base miscreants, who have grown rich of late by supplying the Sincing Confederacy with arms and munitions, their names are set apart for endless infamy. In the glory of our country they have lost all part and share. Their children are disgraced—the day has come when it is a shame to know them. Their money shall perish with them—their names be Anathema, Maranatha! Yes—they have chuckled and grinned hitherto, but there is a cloud rising to make their money viler than dirt, and themselves a hissing and a by-word. Out on them who

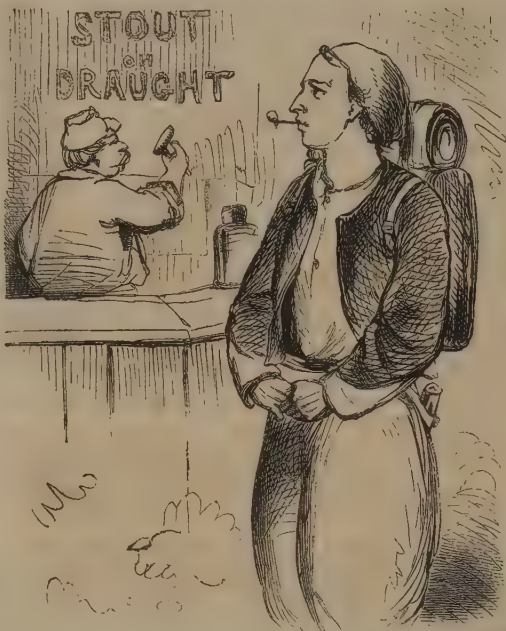
"Living shall forfeit fair renown
And doubly dying shall go down,
To the vile earth from which they sprung,
Unwept, unhonored, and unsung."

By a Courtier.

To any of the Justices of the New-York Courts, in which causes are never reached;—

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun,
Sees at thy hand no noble Action DONE."

OUR ZOUAVES.



Says TOM, says he, to DICK,
As he whittled sharp a stick :
"I'm quite sure that our ZOUAVES
Will not do the thing by halves."

Says DICK, in quick retort]
To TOM : "Now cut in short,
'Tis the ZOUAVES who have the mettle
By halves the thing to settle :

For with swords I've seen them fence,
And their skill is so immense,
That they'll cut a man in two
At the very first set-to."

Then says TOM, again, says he :
"O! the bold ZOUAVE for me!
For his sentiments in short, are
'Go it Halves, I give no quarter.'"

MOTTOES AND MAXIMS FOR THE TIMES.

Now is the time to overhaul our mottoes and maxims, and see that they come down to date. Some that have stood for years must give way, and there is an urgent call for new ones. Some of the States, for instance, have mottoes that are become outrageously antiquated within a few days, and others never had any, to speak of. There's Mississippi; she has no motto at all. No motto, in these piping times! She shall have one, *instantly*. Here are several, all good. All significant. What do you say to *Servabo Fidem*, or *Reclus in Curia*, or *Semper Fidelis*, or *Bonne foi*, (we recommend that!) or *Nihil Debit*, or *Sic iur ad astra*? And Texas; it's time Texas had a motto. *Tu quoque Brute!* would not be bad for her, all things considered. Virgilius says *Sic semper tyrannis*, but *Non sum qualis eram*, ("I am not what I was,") would be far better. The sweet, lonely, Honest, and Honorable State of Florida says, with the piety of other days, "In God is our trust." Let her change with Michigan, who modestly remarks: "*Si quaeris peninsulam amœnam, circumspice!*" In other and livelier words "Here's your beautiful peninsula!" Says South Carolina: *Animis opibusque parati*—"Ever ready with our lives and property." Let her rather shriek, *Oderint dum metuant!* English—"Let 'em hate, provided they fear!" That's good, isn't it? North Carolina hasn't a motto to bless herself with. We give her '*Semper Fidelis!*' with three cheers. The border States may write "*Medio tutissimus ibis*," and the Tobacco ones "*Errare humanum est*." The new Confederacy can take its choice from these

very choice ones: *Presto maturo, presto marzo*—"Soon ripe, soon rotten." Or this, with a slight alteration, from the Italian: "*Ogni uno per sè medesimo, e Diavolo per tutti*"—"Every man for himself, and the devil for us all."

To which we may add:

On DAVIS (*Facile princeps*).—*Il n'a pas inventé la poudre*. Or *Guerre a mort*.

To HOUSTON.—*Hand passibus cœquis*.

On SCOTT.—*Tam marie, quam Minerva*, or *Garde feu!*

To the whole South.—*Memento Mori*.

Motto for BEAUREGARD, who has none.—"*Slavo bene, ma, perstar meglio, sto qui*"—"I was well, but, wishing to be better, am here."

Maryland.—"*Inter canem et lupem*."

And for all of us.—"*Jacta est alea*"—"The die is cast."

ADVICE THAT IS ADVICE.

Next to the proposition made by that Secession luminary, the *Baltimore Sun*, that we should surrender Washington to the rebels—a proposition which is absolutely glacial in its coolness—next to this, we say, the coolest thing by all odds that we have had to refrigerate us of late, is the letter that Gov. HICKS of Maryland, wrote last week to the President of these United States.

By this letter it seems that Gov. HICKS "felt it to be his duty to advise the President of the United States to order elsewhere the troops off Annapolis," to counsel him "to send no more through Maryland," and to further suggest "that Lord LYONS be requested to act as mediator between the contending parties in our country to prevent the effusion of blood."

We don't want to be personal, HICKS, but aren't you a gibbering idiot? Don't you glare wildly at all sane beings and wear straws in your hair? Aren't you kept perpetually chained to the wall in the strongest room of the executive mansion? Don't you take your waistcoat straight, HICKS? Has no psychologist of your native state yet written a paper "On Gov. HICKS considered as an Ornament to a Lunatic Asylum?" Because it is time that something of the sort should be done. You shouldn't be allowed to run wild any longer, you know, HICKS.

But, seriously did the insane Governor of Maryland ever imagine that we of the North would ever suffer a "mediator" to come between us and the objects of our just wrath? Did he suppose that we were going to make compromises with thieves, and sign compacts with traitors? Did he think, finally, in the blindness of his folly, that the memory of the two Massachusetts soldiers, who on the 19th of April, lay cold and stark in the streets of Baltimore, stoned to death by a ruffianly mob of secessionists, could ever be "mediated" away? If so, he is even a greater fool than we at the beginning took him for.

TALL TALK.

The following nice little bit comes all the way from New-Orleans, which city of the crab and the *crevasse* should forthwith be known as "The Pelican's Nest," on account of the fishy state of affairs there:

"In the meantime, some of the sympathisers (there are such in our midst) are intimating something about the Massachusetts' army of 8000 men. It is the wish that this would-be valiant army would land in Florida between Mobile Point and Pensacola, and give the Mississippi Frigate of 1800 men a chance at them in a hand-to-hand fight. Very few of the 8000 men would return to Massachusetts.

Hi! Hi! you "sympathisers" down there in the Pelican's Nest, know ye what manner of men they have got in the Massachusetts Army? No you don't, you mud-eaters! but we'll tell you. We saw a squadron of them preparing to walk into the ranks of your Gorilla-warfare nigger-drivers, and the shortest of them was obliged to sweep his toes with a telescope, to see whether there were any corns upon them.

That Air!

The daily press is continually telling us how the "air was rent with cheers!" on the departure of such and such a regiment for Washington.

Very good: but if the air was Rent with cheers, it has been gloriously Patched with Star-Spangled Banners, as anybody may see by looking up or down Broadway, or any other street.

Appropriate Con.

Why should everybody take to segars at the present time? Because "the Piping times of peace" are past.

NO NONSENSE THERE.

If the Maryland Legislature passes an ordinance of Secession—as it will probably have done by the time this paragraph will go to press—let it be scattered *sans ceremonie* right and left as dust is scattered by the whirlwind. This is no time for elegant courtesies *a la* SEWARD and EVERETT, and the country is not disposed to hem and haw when it should be Pitching In and that fiercely. We hold Maryland by the nose—let her Behave—or Beware! In the old days she was called Merry Land—let her try secession insolence with us and it shall be written Marah Land—the Land of Bitterness and of Pain!

Non-Conductors.

If the Baltimoreans have destroyed railroad communication between Philadelphia and Washington, we must compel them to Make Tracks!

Con : for Maryland.

With what did the Baltimoreans Cap the climax of ruffianism?
With a Mob-cap!

Sentiment by a Mariner.

"The Boom of cannon is now the Main Boom of the Ship of State!"

Hardly!

Can it be possible that the city of Baltimore was named after a Noble-Man?



DAINTY.

SMITHOP HAS INVENTED A GUTTA PERCHA BAG-PIPE AFFAIR SO THAT HE CAN PLAY THE FLUTE WITHOUT LOSING HIS SWEET SMILE.

NORTHMEN, COME OUT!

DEDICATED TO THE MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENTS

BY CHARLES GODFREY LELAND.

(AIR—*Burschen, heraus!*)

Northmen, come out!

Forth unto battle with storm and shout!
Freedom calls you once again,
To flag and fort and tented plain;
Then come with drum and trump and song,
And raise the war-cry wild and strong:
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!

The foe is waiting round about,
With paixhan, mortar and petard,
To tender us their Beau Regard;
With shot and shrapnell, grape and shell
We'll give them back the fire of hell;
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!

Give the pirates a roaring rout;
Out in your strength and let them know
How Working Men to Work can go.
Out in your might and let them feel
How Mudsills strike when edged with steel;
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!

Come like your grandsires stern and stout,
Though Cotton be of Kingly stock,
Yet royal heads may reach the block,
The Puritan taught it once in pain,
His sons shall teach it once again;
Northmen, come out!

Northmen, come out!

Forth into battle with storm and shout!
He who lives with victory's blest,
He who dies gains peaceful rest.

Living or dying, let us be
Still vowed to God and Liberty!
Northmen, come out!

SMEAD'S BATTERY.

Lieutenant ABNER SMEAD lately sent by Lieut. SLEMMER to Washington, stopped on the way to show his dispatches to the C. S. Authorities at Montgomery, and subsequently resigned in order to crown infamy by joining Cottondom. When he presented himself at Fortress Monroe for a parting interview with his wife—she appeared on the Battery and welcomed him with these words:

"Go home with you!" she exclaimed. "Never! Our paths in this world are hereafter separate. I disown you. A coward and traitor, you are no husband of mine. Henceforth you are to me as if dead. As long as I live I shall wear mourning, and be as a widow; and rest assured I shall educate our children to execrate and despise your memory as that of a recreant and traitor."

So saith the *Times*. All honor to Mrs. SMEAD. In books of history as yet unwritten her name shall figure with honor beside that of brave and beautiful Mrs. SLEMMER and not inferior in renown to those which shine most brilliantly in history.

As for the unfortunate renegade husband he will certainly bear testimony that there was never yet a natural philosopher who ever got a sharper shock from a SMEAD's Battery!

Show Your Teeth!

DR. SIGISMUND, a patriotic dentist, announces that he is ready to give his professional services, without charge, to the gallant volunteers about to do battle in the service of their country. The offer is a happy and timely one. Teeth ought to be sharpened before they are shown, and there is every indication of an immense "flashing of ivories" around, just now.

Massachusetts Statuary.

The Marble-headers.

The Song of our Volunteers

"I wish I was in Hicks's land."

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

Currents and Counter Currents in Medical Science. With other Addresses and Essays. By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES. Boston: TICKNOR & FIELDS.

Uncommonly sharp practice—for medical practice—is this of the Doctor's—in comparison with whom Southey's Doctor is flat, stale, and unprofitable. Ye who believe in overdoses and much drugging, read this book. Homeoœoœao—we give it up—opathsists—will be particularly delighted with it. Anti-puerperal fever contagionists will cry for it—or over it, while those who delight in realizing that wit and humor; ye all that is sparkling and flashing, stinging and piquant in genius or in language may be made to light up the dryest of subjects, will laugh over it in much love. Next to JEAN PAUL'S *Vorschule der Aesthetik*, even the Enormous Erudition of the Great and Good VANITY FAIR knows of no book in which a slow subject is done up so brilliantly and high-flavoredly with Cap-sicomicomical syrup and brandy.

The Breath of Life. By GEO. CATLIN. New-York: JOHN WILEY.

VANITY FAIR hails in this board-bound book a work by which more people are bound to be bored than by any other of the season. The class to which we refer is the very expansive one of people who are unable to Shut Up—the object of the publication being to prove that consumption, bad teeth, snoring, and many other vices are all caused by the habit of breathing through the open mouth. For our own part we believe that G. C. intends simply to accustom people who expect to live South not to talk too freely. Curiously illustrated, with very wooden cuts of strange and antique style.

The Semi-Attached Couple. Boston: T. O. H. P. BURNHAM.

Wafered together, you know—not firmly tied—slip-noosed, not sailor-knotted—many such couples, not merely morganatic but married. Couleur de rosy, lord and lady style—easy reading, and like *Semi-Detached House* shows good intentions, no pretensions, and with no complicated detentions of plot. Go thou and do happy, and ye shall virtuously be likewise.

The Alchemist or the House of Claes. New-York: RUDD & CARLETON.

From the French of BALZAC by O. W. WIGHT, and FLIRTATION B. GOODRICH. The Alchemist who lived in this House of Claes did not exactly throw stones at people, (goak on the word Glass,) but did throw away his fortunes in hunting the Fool-osopher's Stone. Otherwise known as the Absolute, an expression which we gladly retain as expressing the Absolutely Excellent manner in which the translation has been done.

THE NEW CUSTOM-HOUSE REGIME.

Thousands just now have a deep and touching affection for the massive and gloomy granite structure, between Wall and Pine streets, known as the New-York Custom House, and architecturally imitative of the Temple of Jupiter on the *Mons Capitolinus* of ancient Rome. To these it has long given bread, and boots of shining patent, and garments of handsome cloth and cut, and they hope no desuetude in its continuance of the life-staff, pedal patent coverings, and wherewithal to look tailors calmly in the face. Tens of thousands have written applications for clerkships, with addendative lists of references. These, too, are hopeful of monthly pocketings of Uncle Samuel's gold.

You seven hundred and twenty-three employees of the Custom House, you deputies, you clerks, you guagers, you inspectors, you day and night watchmen, you boarders of vessels, you messengers, and you regimental hosts of applicants, cease your hoping, unless you choose to become—

We will explain the new régime. We have it authoritatively.

Mr. BARNEY, the new collector, is a Spiritualist; and spiritualists social reformers, and eaters of bran bread, are to hold future sway in the Custom House. What a change! Can imagination compass it? Can language describe it? Set busiest fancy in motion. Instead of ANDREW JACKSON Democrats, we see ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS-A-VIS. In the places of men humanly dressed, humanly barbered, and affable, and the jovial and rubicund faces we have been accustomed to seeing, we gaze upon men long haired, immoderately whiskered, garments of melancholy black and gloomier cut, wide turn-over collars, cheeks sunken, and complexions cadaverous—so many animate mummies, in fact, fantastic of figure, and about them an air repellingly mournful. We hear strange sounds, see glimmerings of strange lights, the pen-holding hands have a strange jerky motion, stools wonderfully gyrate, desks mysteriously move, unearthly rappings are heard, and voices startle us with their sepulchral intonations. We hurry into the outer air.

And this is not all.

Circumadjacent eating houses furnish only brown bread, pea soup, and mush. No fluid other than lacteal, and very weak tea, can be had nearer than three blocks away. *Sic omnia mutantur.*

"NOW THEN--MOVE ALONG THERE!"

Many of our cotemporaries are speaking good words in these days, and the following from the *Times* is one of them:

"Could the seven thousand Irishmen, who asked a place in the ranks of the Sixty-Ninth on the day of its departure, have been received and formed into regiments, they would have hurried themselves into the National Capital with a force which not a dozen intervening Marylands could check. But sluggish routine and cautious prudence rule the day, and the hammers that should be pounding rebel heads are driving nails in military barracks here, five hundred miles from the furthest Northern point which even the wildest rebels hope to reach."

That is so. It is very decidedly so. If there were no red-tapeism winding about the limbs of Free Action, if there had been no shilly-shallying politeness and "all due deference" to the feelings of the Eastern Tobacco States, Washington would have been all right within a week, Virginia would have been held neck and heels, and Secession forced back into its poison swamps to yellow fever it by itself till past. Moreover—and this is worth thinking over also, Messieurs—we might have saved a few ships and property worth a few millions of dollars—something in these times! So they say.

However, there is indeed no use in deploring spilt milk—but let us take care that no more be spilt. Let Mr. SEWARD and other Washington gentlemen forget the pleasant dinners with JEFF. DAVIS, and cosy chats through half the night with his Seceding ex-friends, and try to see them as they are—bitter, treacherous, unscrupulous enemies—enemies of the real rattlesnake type, with the sharpest of poison fangs.

Think and act promptly—this is no time for fooling. The North has men, factories, material—everything requisite to Master the Situation—she only wants prompt generalship.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN—don't let History write you down as Slow! You have it in you—You have grit—be Capable.

BE IT REMEMBERED.

That the Camden and Anaconda Rail Road Company, with the Philadelphia, Wilmington, and Baltimore Roads, have, with their usual shark-like spilt, "declined to abate a single cent from their usual rates for first-class passengers," in carrying troops, though many others have done the same at half price, and in some cases for nothing.

The N. Y. *Tribune* very properly suggests that these roads be seized and used by the Government—a proposition to which it is needless to say, VANITY FAIR fully agrees, trusting that our cotemporaries will give it as full ventilation. "Gentlemen" who avail themselves of times like these to play the sharp game may very suddenly find themselves tripped up. There is such a thing as being too rapacious—and there is also such a thing as Retribution. Government, which takes, and very properly, too, the persons of citizens for war, may quite as well borrow the property of a great, greedy, selfish, and unpopular corporation.

But then the Company have given several thousand dollars to the Union cause! Oh yes. We see you, though. Suppose you give while about, all the profits on the troops transported?

On the whole we think that Government had better run the road for itself. Editors of Northern papers please notice!

The Catspaw.

It is generally thought that the unfortunate cat whose paw was used by the vicious monkey to rake chestnuts out of a hot fire, was indeed an object of compassion.

But what shall we say to Maryland and Virginia who unasked, unsolicited by the villainous Tiger Cat of Cottondom have thrust their weak paws right into the fierce flame of Northern vengeance. And what will they make by it? Ruin and wretchedness. One month ago Virginia had it in her power to avert *full nine-tenths* of all the horrors of this impending war. She could have placed herself as a barrier between the fire and powder, but she would not. And for this, nine-tenths of all the horrors will fall on her and on Maryland alone. They have cast their lot with devils, and will fare as such victims must. Woe to the grain which comes between the mill-stones. For it shall be crushed, and that utterly.

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,
MAY 11.

1861.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, AT 100 NASSAU STREET, NEW YORK.

PRICE, THREE DOLLARS PER ANNUM—SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS.



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Mother—"BENJAMIN THERE IS GOING TO THE WARS—WILL THERE NOT LET THERE THOUGHTS COME HOME SOMETIMES?"

Benjamin—"YEA MOTHER."

Mother—"AND, BENJAMIN—THERE IS GOING TO THE WARS—WILL THERE NOT LET THERE BAYONET GO HOME ALWAYS?"

Benjamin—"YEA MOTHER—YEA."

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SO REPORTED.



IF good news can make people happy, then the Seceders must be continually in a tip-top-most state of felicity. Wherever it comes from, or whoever makes it, one thing is certain, that they Get It—and the very best of it at that.

Thus within a week they have learned

That OLD ABELIES drunk for three days at a stretch.

That the Seventh Regiment were mince-meated at Washington.

That General SCOTT has gone over to the other side.

That the Yankee Secessionists have risen in tremendous force and suppressed the Unionists.

That SIMON CAMERON has humbly begged for a sixty day's truce.

That Col. LEE, the traitor, is bombarding Washington from Arlington Heights, and using it up rapidly.

That riot, rum and rapine are roaring madly through our Northern cities.

That the Massachusetts volunteers, consist entirely of "starved paupers," who enlist for the sake of the rations.

That the Seventh Regiment will not fire on Maryland troops.

That North of MASON and DIXON we are all going to the Old Boy as fast as Ruin can carry us.

Every line of the above is literally and faithfully believed at the present instant, all over the entire South. Not by the Common People alone, but Everybody—that is to say, everybody except the politicians who get the rumors up, and head the Movement.

That's a pretty *Credo* to run through. "Lying," said NAPOLÉON, "is also a power." Yes—it is the power which set the whole Secession movement to going, which kept it going, which steams it up now—and which will finally ruin it. Such is life! in Dixey.

HIGH ART.

As the careful observer who perambulates our by-ways and sequestered squares will sometimes let his eyes take roost among the skymost branches of the dejected metropolitan tree, he cannot fail to be struck by the progress made in a certain branch of art, since the torch of war has ignited the kerosene with which the lamp of New-York life seems to be somewhat too liberally supplied.

The branch of art to which we refer is, for the most part, immediately connected with the branch of a tree. It possesses the advantage over all other recognized branches of art—that it entirely repudiates nature as a model; and its result is known as the *effigy*.

A brief review of the works of this class that have lately come within our notice, may be acceptable.

The subject of each one of them, without any exception, has been drawn from the Southern side of MASON and DIXON's line; while the sentiment has, with like impartiality, been wrought out with the assistance of a stoutish hempen line.

One of the most striking of these works viewed by us—for, owing to some faulty arrangement of the Hanging Committee, it struck us with its only boot over the left eye, as we passed in pensive mood—was that executed by Master JULIUS C. TOMPKINS, of the square bearing the latter name. So faithful was this to our preconception, that it needed not the placard upon the cylindrical breast of straw to inform us that it was JEFFERSON DAVIS who swung there before us. It is well known that the President of the Rebel States has never a button to any of his garments; and this fact has been ably seized by Master TOMPKINS, who has basted together the drapery of his subject with twine; while, at the same time, he has obtained a valuable bit of contrast by hanging it upon a Button-wood tree.

In Christopher Street, as you go toward the North River, as well as if you are proceeding in any other direction, there is a small

square, of which we do not know the name. That it is a Square is manifest, however, from its essentially triangular form—a feature which appears to be peculiar to the minor squares of New-York. Here there is on exhibition a remarkably fine strawograph of ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, Vice President of the Uncertain States. Biographers inform us that the person in question came of poor but honest parents. From the numerous and complicated patches out of which the only garment of this figure—trousers—are fabricated, we see that the parents were poor. Let us hope that they were honest. This piece is from the *camera obscura* or dimly lighted garret-room of the youthful and sprightly BILL DEVINE. But the artist is candid as well as clever, and informs us that the materials were furnished to him by one COLLOPY, a well known *chiffonier*. The figure which, with a fine stroke of satire, hanks bootless from a remarkably rotten-looking branch, weighs only ninety-six pounds—the exact weight of the original, according to many able writers for the public press.

Proceeding on our tour of those air galleries of art, we are induced to go up an alley, which leads into a small open court-yard in the centre of which grows a lone alanthus tree. Far up in the branches of this tree, a modest artist, whose name we were unable to learn, has executed—by hanging, a truly remarkable work. More finished than either of the other pieces already noticed by us, this figure betrays no outer suggestion of the Southern Secessionist Man of Straw. And yet we know at a glance that it is BEAUREGARD. The tightly buttoned military frock-coat; the impassive pasteboard mask with its drooping black moustache; the impatient jerk of the somewhat shabby patent leather boots, as the figure swings uneasily to the mocking dalliance of the breeze; all these are characteristic of the hot Southern fire-eater of French descent. There is some very bad color in the mask; particularly the florid impasting of the nose, which gives one the idea that a constant State of Beer, instead of the inconstant State of South Carolina, must be the natural or native one of the rebel General. That Hanging Committee again! This work should not have been placed so low down. It should have been hung upon the line—that is, upon the clothes-line that crosses the Court-yard from North to South at the fourth story.

Rent Free.

Philadelphia is a gay place for Virtue, and especially for the Temperance division thereof, as practiced by poor Gardeners and Mechanics. As is proved by the following cheerful and encouraging lyric sent to the Philadelphia *North American*:

Two three story Brick Houses Rent free,
None but Tee-totallers need call on me.
To any poor Gardener or Mechanick
Who is not afflicted with the panic,
Call in Barker, near 18th street,
Where I will be ready Daily to meet.

It is needless to say that this contribution to the cause of Temperance emanates from that distinguished poet, philanthropist and posy provider, T. LOYD, Jr.

Awful Bad Ones.

BY AN ONLY DAUGHTER.

First Bad—Why is WENDELL PHILLIPS like DON JUAN?

Because the latter was a man of one H(a)idee.

Second Bad—Why are the guests at the Slam-bang Hotel like mermaids?

Because at almost any time in the day or night they have an opportunity to mingle their song with the *gong-dolier's* strain.

Third Bad—The first instances of photographic art were unquestionably the fashion plates with which the Magazines were occasionally embellished, even before the alleged discoveries by DAguerre, for it cannot be denied that these were the first Toggerotypes.

Police, Attention!

You can always identify a Secession spy by his Sin-astir look.

Things in Preparation for Scouring the Country.

Hot water, "Soap," and Brushes with the enemy.

For Jeff. Davis' Private-Ears.

Noose from the North.

INK ILLÆ LACHRYMÆ.

To such of our readers as are not conversant with the stately language of ancient Rome, it may be interesting to know that the principal pun in this article resides in the word *Ink*, which we have substituted for *Hinc*, in our head-line. The most spirited translation of the words *hinc illæ lachrymæ*, that we know of, is to be found in our own vernacular saying—"which accounts for the milk in the cocoa-nut."

It was a brilliant morning in April. The diluculous sun was irradiating with splendor the half-nude clothes-line that flopped listlessly upon the flat roof of No. — Amity Street.

CLARIBEL was watching in the basement. Her face wore an anxious expression, as she pressed convulsively with her curvilinear nose the second middle pane from the bottom of the lower division of the easternmost underground window of the princely mansion, which commanded an unobstructed view of a flower-pot, beyond which lay the lonely street.

Presently the breeze came burdened with the loud blare of brazen bugles from the Washington Parade Ground.

Then the quick, sharp word of command, "Forward! March!" Then the measured tread of armed squadrons debouching with their right upon the druggist's shop at the corner of Wooster Street and Amity.

As the steel ringing men-at-arms defiled past the house upon the flat roof of which the semi-nude clothes-lines were flopping listlessly at the sun, a young *chasseur* of noble mien sprang from the ranks, and, rushing in a manner regardless of the flower-pot toward the already-mentioned pane in the above-described window, imprinted a glassy kiss upon the lips that pouted immediately beneath the curvilinear nose to which we have already drawn the attention of the reader.

Three paces to the rear and a half-turn to the left, and the young man was again in the ranks; and the ranks made no remarks, but proceeded doggedly on their debouch, as if Love was nobody.

And then from the basement a piercing scream, and the young girl with the curvilinear nose fell fainting upon the mahogany and hair-cloth sofa, making some very artistic casts with the folds of her spring-muslin as she descended.

Her last words were—"O! my RINALDO JOROLLYMAN?"

First her fond parents came to her relief: then tears.

O! horror! black is the hour of woe!

As the sad, and possibly saline drops rolled down the pallid cheeks of the young girl, they traced their headlong—perhaps we might be justified in saying facelongs—course with inky lines!

The old gentleman and lady fainted dead away, and were immediately carried up stairs by the strong negro kitchen wench, and put back to bed.

When the family physician came in—as he did, promptly to the convulsive summons of the small brother of the young girl with the curvilinear nose, the first thing he did was to dip the fore-finger of his right hand in one of the inky globules that still continued to follow each other, like rolling stock on the loose, down the smooth cheeks of the afflicted young girl.

Then he tasted his fore-finger: subsequently to which he winked at the statue of Clay which stood upon the mantle-piece; and finally closed that part of the performance by laughing the noiseliest, inward laugh of the man who knows what he is about.

"Ho! JACKY, fetch me your sister's work-basket."

The delicate little hamper was produced.

Removing from it with care a silver-winged sewing-bird, two lace p^ont^ol^otte frills and some other sanctified *chiffons*, the physician nipped up between his fingers, but without the assistance of his thumb, an oblong slip of paper, which upon examination, was found to fit exactly into a corresponding vacuum in an evening journal of the day before yesterday, that lay crushed and crest-fallen in the fireless grate.

That slip of paper contained the following words:

NEW STYLE OF BEAUTY.—It is said that the *haute noblesse* of Paris have taken to blackening their under eye-lids. This not only imparts the languishing liquidity of oriental beauty to the eye, but actually endows it with the almond shape so highly prized by the beauty-worshippers of the radiant East. Doubtless our Broadway *belles* will soon follow the example of their brilliant sisters of the gay *boulevards*; in view of which it might be a good thing for GOUPIL and SCHAUS to import a supplementary stock of India ink with their next assortment.

Comment upon the above is unnecessary.

The Artist-Patriots.

The Artists who volunteered lately have since Drawn but one thing—the Sword.

THE UNKINDEST CUT OF ALL.

If there is a man in the Disunited States who merits commiseration, that man is our Honest President. We suppose that a weight of many tons rests continually on his mind and spirits. Unless ABRAHAM's liver is uncommonly tough, we take it he is about the most bilious individual on the globe, at the present writing. People in general make it a point to snub him. We doubt whether he even pleases himself. Folks from the rural districts feel privileged to call on him and administer reproof, advice, warning, and whatever else they think he wont like. Well, an easy, amiable soul can perhaps manage to stomach it, with the aid of steam-baths, friction, and now and then a gentle aperient. But when they come away as did the Rev. FULLER and his thirty modest and christianized citizens of Baltimore, who had been kindly telling him what he ought to do—and go and lay at his door not only "a sort of rude familiarity," and a sort of swaggering simplicity adapted to the region of the Dismal Swamp, but some fearfully bad jokes besides, why, we think it time to hold up our hand and cry "For shame! FULLER, how could you!"

To illustrate:

"As the delegation was leaving, Mr. LINCOLN said to one or two of the young men, 'I'll tell you a story. You have all heard of the Irishman who, when a fellow was cutting his throat with a blunt razor, complained that he haggled it. Now, if I can't have troops direct through Maryland, and must have them all the way round by water, or marched across out of the way territory, I shall be haggled.'"

Pshaw! "Old ABE" has done better than that with one hand tied behind. Rev. FULLER, you of course remember that on one occasion certain garments were so white that "no fuller on earth could white them." Now we consider ABRAHAM LINCOLN's skirts so clean that no FULLER on earth can touch them. Why did you take your impudent and treason-smirched face into the presence of your superior and ruler, and presume to dictate the course he should pursue. And then, you reverend traducer, why did you allow the mean report to which we have alluded, to go out to the world? Baltimore is a fit place for such as you. After doing what you can to ruin ABRAHAM's reputation as a joker, we suppose you will next insinuate that he is "no Honester than the rest of us"—meaning yourself and your thirty saintly companions. But then FULLER you will fail.

THE YARD-ARM TREE.

I.

O! the trees on the land that grow, that grow,

And the fruits that they produce

Demand to be sung with vigor, I know,

For each of them has its use.

To the oak and the beech much credit is due,

To the birch we have all dropped a tear,

And as for the pine, what teachings divine

To its gum-clogged knots adhere!

But now that treason stalks the shore

And sails upon the main,

The tree that most is worth a toast

From all of loyal grain,

Is the taper Yard-Arm Tree

That grows on a ship in the sea.

II.

Up from the Isthmus we steam, we steam

With treasure in our hold;

Bars and dust that take no rust

And nuggets of yellow gold.

Down on our quarter sweeps a bark

Flaunting the Cotton Flag;

A rebel bark, with a letter of marque

And they strive to get our swag,

But they reckoned without our skipper brave,

And grand it was to see

The bloated Cotton blossoms wave

Upon our yard-arm tree:

So here's to the Yard-Arm Tree

That grows on a ship in the sea!

Saying a Great Deal.

The recent patriotic demonstration of BARNUM, (PHINRAS T.) on the side of the Union Shows, says SPIFFLEKNICKER, that, like HAMLET, he has "that within which passeth Show."

And No Mistake.

By the braggart proposition recently made "on behalf of 10,000 South Carolina volunteers" by one of their number, to the effect that the whole militia force of Massachusetts should go down and meet them—the 10,000 aforesaid—in battle array, we infer that the rebels are "on pins," as the saying is, to have a fight with us. It is almost needless to say that when the fight does come they will be "Knocked Off their Pins precious quick."

Musical and Military.

A musical critic asserts that there is more Fire in VERDI's "*Un Ballo in Maschera*" than in all his musical operas together. Perhaps the critic was thinking of a Masked Battery instead of a Masked Ball when he talked about Fire.

On the Parade.

"Dress up, there, dress up!" shouted the drill sergeant to a squad of likely looking recruits.

"Couldn't dew it, sir!" returned one of the boys—"Eunifurms ain't furnished yet!"

An Old One Reformed.

Although the cloths used for the Sixth Regiment Massachusetts troops may not run Uniform in color, yet we think the uniform and colors will not be apt to run, after passing through the Blood-tubs of Baltimore.

Con: for the Fathers.

Why is Marriage like a fat municipal job?

Because The Ring fixes it!



LA VIVANDIERE.

Old Irish Lady—"IS IT HERE THEY INLIST? SURE AN YE MAY PIT ME DOWN."

Orderly—"BUT MY GOOD WOMAN WE DON'T TAKE FEMALE SOLDIERS."

O. L.—"OCH, GO WAY WID YEE, SURE IT'S FOR A FILL DE REGIMINT THAT I'LL INLIST AND SELL WHISKEY TO THE BYE."

THE SITUATION.

AS VANITY FAIR sees it. And a very peculiar situation it is.

There's the *Tribune* to begin with. HORACE GREELEY nominated LINCOLN and expected to have his hands and hat full of loaves and fishes. Didn't get everything, however, and so turned on SEWARD who had the inside track, and, in popular parlance, gave him fits. General verdict, Served him Right. All of which did not excuse the desperate effort to break up "the party," by the *Tribune*, and its ferocious insubordination.

The *Times*, yes, the *Times*, expected everything too, and got just nothing at all—which was rather hard on the *Times*, Uncle ABRAHAM—for RAYMOND deserved something, you know, and you didn't give him so much as a mouldy biscuit or the tail of a red herring out of the loaves and fishes. Gay fare that for the ravenous throat of a New-York politician. Wherefore the *Times* does not "see" Mr. LINCOLN—nay—it roars for Secession, flouts the President for not being more than NAPOLEON in the greatest emergency in history, wants everything done in five minutes, and is making trouble and mutiny on a most extensive scale. Doing some good, however, all the while, by savagely suggesting many essential points of reform, and scoring Red Tape keenly.

There's WEBB again, of the *Courier and Enquirer*. General WEBB was one of the Great Disappointed—felt like a hungry bear with a sore head—and yet was afraid to pitch into the Administration—after turning up his nose at Turkey. It must come out, though—and so the General pitched into ANDERSON—and ate dirt afterwards.

Finally, there's the *World*.

The *World*—according to RAYMOND, expects something, and is bidding for SEWARD's patronage, and is well known to have one or two strong cabinet ties to the President. Therefore the *World* thinks the others very naughty and wicked to act as they do. Very unpatriotic, and aggravating and treasonable. Very irreligious, very unworthy, in fact, of receiving Government pap—or individual advertising.

When the Romans, in the last great day of destruction, waged

war on Jerusalem, different chiefs of factions quarrelled and fought to the death within, while the foe were catapulting and batter-ramming the walls without.

Such is life. These be thy gods, O, Jerusalem!

Which confirms the frequently expressed opinion of VANITY FAIR, that our politicians are a nice lot. Very nice, and highly qualified to take charge of the destinies of a great nation.

BEAUREGARD.

In philologic vein,
The thought came to my brain,
That *Beau Regard*, in France,
Means a "good countenance."

And then I tried, but missed,
To give the thing a twist;
Some joke to interlard
On General BEAUREGARD.

At last, this quip I wrought
Out of the merry thought:
How BEAUREGARD was chosen
To lead the Union's foes on.

That Carolina's shame
For her disloyal game,
Might—in slang phrase—have "Gone it
With a good face upon it."

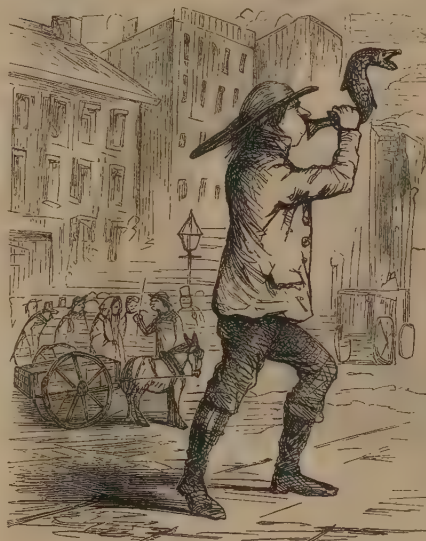
An Exceptional Case.

A laugh is generally contagious. The gay smile of jocundity exacts from the beholder a reciprocal dulcification of features: but the expression of a thirty-two pound cannon, as it grins at a person through a port-hole, is productive of sensations the reverse of hilarious.

A OAD.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF THE RAYCINT SAIGE.

BY AN OYE-WITNESS.



E sacred 9,
Ye nymphe
divine,
Benignantly
bestow re-
gyard,
That I may
sing
Wid chune-
ful sthring
The brilliant
ax of Beau-
regyard.
Wid North-
ern moight
In famous
foight
I saw our gal-
lant fel-
lows cope;
Mescif was
there,
An from the
rayre
Oi oyed thim
thru a telee-
scope.

The Prisdint,
JIF DAVIS—
wint

Where Charleston's wathers wandhers on,
The fort he sawr,
And raved and swore
And vowed the fall of Andherson.
Wid bristlin baird
That same prepared
To rush the Northern brood among,
And sweep them hay-
Thins all away
In one schupindous *coup de main*.

Bowld Beauregard
Was swearin hard,
And mustherin every bomb he had,
His sword he dhru,
His pistol too,
An mounted his Columbiad.
His valiant face
Gave ample trace
Of all the fairful harm he meant
When he should close
Upon his foes
Wid all his goiant armament.

The Ginerall screwed
Our fortichude
Wid whisky an wid flattery,
He scanned our ranks,
He oyed our flanks,
And scrutinoized our bathtery.
In spaichless awer
The City sawr
Unindin future glory hers,
For fifty min
Wud shure give in
Till twenty thousand warriors.

Then rose in moight
This wondherous foight
Around the walls of Sumter there,
The trumpets clanged,
The cannoos banged,
The cannon balls they bumped her there,
The volleys poured,
The mortars roared,
The sheets of flame surrounded it,

And monsther guns
That weighed tin tuns,
From all directions pounded it.

Wid throbbin brist
And doubled fist
I sot wid wild emotions there;
I saw the foe
Repel the blow,
An scatter back explosions there;
The foiry rain
Came down amain,
The bathtery fallin nasty on
Till all our groups
Of valiant troops
Crep in behoid the bastion.

Amid the roons
Our bowled platchoons
Reserved themselves judiciously,
At intervals
They oyed the walls
Of Sumter surreptitiously.
So friends and foes
Exchanged their blows
And sthroive till shake and shatter all;
And this desoign,
I do opine,
Is nothing more than natural.

This murderin war
At length was o'er,
Wid all its martial rivliry;
The fifty min
At last gave in
Till Carolina's chivalry.
Wid kindlin oye
I did descroy
The joyous sthrain that sounded there.
An wid relaife
I heard our chafe
Remark that none were wounded there.

I heard the croy
Of Victory,
I saw the foe absquatulate;
The Southern force
I praise of course,
An cordially congratulate.
For Caroline
A wraith I'll twoine,
Of names that stirs and quickens us,
In all that same,
There's not a name
Of nobler sound thin Pickens's.

GOLIAH O'GAHAGHAN,

Bombardier to the Confederate Artillery.

A BAS SANDFORD.

That fussy old fog, Gen. SANDFORD, is at it again. For nothing else in the world but for the sake of showing his "little brief authority" he attempted to stop, last week, some two or three hundred brave fellows from marching off to fight the Southern rebels. Just as the regiment of our gallant fire-laddies was on the point of departure, down came an order from foggy SANDFORD to stop. Foggy objected to the departure of the regiment, it seems, because there were more than 770 men in it. To the patriotic mind, this overplus would indicate rather a commendable spirit in our firemen than otherwise. But Foggy, who prefers quibbling to patriotism any day, didn't think so. Hence his veto. Col. ELLSWORTH was, of course, crippled by this order from his superior officer. A Committee of Gentlemen, with the intention of getting him out of his hobble, waited upon Gen. SANDFORD, and expostulated with that military fossil. But it was of no avail. Fossil wouldn't budge. The Committee, then, in despair, went to Gen. WOOL, who, upon the case being represented to him, did as any other sensible General would have done, and the Firemen Zouaves, after a delay of several hours, were at length permitted to depart for Annapolis.

Won't somebody squelch SANDFORD, please, and so confer a boon upon the community?



A SUSPICIOUS CRAFT

SHORT (*authoritatively*).—"LOOK-A-HERE, OLE FELLER, YER BETTER SHOW YER CULLERS ONTO THAT CRAFT, EF YER DON'T WANT TER GIT KICKED IN THE NECK."

BOW-WOW!

It has long been a favorite theory with Primary Readers, JOHN B. GOUGH, the Sons of Temperance, *et alii*, that man is the only animal so utterly debased as to drink whiskey.

Read this from the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and see how sadly the good people have been mistaken:

Lost—A Scotch Terrier, on Sunday afternoon answers to the name of "Punch," ears and tail cut, yellow head and feet, with dark grey body. Whoever will return him to the east corner of Remsen and Henry streets, will receive a suitable reward.

There! Voila! Behold! Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in Askelon, (you may in VANITY) in this enlightened nineteenth century, in the City of Churches, and the home of the Young Men's Christian Association, a Scotch Terrier, not an ordinary, irreligious, stump-tailed cur, mind you, but a regular orthodox, Presbyterian, Scotch Terrier, a Terrier from the land o' cakes, one that no doubt can howl the dogs-ology as well as any other Scotchman, answers on Sunday, aye, on Sunday, perhaps even while BARTLETT's church-bells are ringing, to the vile name of PUNCH!

Think of it, Babes of the Covenant, and Cold Water men! Think of it, Men of the League! And you, oh, J. B. G—UGH! How must the children of the devil triumph! No longer may you shame ungodly suckers with scurvy comparisons between themselves and the canine race. No longer may you declare that dogs won't drink—here is one who won't come to his master of a Lord's day, in the afternoon, unless he is called *Punch*!!

Here, *Punch*! *Punch*! *Punch*!

What liquid title must charm his ears on week-days we know not. On Monday he is perhaps addressed by the seductive words, Gin Cocktail; on Tuesday, as Tom and Jerry; on Wednesday, as Brandy Sling, and so on. Or, the names of the various ingredients which go to make up the delicious compound yclept *Punch* may perhaps be applied to the Scotch on the unholy days of the week, it being reserved for the Sabbath to mingle them all into one triumphant beverage. Then, perchance, is the Terrier on Monday fondly addressed with the magic dissyllable, Whiskey, on Tuesday with the dulcet polysyllable, Sugar, on Wednesday, with the cooling, aromatic trochee, Lemon, and in like manner through the week.

Be that as it may, the dog's whiskey proclivities on the Sabbath afternoon are decided.

Bow-wow! *Punch*! here *Punch*!

ABLE AND ELOQUENT.

We have been a constant, and we may say an admiring peruser of Southern papers for many years, and have observed that the speeches of Southrons are invariably reported as "able and eloquent." Ability and eloquence are not, as the ignorant reader might suppose, confined to the populous towns. By no means. They abound in all the straggling hamlets, and whenever a barn or the devil is raised, somebody makes "an able and eloquent speech." The chivalry take to eloquence as naturally as they do to run, or stealing Government property.

The captain of a steam-tug was hanged the other day at Mobile for mildly stating that he had assisted in carrying provisions to the U. S. troops at Pensacola. "The enraged citizens," the *Advertiser* informs us, "strung him up, after which Colonel McSHANE made an able and eloquent speech, and was followed by other gentlemen." Hoping and believing that other gentlemen will shortly follow the murdered steam-tug captain, only they will have the advantage of being hanged by decent men, we pass to the next able and eloquent demonstration, which occurred at City Point, Virginia, one day last week. A party of incipient pirates from Richmond, learning that a one-horse shingle sloop, from Maine, was lying at the City Point wharf, proceeded thither and captured her. They met with no resistance of course, as the crew consisted of only half-a-dozen men and boys, while the pirates numbered full fifty persons, all armed to the teeth. Col. BROCKETT directed this perilous expedition, and of course BROCKETT made a speech. We quote from the Richmond *Dispatch*:

"Col. BROCKETT drew up his command in line, and marched aboard the vessel, and on making known his intentions to the captain, expressed himself in an eloquent and feeling speech, which drew tears to the eyes of nearly all the brave hearts around him."

Immense BROCKETT! Sweet tears! Brave Virginia!

Now with due respect to other volunteer regiments, who insist on going through Baltimore, VANITY FAIR's route is most decidedly through Richmond; and if any attempt is made to impede our onward march, believe us, there'll very soon be no Richmond in the field.

Virginia, you bad mother of good Presidents, we bid you a welcome adieu! Don't try to embrace us. Our character is above reproach. Touch us not.

SCOT FREE.

There is a terrible howling from the *Inferno* of JEFF DAVIS and Company, over the defection of WINFIELD SCOTT. The Pelicans have made themselves peculiarly mad, after their own absurd style, at having allowed themselves to be sold by the report that our brave old General had resigned his post in the army, to fall into the arms of traitors. The *Picayune* of New Orleans—a very playune sort of paper—praised Scott when he was suffered to be SCOTT bound; but blackguarded him the next day, when the report of his Southern affiliation was contradicted and it was fully proved that he was still SCOTT Free.

But if our glorious old Commander is still SCOTT free, don't let it be understood that the traitors are to go likewise. Not any! String them up, and let WINFIELD Win the Field with the help of strong Northern arms and their great Northern heart that throbs with the steady pulse of patriotic fervor. String them up—pay 'em SCOTT and LOT—in more Sootorum! Scotch the vipers—give them lots of rope—make 'em hop Scotch—and Miss HARRY PRISCOOT shall write their epitaphs.

In secula seculorum. Amen!

Crusty Criticism.

That was a severe thing got off by the Art-gossip man of the *Herald*, the other day. Talking of that charming piece of larder life, lately exhibited by our friend LEMONELLO, he said that he thought the Pie in it had rather a Pasty look.

No Confidence in Our Leaders.

So says our pious neighbor of the *World*. Quite so. The public never did have any confidence in your Leaders, dear old *World*. Never has, you know, in Good People.

The Cockney Brick-Carrier's Cry.

"Wot's the 'Ods, so long as you're 'appy?"



EMINENT MUSICIAN TO FRIEND.

"CHARLEY THEY SAY ALL THE ORGAN GRINDERS ARE FORMING A REGIMENT TO GO TO WASHINGTON—ALL THEIR PLACES VACANT! ISN'T THAT A FINE CHANCE FOR US?"

THE DOWNFALL OF GENTILITY.

One of the saddest features of the "fratricidal conflict" into which we have been "drifted," is the terrible depreciation of the character of a Gentleman.

Time was, when the phrase "upon the honor of a gentleman" invariably produced instant conviction . . . or a fight. Now, *nous avons changé tout cela*.

"A gentleman," says the *Herald*, "who has just left Richmond, informs us that there are fifteen thousand troops there, awaiting Gen. BEAUREGARD's arrival, to march upon Washington."

"We have it upon the authority of a private letter from a gentleman in Charleston," says the *Tribune*, "that Gen. BEAUREGARD is collecting his forces there, preparatory to investing Fort Pickens."

"A gentleman from Pensacola," says the *Times*, "tells us that he knows Gen. BEAUREGARD to be in the neighborhood of Washington, reconnoitering."

"Last night," says the *Evening Post*, "a Gentleman from Virginia informed one of our reporters that he left Richmond day before yesterday. Everything was quiet, and no troops were assembled in the city."

"We have it," says the *Express*, "on the authority of a Gentleman recently from the South, that Gen. BEAUREGARD is superintending the repairs at Fort Sumter, and has no idea of leaving Charleston."

"General BEAUREGARD," says the *Daily News*, "is in Montgomery, conferring with DAVIS. Our informant is a Gentleman who met him there in the streets, and talked with him."

Now then, who shall decide when Gentlemen disagree? We cannot believe that ubiquity is one of Gen. BEAUREGARD's attributes. Then the natural inference is that Gentlemen will tell lies, and we hold ourself ready to give all these communicative individuals the satisfaction due to a Gentleman.

More Truth than Joke about This.

J. DAVIS is perhaps mad enough to think about capturing the North Pole, but he must annihilate the Poles of the North before he can do it. Room for the Polish Legion of New-York!

Bitter Irony.

Iron in the blood is said to be conducive to health. If this is true, won't the Baltimore rowdies convalesce, extensively, whenever the Massachusetts boys come across them?

The "Tortures" of War.

X. thinks the military men are sharp, commercially speaking. He hears of nothing now but High Commissioners, Close Operations and men and supplies Thrown In.

Used to it.

Our Firemen Zoo-zoos will be invaluable men in a severe action—they are so well accustomed to working under a Hot Fire!

Admonition to the South by Our French Contributor.

Vous avez Beau regarder au nord—nous Sommes Davis unis pour vous pendre.

A Scrape into which our Brave Women seem quite anxious to Rush.

Scraping Lint for the "bold soldier boys" who have gone to the War.

By Our Judicial Joker.

To what decision must the South soon come?
To Dread SCOTT.

Dyer Necessity.

Red Hair and Gray.

Latest and Most Authentic.

JEFF DAVIS DEFINES HIS OWN POSITION.

[By Special Despatch via Richmond.]

In our desire to settle the conflicting rumors as to the movements of JEFFERSON DAVIS, we sent a Special Messenger to Richmond—thoroughly Disguised (so as to escape notice. The following dispatch is just received from him, and may be implicitly relied on:

DEAR V. F.—I have just seen a private telegram from JEFF DAVIS himself to a prominent military citizen of this place.. It is as follows:

SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY, May, 1861.
DEAR SIR:—I am nowhere in particular at present, and may be obliged to remain there for some time. Expect me, however, in Richmond, as soon as I arrive. Yours Respectfully,

JEFFERSON DAVIS."

[It is scarcely necessary to add that this is conclusive. Eds. V. F.]

"Poor Richard" Redivivus.

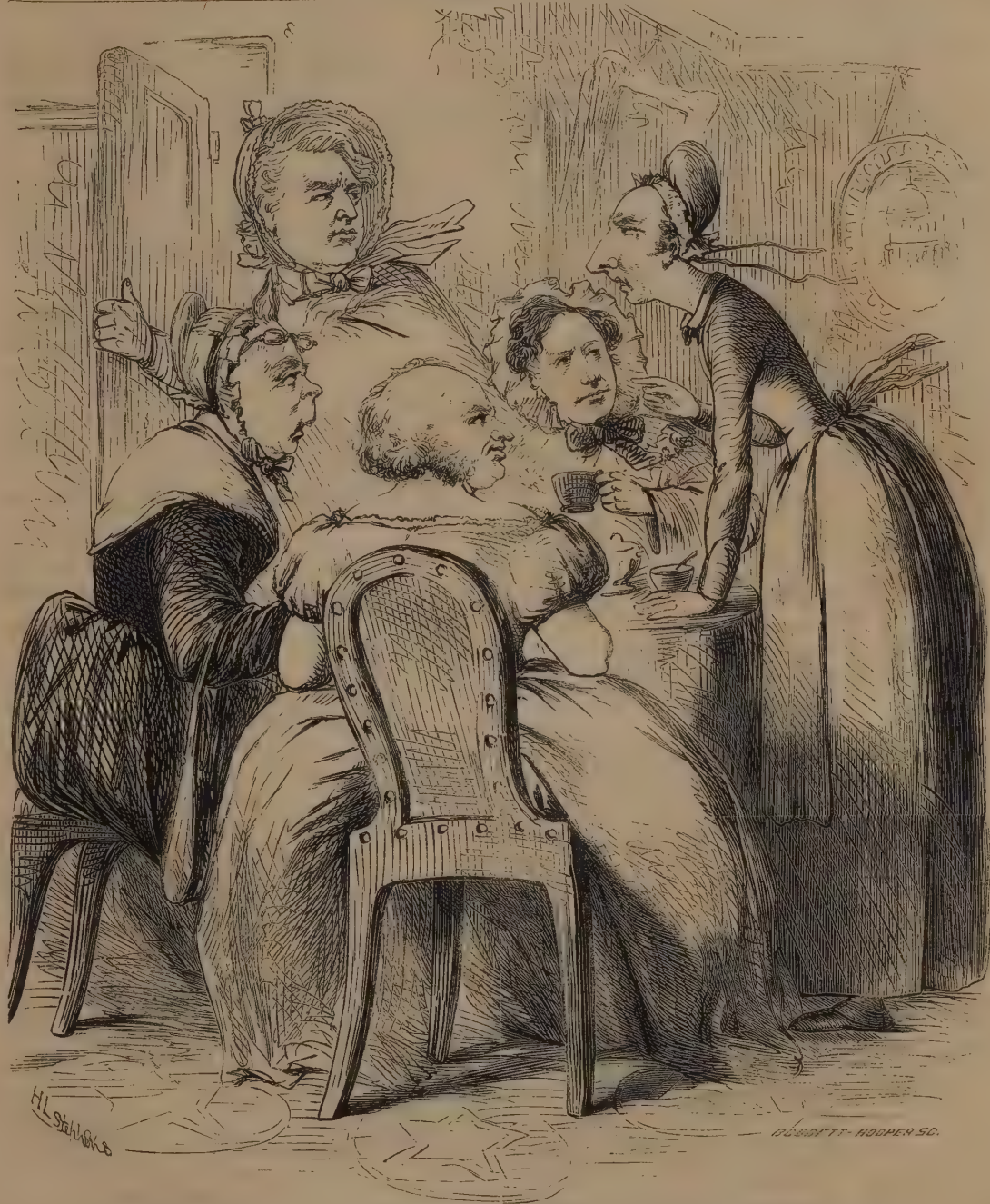
A Southern journal says that all the planters are educated to fight, and that "they love the whistle of bullets." Isn't the South paying rather dear for the Whistle?

The Best Campaign Paper.

Cartridge-paper.

A good Plug to stick into the mouth of a Cannon.
The Plug-ugly.

VANITY FAIR.



PROPOSED MEETING OF EX-PRESIDENTS.

VAN BUREN.—"I THINK I SHOULD PRESIDE AT THIS MEETING, FOR I LAID THE FOUNDATION OF THIS TREASON BY SPLITTING THE DEMOCRATIC PARTY ON THE BUFFALO PLATFORM."

PIERCE.—"I THINK I DESERVE ESPECIAL CONSIDERATION, FOR I PUT JEFF DAVIS IN MY CABINET AS SECRETARY OF WAR, AFTER HE HAD BEEN REJECTED BY THE PEOPLE OF MISSISSIPPI FOR HIS DISUNION SENTIMENTS."

BUCHANAN.—"GOD KNOWS I SHOULD HAVE PRECEDENCE, FOR WITH FLOYD AND THE REST OF MY CABINET I BROUGHT ABOUT THE PRESENT REBELLION."

JOHN TYLER.—"I DESERVE THE FIRST PLACE, FOR I AM IDENTIFIED WITH THE TRAITORS AS OPENLY WORKING FOR THE DISRUPTION OF THE UNION."

FILLMORE.—"AS POSITIVE COUNCILS ARE NOW ONLY AVAILABLE, AND AS I AM NOT IN THAT LINE, I'LL LEAVE."

THE ERL KING.

LITERALLY TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

Who's that trots so fast in the night and the wind?
It's the father; he's got his young one on behind.

He hugs him up tight, grabs hold of his arm,

And just before he started, he tied a bran new woollen comforter around his neck, which together with two overcoats he had on, ought to keep him pretty respectably warm.

"What are you scared of, my son, why put down your face!"

"'Cause the Erl-King's a coming at a jollying pace;

He's brought along with him his crown and his train."

"Stop your noise, you darned little scarecrow, 'taint nothin' but some streaky mist, and, come to think of it, it looks as though we might have, some time or other, if not sooner, a smart shower of rain.

"Come along, little boy, come along with me,
For billiards and bluff, and such, I'll play with thee;
Roses, poppies, &c. grow up in the sand,

And mother's got lots of gold dresses and silver dresses, and she'll give you some if you'll ask her; and you can wear your Sunday clothes every day as well as any in the land."

"O! father, O! father, and do you not hear
Nothin' at all that he says in my ear?"

"Hold your tongue, you drotted young fool, and keep holding it, too,

It's nothin' but a N. E. by S. W. wind that's rustling the leaves and dead branches—and there ain't no such a thing as a Erl-King; if there was, he wouldn't speak to you."

"Come, charming boy, come along with me,
I have stunning pretty daughters for to wait upon thee;
My lovely girls will dance and sing

All night long, and they'll dance you to sleep, or sing you to sleep, or rock you to sleep, or mesmerize you, or give you laudanum, or show you the elephant, just as you like, and they're very accomplished in everything."

"Look right over there, pop, don't you see
The Erl-King's daughters behind a tree?"

"No, no, you boy? but I know which you mean,
You're only looking at the willow leaves and the poplar leaves that always look, before a storm, gray on one side and white on the other, and when it ain't going to storm, look white on one side and gray on the other, besides the "murmuring hems and the pinelocks," and the waving dandelions, and numerous other shrubs and currant bushes that grow around in spots all through the forest green."

"Your form is of fine cast, your face is, of Course,
If you don't want to come, I'll take you by force."

"O! father, O! father, he's been a pulling my hair,
Or he's stunded me, or blinded me, or stuck a pin into me, or something, and perhaps both, and he's hurt me like thunder, and I'll bring him before the Police Court and have him fined five dollars, I swear."

The father heaves sighs and sets his horse flying,
With the boy in his arms, a bawling and crying;
He reached the Court-house in less than no time,

But he didn't ride fast enough, for when he got there, he found the boy was dead—and after giving orders for a second-hand coffin, and putting some weeds on his hat, he sat down on the door-step and wept; and like Rachel, the French tragic woman, mourning for her children—refused to be comforted because he was not—anywhere about the house to do up the chores and things; and indeed it was sad that he should die at the age of 12, only twenty or thirty years before his prime.

Right—Although Not to a T.

On the door-post of a shoemaker's shop in the Bowery, the following announcement is to be seen:

"Volunteers Fited Out at Short Notice."

Pronounced as it is spelt, this line reads thus:

Volunteers Fight it Out at Short Notice.

Take it which way you will, then, the announcement is creditable to the parties concerned—to the shoemaker, if it has reference to a Fit, and to the volunteers if it has reference to a Fight.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

SMITH'S ISLAND, DELAWARE RIVER, OPPOSITE NEW JERSEY, }
APRIL 26th, 1861. }

To His Excellency, Abraham Lincoln:

MY DEAR SIR.—You are aware that I have, for months, been using my best efforts to preserve the peace of the country. In spite, however, of my efforts, and your efforts, and the efforts of the whole people of Smith's Island, War is upon us. My apprehensions, often expressed to you, are realized. Civil war with all its purient proclivities, is now raging in Baltimore.

I will, therefore, take the liberty to suggest, that General Scott be directed to establish his headquarters upon Smith's Island. You remember that it is only a part of the Delaware that separates Smith's Island from the Slave States.

If you should see fit to call upon me for any aid that I can render, it is freely tendered. I am ready to do all I can to maintain our own rights and to preserve peace.

I will hoist the Star-spangled Banner at Hammer-Hall, the former residence of John Smith Sr., a linear descendant of the ancient and honorable Smith family. That flag which, when a boy, I nailed to the mast of an oyster-sloop—that flag whose honor cost me many a personal combat in Moyamensing, and at the Five Points—that flag which I hoisted for the Shiffler Hose and carried through the District of Southwark—that identical flag which I bore across in a Camden ferry-boat and hoisted in triumph at the Railroad station—that flag which the immortal Washington, in the name of our Country, OUR WHOLE COUNTRY, planted on the ramparts of Liberty!

Permit me to add, that I am glad you did not say anything about *Coercion* in your proclamation.

Faithfully yours,

JOHN SMITH.

(We are sorry to be obliged after a careful comparison, to assert that the above letter, however excellent its sentiments, is a flagrant and almost literal *plagiarism* from a letter published some time since, by a distinguished Commodore, in a neighboring State. Ed.)

A Sorry Compliment.

The *Herald* states that our Capitol at Washington, notwithstanding the presence of the Seventh Regiment within its sacred precincts, presents "as orderly an appearance as during a session of Congress."

We have yet to learn that the members of the Seventh Regiment are in the habit of indulging in coarse language toward each other, of drawing knives and pistols upon each other, of coming stealthily behind each other, and Brooksing each other with the butt-ends of loaded whips.

And yet, all such things, and worse, have taken place, from time to time, "during a session of Congress."

We think that the *Herald* owes an apology to the Seventh Regiment.

Hurrah for Blunt!

In the Board of Supervisors last week, ORISON BLUNT, of the Fifteenth Ward, offered a resolution (afterwards unanimously carried) to the effect that all clerks and others holding office under the city Government, who volunteer to aid in the suppression of rebellion, should have their salaries continued during their absence. This is an occasion, V. F. thinks, when the significance of the word "blunt" should be closely defined. When, therefore, we say "Down with the Blunt!" we wish it to be understood that we are addressing ourselves to the City Treasurer. But when, like good Christians, we pay our Orison and cry "Let Blunt be exalted!" we mean the judicious Supervisor, and nobody else.

The Flag Mania.

WHAT IT WILL COME TO!

(Scene—Broadway.)

ENTHUSIASTIC PATRIOT (to another man)—Have you such a thing as the Star Spangled Banner on your person.

THE OTHER MAN—No, I have not.

ENTHUSIASTIC PATRIOT—Ha! then thou diest!!! (Stabs him, and walks quietly away. Policemen appear and remove the corpse.)

"The Worm i' the Bud" Just Now.

The Red Tape Worm.

ALL ABROAD!



they were I would not boast of it. I never condescend to startle the public by proclaiming FORT SUMTER would NOT have FALLEN! if Government had used JAMES PYLE's Dietetic Saleratus. No sir! I leave these methods to those who need them, and to those who read them—I do neither.

And now, sir, as I wish to call the attention of the public through the columns of your paper—and do not wish to deceive any one, I wish you would give all fair warning that THIS IS AN ADVERTISEMENT.

A Puff.

And all who do not wish to read it, shall not be compelled or wheedled into it.

THE SUBSCRIBER takes pleasure in informing the public that he has opened an Establishment where Foreign Tours can be enjoyed in a short time, and for a merely nominal price. Those who are unable, by reason of want of time, to go abroad, can here, for a paltry sum, visit any spot in the known world, and be back in time for the next morning's business.

Tariff of Prices.

Two weeks in Paris	\$5.00
Ten days in and about Naples	3 00
A month in Japan	3.50
A moonlight evening in the Coliseum	.75
A tiger fight in India	2.75
A Pedestrian tour in England	1.25
Arctic Expedition, with dogs, sledges, &c.	2.50
A trip in the Southern States	.50

(tar and feathers extra.)

Voyage around Cape Horn 1.50

Others are being prepared, and will soon be ready.

Rooms for Ladies' use are also in preparation.

The process not yet being patented, the subscriber is willing to disclose his method, only to the following extent—that it is founded upon a judicious union of Indigestion, Somnambulism, and Stereoscopes.

Call early! Call often! Professor PERIWINKLE, N. E. 249th St. N. Y.

Now, sirs, as I should be happy at any time to see and entertain, free of charge, the Editors of VANITY FAIR, allow me a little detail. Imagine yourself at my building. You ring. A servant appears. You are invited in with that politeness which marks the cosmopolitan character of my establishment. You are ushered into a handsome parlor. My agent greets you with a pleasant smile, and asks—"Where will you travel this evening, sir?" You ask what we can furnish. The reply may be—"A trip to the East Indies, sir—a pleasant run across the Atlantic in the Great Eastern—an Arctic Expedition—a week in France—and a descent into Vesuvius." It may be, you choose! (it is generally the choice of the more refined)—a week in Paris. You are immediately furnished with a stereoscope and numerous first class stereograms of Parisian architectural and scenic beauties. With these you employ yourself delightfully, receiving meanwhile, explanations of the highest order from a pure Parisian attaché of the establishment. When you are sated with these views, a waiter brings you up a highly seasoned salad, and one or two cold hard-boiled eggs. You partake heartily, and from time to time glance through the stereoscope, while the explanations which before were given in the English language, are now clothed in the French—not so much to edify you as to leave a French impression on the mind. When your repast is finished, you are led up stairs to a large sleeping room, where, upon couches ranged regularly along the wall, lie many happy travellers. One, perhaps, is plunging into the wilds of South America. Another is climbing the rugged heights of the Alps. A third is digging eagerly in the yellow soil of California. And another still, examining the beauties of classic Greece. Skillful servants wander amongst them, here, hissing like an anaconda in the ear of the Amazon explorer, there, rocking the couch of a voyager and sprinkling his face with

O the Editor of Vanity Fair:—
I am an old school advertiser. I scorn the modern clap-trap method of calling the public attention. I have no wonderful secret to communicate in return for a postage stamp. For Me the sands of life are by no means nearly run out, and if

brine, and there reading an ode of ANACREON to our slumbering classic friend. You lie down upon the couch marked "France"—so marked that the servant may not mistake your destination and give you wrong attentions. A glass of Burgundy or absinthe, containing a strong preparation of Hashish, and you are on the way to *la belle France*. Soon the palaces, and bridges, and streets, and triumphal arches of Paris rise before you. Fascinated, you wander on the Boulevards. You touch your hat to the Empress as she rolls by, you visit the Royal Saloons, you roam through the streets, and see the magnificent fountains and statues. Frenchmen are on all sides; they swarm about you. Elegant equipages thunder by. Magnificent ladies glide past. All is France, France, France. Willingly would you stay a year in such an enchanting place, but soon, alas, your time expires—the inexorable attendant awakens you. Your delightful journey has ended.

However tempted I may be to argue that the production of such an effect from so limited and insignificant materials evidences true genius—modesty forbids me to yield, still you would be astonished at the simplicity of the method by which the illusion is kept up. We burn a match or two under the nose of a Vesuvian explorer; thrust a few pins into our friend on the Mosquito Coast, put a bottle of ice-water at the feet of the Arctic explorer, rubbing his nose with lamp oil also—and soaking a New York Observer in whiskey, lay it over the head of the tourist in the Southern States. We have put down the price of this last trip to a very low figure, because so few undertake it now-a-days, and hence, as you will see in our list of prices, we are obliged to charge extra for tar and feathers when they are ordered, as they should be to do justice to the subject.

But I will not trespass upon your columns. Our business, though but a new one, is well established, and we hope soon to do away altogether with the foolish loss of time and treasure which so many undergo for the pleasure of a FOREIGN TOUR.

Highly Important from Harrisburg.

Among a variety of equally startling telegrams in the daily papers of last week we found the following from Harrisburg:

Mr. EATON editor of the Pittsburgh Journal, reports that CHARLES A. PERKINS, and an ex-sheriff of Oswego county, New-York, came in a stage from Washington to Frederick.

We are at a loss whom to most admire, Mr. EATON, Mr. PERKINS, the ex-sheriff, or the stage. Much credit is also due the Pittsburgh Journal for having an editor named EATON. All are evidently equal to the crisis, including the stage.

Con: on Matelot.

Why are insecure Fortifications like Hand-spikes and Plug Tobacco?

Because they're apt to be carried by A Salt!

The most Fearful Plots yet.

The Grass Plots in City Hall Park.

Motto for Hibernian Non-combatants.

No Thrust!

A "Piping Swain."

A Boatswain.

A Palette-able Joke.

"CHURCH kept himself very much to himself, all the time he was painting those great Ice-burys," remarked CHROMIELLO to MADDERVILLE, as they were hard at work, coloring their meerschauts, a few days ago.

"Yes," said MADDERVILLE, with his usual quickness of wit; "but he must have been more Ice-elated still, when he had finished them, though."

Opinion of a Volunteer.

As every other man in the South is a "Colonel" or a "Major," all will probably want to Lead. Let the bold Southrons wait, however, till they meet the Yankee boys, when they will probably get Lead enough, in all conscience!

That Loan Again.

The latest advices concerning the Southern Confederacy Loan, state that a portion has been taken by the Charleston banks, another by the New Orleans banks, and the balance will be taken by the Faro banks.

A High Old Corps.

A company of infantry, it is said, is now organizing in Illinois, composed of men not under six feet two in height. Its members may be called Men of Large Miens.

An Elastic Spirit.

"Here I am in my Spring clothes!" as the Zoo-zoo said when he vaulted over the railings into Washington Park.



A DOLLAROUS COMPLAINT.

First Thief—I SAY HIKEY—THE PURFESSION'S RUINED. THEM DOLLAR JEWELRY SHOPS ROBS THE PEOPLE AND HUS TOO—HOUT AN HOUT!

WOE TO THE TRAITOR!

We are humane. We are loth to advocate cruel, or unsanctioned modes of warfare. The arms of civilized nations should never be sullied by unnecessary havoc. But in the sacred cause of National Honor we are prepared to employ against traitors means as effective as they are terrible!

Let the Southron beware!!

If our Patriotism be outraged—our forbearance abused. If other and milder means should fail. Then shall the slumbering Lion be roused within us, and we will scatter, exterminate, devastate, destroy, and dement the entire South! We will blot it (the South) from off the List of Nations! It (the South) shall be ranked among the Things that Were! It (the South) shall be overwhelmed with a ruin more dire than the Fate of Tyre and of Sidon!

We will:—

Incite servile insurrections? Worse!

Undermine the entire South with ten million tons of gunpowder and blow up the whole population? Worse!! Send a body of Newly Graduated Clergymen to preach their first and longest sermons? Worse!!!

We will—the blood curdles at the horror of the thought, and Human Nature shrinks appalled before the magnitude of the scheme of destruction—we will organ-ize a Regiment—a Brigade—an army—of Organ-Grinders with their Instruments of Torture, and, starting from Mason and Dixon's Line, we will sweep the routed Confederate forces to the extremes of Patagonia!

Such our Plan. No defences could withstand it. As Leader of such an expedition, our own life would be the first sacrifice, but we are ready to die for our Country!

Owns Up at Last.

In a *Herald* editorial, the other day, was this significant sentence:

"We change here in a single day."

Open confession is good for the soul, they say.

"Southern Rights."

Funeral Rites.

Unpatriotic—Very!

The *Leader*, in its issue for last week, made the following remark at the head of one of its editorials:

"The broad foot of the white man is moving rapidly toward the South."

We would respectfully intimate to Mr. CLANCY that this sort of thing won't do. It isn't a proper time when all our brave fellows are rushing off to fight for their country to allude to the size of their feet.

A Hoister on the Shell.

One of the correspondents of a daily journal, talking about the *physique* of the Baltimore Plug-Uglies, says—"Take almost any two of these atrocious-looking ruffians, and you will observe that they are as like one another as two peas."

Very well, then. Let us treat them as we do peas—Shell them.

Cons.

When does a ship's cargo become real estate?

When it is unloaded.

Why?

Because it is landed property.

Why are ladies like friction?

Because they wear hoops.

The French for Plug-Ugly.

If Baltimore, as people reckon, is
Of Maryland the chief metropolis,
Then her Plug-Ugly—a child she cannot disown,
Is certainly her chief metro-polisson.

Motto for Col. Pleasanton's Home Guards in Philadelphia.

By ONE OF 'EM.

Our Ways are Ways of Pleasanton, and all our Paths are Peace

PERKINS'S PURPLE.

MR. ROBERT HUNT, F. R. S., tells us that those beautiful colors called Solferino, Mauve, Magenta, Roseine, &c., are produced simply by mixing Aniline—the essence of coal tar—with different acids. In this way you can get any line of colors from pink to purple, very beautiful and very strong. Queer, isn't it? One PERKINS, while peeping into Nature, discovered the wonderful fact. Straightway, he took to himself a handle, and donned incontinently the purple. We hail thee, PERKINS, Prince, Imperator! Thou mightest have had a slightly more musical name, but still 'twill pass. 'Twill do to swear by. King PERKINS the First. Not so bad, after all. PERKINS-Porphyrigenitus.

It seems rather odd, at first thought, that a wee bit of nasty Coal Tar, saturated with a wee bit of acid, should make anything brilliant—the delight of damsels, the pride of Princes, the crowning glory of Cardinals. But it's a fact, nevertheless. The experiment can be tried very simply at any time—and in a very striking way. As thus:

Take a gymnastic Old Tar. Saturate freely with Jerseyatic Acid (vulgarily known as "Jersey Lightning"). Shake thoroughly. Strong blacks and blues are warranted to follow. Stars, too, are often seen.

Or, vary the experiment slightly. Let the problem be given thus: Given a wee Cold Tar, to find a method of coloring any shade from Pink to Purple. Pour in "the dye-stuff" *ad libitum*, and permanent colors will be seen in time. First, a pink, which at last becomes purple. If you want the colors clear and neat, use no water. A very fine shade is known to dealers by the name of "Perfect Brick." The last shade is a beautiful red—called "Nary Red." These colors are all remarkably fast.

The correctness of the work may be proved by reversing the operation. Mix carefully with the Tar a considerable quantity of "Blue Ruin." The Tar will form an Acid which will combine intimately with the nearest object. There is generally a beautiful chemical union. Add a little more of the coloring matter from time to time, and the Tar will become more potent than the strongest acids—even the Nitro-Hydrochloric, which consumes gold. This preparation of Tar will not only eat into gold and silver, but will destroy any object whatever placed within its reach. Its power, perhaps, is best shown on pewter mugs and black bottles, or on chairs, tables, and other furniture. The effect is oftentimes very striking.

So, we believe in PERKINS; item, in HUNT. What they don't know about Nature isn't worth knowing.

Singular Mistake.

The readers of the daily papers have been much disgusted every morning and evening by finding, on opening their diurnals to read the news, only a reiteration of these words:

"The Capital is Safe!"

We are enabled to inform the public that this persistent and monotonous assertion is the result of a singular telegraphic error.

Messrs Jones, Brown, Robinson, & Co., recently had their large manufactory destroyed by fire. Messrs. Locke, Key & Co., safe manufacturers, of this city, who had furnished Messrs. J. B. R. & Co with safes, immediately telegraphed to learn how their workmanship had stood the fiery ordeal. The reply was curiously bungled in telegraphing back, and was inserted in the news columns of the dailies at once, as a despatch to the Associated Press. It should have read:

"The Safe is Capital!"

Indeed!

It is a notorious fact that the English, as a people, are particularly fond of what is called, in the language of the ribald, "a hanging-match." Old WHAT-D'YE-CALL-'EM thinks this is the chief cause of bankruptcy among them, for he never reads in the London papers of any one going into the Insolvent Court until after he has had an Execution in the house.

From Our Drill-room Reporter.

"The North has got its back up now, in earnest, JACK," said a broad-shouldered volunteer, addressing another of like scapular latitude.

"Yes, and this is one of the Bristles of it," replied JACK, as he fixed his bayonet.

Best Articles to Convert into Trousers in Time of War.
Gunny Bags.

LORD LYONS.

AIR:—Lord Lovel.

I.

[This stanza illustrates what Gov. HICKS thought Lord LYONS would do, with the consequences thereof.]

Lord Lyons he stood at the Capitol gate
A-holding his milk-white steed,
When up came Lady NANCY SEWARD
To wish the bold Briton good speed, speed, speed,
To wish the bold Briton good speed.

II.

[This stanza setteth forth the conversation that Gov. HICKS thought Lord LYONS would have with the Administration.]

"Oh! where are you going, Lord Lyons?" she said;
"Oh! where are you going?" said she.
"I'm not going, but come," Lord LYONS replied,
"To 'mediate' in this controversy, sy, sy,
To 'mediate' in this controversy."

III.

[This stanza shows what the reply of Lady NANCY SEWARD ought to have been, but wasn't.]

"Now, just you go back," Lady NANCY then cried,
"Now just you go back," cried she;
"It's not 'mediators' but muskets we want
To settle this controversy, sy, sy,
To settle this controversy."

THE NIGHTINGALE.

It is said that exactly eleven hundred and ninety-eight young ladies have made application to the Commander-in-Chief to be permitted to go to Washington as Nurses for the Seventh Regiment. Good girls!

Which is rather more than a nurse apiece for the Boys.

VANITY FAIR has heard of the Horrors of War. If this be a sample of them, all it can say is to express extreme admiration of the gentleman who wished to sup his fill of Horrors.

It is interesting to observe, in this connection, how matters improve as the world advances.

In the old time Nightingales simply sang on the linden-trees, or at best carried messages for wounded knights, acting as a sort of Musical Penny Post.

Now, however, they do lots of good things. The Nightingale of old Romance is beaten so far out of sight by the dear modern NIGHTINGALES of Reality, as to fairly deserve to lose the name. The first has wings—the second is only an angel without them—the one sings—but its notes are not so sweet as those of the gentle nurse soothing and consoling the wounded.

Fair Nightingales—ere the war is at an end you will be needed in many a hospital and in many a field. We do not say "Be not backward." Woman was never yet backward in doing good—"first at the cross, last at the tomb." Only press on—inspired by the thought that of all whose mission it is to alleviate the tremendous misery inflicted by battle, none is so important as yours.

After which you will not fail to take particularly good care of the Vanity Fairies in the Seventh. They deserve it.

A Slight Mistake.

"You have Slighted me, sir!" exclaimed an adipose and irate citizen to a photographer, whose transcript of him was a good way short of perfection.

"Pardon me, sir," said the polite negativist, "but that was just my intention. I so posed you that you look Slighter in the photograph than in life."

To Printers.

If you happen to fall in with a Type of the Baltimore Plug-nugly, anywhere, under any circumstances, don't forget to Double Lead him.

Bon-ton.

Billy Wilson's Zouaves—"dressed to kill."

Number 80, Commencement of our **FOURTH** Volume

Will contain an original Letter from **ARTEMUS WARD**, written expressly for **VANITY FAIR**, relating to
The War Fever in Baldinsville.

VOL. 3.

NO. 73.

Saturday,

MAY 18,

1861.



THE WAY IT WILL BE DONE.

"I HAVE THIRTY BOYS ON MY PLANTATION WHO WILL STAND UP ANY DAY FOR SOUTHERN RITES."—(Sic. Rites.)

Extract from a South Carolinian's letter, April 15, 1861.

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PUBLISHER FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

ARTEMUS WARD IN THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY.

THE SHOW IS CONFISCATED.

You hav perhaps wondered whareabouts I was for these many dase gone and past. Perchans you sposed I'd gone to the Toomb of the Cappylets, tho I don't know what those is. It's a popler noospaper frase.

Listen to my tail, and be silent that ye may here. I've been among the Seseshers, a earnin my daily peck by my legitmit per-feshun, and havn't had no time to weeld my facile quill for "the Grate Komick paper," if you'll allow me to kote from your troothful advertisement.

My success was skaly, and I likewise had a narrer scape of my life. If what I've bin threw is "Suthern hosspitality," 'bout which we've hearn so much, then I feel bound to obsarvo that they made two much of me. They wasaltogether too lavish with their attenshuns.

I went among the Seseshers with no feelins of annermosity. I went in my perfeshernal capacity. I was actooated by one of the most Loffiest desires which can swell the human Boozum, viz. :—to giv the people their moneys worth, by showin them Sagashus Beests, and Wax Statoots which I venter to say air onsurpast by any other statoots anywheres. I will not call that man who sez my statoots is humbugs a liar and a hoss thief, but bring him be 4 me and I'll wither him with one of my skornful frowns.

But to prosced with my tail. In my travils threw the Sonny South I heard a heap of talk about Seceshin and bustin up the Union, but I didn't think it mounted to nothin. The politicians in all the villages was swarin that Old Abe (sometimes called the Prahayrie flower) should'nt never be noggerated. They also made fool of theirselves in varis ways, but as they was used to that I didn't let it worry me much, and the Stars and Strips continneder for to wave over my little tent. Moor over, I was a Son of Maltly and a member of several other Temprance Societies, and my wife she was a Dawter of Maltly, an I sposed these fax would seecor me the infoonz and perfection of all the fust famerlies. Alas! I was dispiated. State arter State seseshed and it growed hotter and hotter for the undersined. Things come to a climbbacks in a small town in Alabamy, where I was premotorally orderd to haul down the Stars and Strips. A deppytashun of red faced men cum up to the door of my tent ware I was standin takin money (the afternoon exhibishun had commenst, an my Italyun organist was jerkin his sole-stirrin chimes). "We air cum, Sir," said a miling-tary man in a cockt hat, "upon a hi and holey mishun. The Southern Eagle is screamin throwout this sunny land—proudly and defiantly screamin, Sir!"

"What's the matter with him," sez I, "don't his vittles sit well on his stummick?"

"That Eagle, Sir, will continner to scream all over this Brite and tremenjus land!"

"Wall, let him scream. If your Eagle can amuse hisself by screamin, let him went!" The men anoyed me, for I was Bizzy makin change.

"We are cum, Sir, upon a matter of dooty——"

"You're right, Capting. It's every man's dooty to visit my show," sed I.

"We air cum——"

"And that's the reason you are here!" sez I, larfin one of my silvery larfs. I thawt if he wanted to goak I'd giv him sum of my sparklin eppygrams.

"Sir, you're inserlent. The plain question is, will you haul down the Star-Spangled Banner, and bist the Southern flag!"

"Nary hist!" These was my reply.

"Your wax works and beasts is then confiscated, & you air arrested as a Spy!"

Sez I, "My fragrant roses of the Southern clime and Bloomin daffodils, what's the price of whiskey in this town, and how many cubic feet of that seductive flood-can you individooally hold?"

They made no reply to that, but said my wax figgers was confiscated. I axed them if that wasgenerally the stile among thieves in that country, to which they also made no reply, but sed I was arrested as a Spy, and must go to Montgomery in iuns. They was by this time jined by a large crowd of other Southern patrits, who commenst hollerin "Hang the bald-headed aberlitionist, and bust up his immoral exhibition!" I was ceased and tied to a stump, and the crowd went for my tent—that water-proof pavilion, wherein instruction and amoosement had been so muchly combined, at 15 cents per head—and tore it all to pieces. Meanwhile dirty faced boys was throwin stuns and empty beer bottles at my massiv brow,

and takin other improper liberties with my person. Resistance was useless, for a variety of reasons, as I readily observed.



The Seseshers confiscated my statoots by smashin them to attums. They then went to my money box and confiscated all the loose change therein contained. They then went and bust in my cages, lettin all the animiles loose, a small but helthy tiger among the rest. This tiger has a excentric way of tearin dogs to peaces, and I allers sposed from his ginerall conduct that he'd hav no hesitashun in servin human beins in the same way if he could git at them. Excuse me if I was crooil, but I larfed boysterrusly when I saw that tiger spring in among the people. "Go it, my sweet cuss!" I inadly exclaimed, "I forgiv you for bitin off my left thum with all my heart! Rip'em up like a bully tiger whose Lare has bin invaded by Seseshers!"

I can't say for certain that the tiger serisly injured any of them, but as he was seen a few days after sum miles distant, with a large and well-selected assortment of seats of trowls in his mouth, and as he lookt as tho he'd bin havin sum vilent exercise, I rath-er guess he did. You will therefore perceive that thay didn't confiscate him much.

I was carrid to Montgomery in iuns and placed in durans vial. The jail was a ornery ediffis, but the table was librally surplid with Bakin an Cabbidge. This was a good variety, for when I didn't hanker after Bakin I could help myself to the cabbige.

I had nobody to talk to nor nothin to talk about, however, and I was very lonely specially on the first day; so when the jaler parst my lonely sell I put the few stray hairs on the back part of my hed (I'm bald now, but there was a time when I wore sweet auburn ringlets) into as dish-hevidl a state as possible, & rollin my eyes like a manyyuck, I cride: "Stay, jaler, stay! I am not mad but soon shall be if you don't bring me suthin to Talk!" He brung me sum noospapers, for which I thanked him kindly.

At larst I got a interview with JEFFERSON DAVIS, the President of the Southern Conthieveracy. He was quite perlitte, and axed me to sit down and state my case. I did it, when he larfed and sed his gallunt men had bin a little 2 enthooasiastic in confiscatin my show.

"Yes," sez I, "they confiscated me too muchly. I had sum hosses confiscated in the same way onct, but the confiscaters air now poundin stun in the States Prison at Injinnapylus."

"Wall, wall, Mister WARD, you air at liberty to depart; you air frendly to the South, I know. Even now we hav many frens in the North, who sympathise with us, and won't mingle with this fight."

"J. DAVIS, there's your grate mistaik. Many of us was your sincere frends, and thought certin parties among us was fussin about you and meddlin with your consarns intirely too much.

But J. DAVIS, the minit you fire a gun at the piece of dry-goods called the Star-Spangled Banner, the North gits up and rises en massy, in defence of that banner. Not agin you as individooals—not agin the South even—but to save the flag. We should indeed be weak in the knees, unsound in the heart, milk-white in the liver, and soft in the hed, if we stood quietly by and saw this glorius Govymnt smashed to pieces, either by a furrin or a intestine foe. The gentle-harted mother hates 4 to take her naughty child across her knee, but she knows it is her dooty to do it. So we shall hate to whip the naughty South, but we must do it if you don't make back tracks at onct, and we shall wollup you out of your boots! J. DAVIS, it is my decided opinion that the Sonny South is makin a egrejus mutton-hed of herself!"

"Go on, sir, you're safe enuff. You're too small powder for me!" said the President of the Southern Conthievery.

"Wait till I go home and start out the Baldinville Mounted Hoss Cavalry! I'm Capting of that Corpse, I am; and J. DAVIS, beware! JEFFERSON D., I now leave you! Farewell my gay Saler Boy! Good bye, my bold buccaneer! Pirut of the deep blue sea, adoo! adoo!"

My tower threw the Southern Conthievery on my way home was thrillin enuff for yaller covers. It will form the subject of my next. BETSY JANE and the pro'reny air well.

Yours respectively,

A. WARD.

READ! READ!! INTERCEPTED LETTER FROM JEFF D. TO GENERAL B.

"HIGHLY MORAL AND INSTRUCTIVE."

The following extraordinary and characteristic epistle was intercepted by our quondam "devil"—now a high private in the federal service, while on a secret foraging expedition (for himself) somewhere in the vicinity of Alexandria.

Comment is unnecessary. We simply present the letter; *videlicet*.

TEMPORARY CAPITAL, S. C., May 6th, 1861.

MY DEAR GENERAL:—This will reach you according to my calculations, at the moment of your glorious achievement of the capture of the Northern Capitol of Washington. [If not sooner! Ed. V. F.] I need not say how sincerely I congratulate you on this brilliant *coup-de-main*, nor how poignantly I regret the necessity that forbade my sharing in the glory of the enterprise. This same stern necessity will force me to remain here for probably some weeks, (perhaps longer, since Mrs. D. says she has not half packed-up for moving yet,) and I therefore write you, partly at her request, to give you a few directions with regard to the arrangements for our reception and accommodation at the "White House." (N. B.—Mrs. D. bids me say this moment, she can promise to start this day two weeks.) We desire no unnecessary display on the occasion of our arrival. Let the confederate army of occupation simply turn out in full uniform and line the route from the landing to the Capitol; while the cannon at the various forts and batteries fire, each not more than a hundred salutes, and every citizen be politely requested to wear a Confederate badge, and keep open house for the gallant soldiers of the victorious South. Mem: Eight barouches with six horses each will be sufficient for ourselves and suite. Mrs. D. and the girls request that all the military bands play Confederate airs at various stations on the route, and the girls also think it would be an impressive thing to have bands of maidens fling flowers before me, as was done in the case of my prototype, General WASHINGTON. You will have a plain but sumptuous repast provided at the "White House" for ourselves and suite, only thirty-two, as I wish to be simple and *en famille* in this, as in all other particulars of taking possession.

Mrs. D. begs that you will have the Executive Mansion thoroughly cleaned, painted, and generally renovated. Carpets matted, draperies, and all furniture, utensils, &c., changed. In short, the memory even of the "*status in quo erat ante bellum*" to be obliterated. If there are no competent mechanics among our troops, Impress those of Washington Favorably with the operation. Mrs. D. reminds me that Aunt BECKY the cook, declares "the kitchen muss" be whitewashed fust, ef she's a gwine to cook in dar." I think on reflection that it would also be well to change the external color of the Mansion. A new era begins with our reign, and we do not care to have our residence known by the worn out title of the "White House." Let it be painted crimson, in commemoration of the desperate combat and sanguinary victory which has restored it to its rightful possessors. There are a few other trifles which we do not recall at present. They can wait our arrival. Ah! pray issue one thousand select invitations for a Reception and Ovation Ball to take place, the third evening after our installation, in the Rotunda of the Capitol. Compliment the army in my name for their gallantry and devotion to the 'cause of

Yours very truly,

JEFFERSON D.

P. S.—Send the ladies of the late officers of the so-called U. S. Government to the convent at Georgetown under proper escort, and with due courtesy. Hang LINCOLN and SEWARD at once!! Keep the others close prisoners until our decision be known. With regard to those taken in arms against us, I will send you private instructions to-morrow.

You are hereby appointed Military Governor, *pro tem*; of the District of Columbia. Further orders for the northward march of our troops will be forwarded to-morrow.

AMERICA TO THE WORLD.

"You cannot be too decided or too explicit in making known to the French government that there is not now, or has there been, nor will there be any, the least idea existing in this government of suffering a dissolution of this Union to take place in any way whatever. There will be here only one nation and one government, and there will be the same republic and the same constitutional Union that have already survived a dozen national changes and changes of government in almost every other country. These will stand hereafter as they are now, objects of human wonder and human affection."—WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

I.

Tell them this Union—so great—cannot sever,
Though it may tremble beneath the rude shock,
As it hath lived, so it shall live forever
Strong as the mountain oak, firm as the rock.

II.

Others have fallen—are falling around us,
Dynasties tremble and sink to decay;
But the great heart whose stony fetters have bound us
Never has throbbed as it's throbbing to day.

III.

Let them not deem in a moment of weakness,
We can surrender our birthright and name;—
Strike the old flag, and with patience and meekness,
Bear the foul blot on our hardly-earned fame.

IV.

Dumb be the tongue that would tell the foul story,
Blighted the brain could conceive it in sin;
Crushed be the heart that would tarnish the glory
And honor our country hath striven to win.

V.

Ever and ever our flag shall be streaming
Adding new glories of stripes and of stars;
Though the sword glancing and bayonet gleaming
Tell us of treason, corruptions and wars.

VI.

Soon shall our land to its old peace returning
Spring to the duties that make nations great,
And while in every heart valor is burning
Calmly and bravely her destiny wait.

A Change of Title to be dreaded.

The slaves call their masters by their several first names, as Massa JOHN, Massa RICHARD, and the like. We fear, however, that if the present Rebellion continues, the negroes will take advantage of it to drop this innocent familiarity, and Mas-sa-cré their traitor lords indiscriminately.

A Compound Retrogression Syllogism.

If it takes three miles to make a league;—
And if a miss is only as good as a mile;—
And if a miss is not always a belle;—
How can one Bell make a league in the Border States?

Triumph of Mechanical Skill.

It is said that the Pennsylvania Legislature is being regularly drilled every evening. We presume this stupendous operation is accomplished by means of the Borer.

The Action of Maryland.

Back-action.

An Incident.

BY OUR OLDEST CONTRIBUTOR.

AS HELEN at the breakfast table sat,
She said, "Papa, just think what they are at!
Our darling Seventh, whom we girls adore,
Are by Gorillas, from the Southern shore
To be attacked, and eaten by the brutes,
Unless each gallant lad some fifty shoots."

"Guerillas, not Gorillas, my dear child,"
Paterfamilias cried, in accents mild,
"The first is Spanish for an armed band
Of Peasants, roving over all the land,
And, though the South have always dealt in
slaves,
(For bondsmen's work their haughty nature
craves)
I never heard that to Virginia's capes
They ever had imported fighting apes."

"Well! well!" quoth HELEN, "Peasants or
Baboons,
Our Seventh will whip them both, besides
Dragoons."

Hard on Hotels and so Forth.

The London papers report the proceedings
in the Divorce Court in the case of Viscount
and Viscountess FORTH—the latter suing for
a divorce on account of her husband's cruelty,
etc. In the course of her testimony, Lady
FORTH deposes thus: "He told me to go to
a Bad Place; I then went to a Hotel."

A Volunteer Con.

Why are the troubles of our brave boys at
Washington like the Birth of the Butterfly?
Because they all Arise from the Grub!

Motto for a Reformed Inebriate.

"Take Care to keep Dry."



A NATURAL MISTAKE.

Near-Sighted Man.—"THOSE MY TROUSERS? WHY, I TOOK THEM FOR YOUR LEGS!"

A COLTING.

VANITY FAIR clips the following from the Boston Transcript of May 4.

"PLEASE EXPLAIN. To divert public indignation a little, Col. COLT has contributed a handsome sum for the equipment of Connecticut troops; but will he or his friends please explain why at this particular juncture he raises the price of his patent fire-arms twenty-five per cent, when he did not think of doing so while the demand was confined to his Southern friends?"

Just so. Let's have a little explanation, and a few words over this same pistol-mill-lion-air which the Colonel is singing just now to such a high note.

All winter long, COLT—the lobbying COLT—made arms for the South. Made scores of thousands—knowing that they were meant to murder Northern patriots. Made them cheap, too—for COLT was a great friend of Southern customers. "Twenty-five per cent less."

By-and-by the Southerners began to kill and steal gaily and people began to grumble at seeing COLT weaponing the murderers. But Government was timid and irresolute, and the thing went on. Then the people Got Mad—and finally the War broke out.

And now who so patriotic as busy a COLT. Who so fighty and fussy? Who the bold soldier boy like COLT. Who raises a company? Who—who!

Bah!
Twenty-five per cent extra to his own party—twenty-five per cent off to the South!

War is a terrible thing. Its horrors are the sum of all horrors. But there is one good thing about War, bad as it is. It teaches people that there is, after all, something in life better worth living for than mere money. It shows them how contemptible, vile, miserable is that man who has no principle above money, above being shrewd and cute—how immeasurably baser than the lowest foot soldier in the ranks of Truth—is that times-serving creature whose grinning boast it is that he feathers his nest—no matter who wins or loses. In short, War has this which is glorious in it

—that it puts a COLT, or anything of the kind, down to its proper level—and somebody is soon found to pin it up on the walls of VANITY FAIR, where it remains ready for the historian of a future day, who may write a work on the Aids to Secession in the Great War of 1861.

Country papers please credit.

Damascus Twist,

"My friends," said SEBO, who is a young man of a serious turn of mind, "Baltimore is the Damascus of to-day. The mark of the beast is upon her. ISATAH, the Prophet, foresaw her, when he spoke as follows, Chapter XVII. v. 1."

"The burden of Damascus. Behold, Damascus is taken away from being a city, and it shall be a ruinous heap."

"Let such," continued SEBO, "be the fate of blasphemous Baltimore, should her bullies again obstruct the passage of our loyal soldiers."

"Yes," remarked RHINO, whose wit is of a lighter and more pungent character than that of SEBO; "blasphemous Baltimore, indeed! and the more like Damascus, you see, in respect of beginning with a Dam."

"And ending with a Cus," added UNO, with an epigrammatic emphasis that excited the envy of his companions.

From the South.

We understand that the convicts in the Southern Penitentiaries have generously volunteered to fight under the Confederate flag, and that their situations will be retained for them until they return.

The Noble Game of Euchre.

"Will you come 'down' to the Bower I have shaded for you?" as the Western man said, who had hid all the Bowers in his boots.

THE "GENTLEMEN."



worse, not more indecent than others.

On April 27, it contained the following, speaking of our New-York troops :

"Most of the 7th Regiment are tolerably decent sort of men for Lincolnites, but hardly worthy the honor of being slaughtered by the gentlemen whom we have sent to do it."

Tolerably decent—passable sort of scrubs—something better than the very lower orders, but still a poor pack of snobs—not fit to be killed by the Southern gentlemen who—

Well this is gay.

For some forty or fifty years has this tall talk been going on.

"We are so aristocratic—oh we are so gentlemanly. We assure you that we are indeed—we are so refined—so cultivated—so well-bred—while *you* Northerners—!"

Fill the blank with all imaginable contempt.

The educated gentlemanly Southron! To be sure Northern professors taught him—from Northern society came all his culture in the elegancies and amenities of social life—every element of learning and utility in him came from the North—

Bah—it's the old song—a very old one now. To every argument SCARAMOUCH continues to bob up and down and gabble, "*I'm a gentleman—I'm a gentleman, gentle-gentle-gentleman!*" Just so in turn, a little yellow illiterate monkey of a Cuban, or Guatemalan would turn up his nose in turn with sublime contempt and sneer at a Louisianian—yea, though the latter were born of the most intensely ignorant and do-nothing Creole French family among the Pelicans. Cuban *knows* himself to be a caballero—so they run.

Grace à Dieu—we've got a War among us which is going to knock some of this nonsense out of people's heads. The Gentleman is to be tested and loathsome, vulgar, superciliousness, and clown-in-the-ring assurance will no longer force its way among its betters. That most insolent and sounding brass, Southern Cotton-Gentility—the completest humbug of American Society—with its varnished ignorance and turkey-cock elegance, will no longer vapor in our bar-rooms, and impose itself on the weak-minded of either sex as something truly Aristocratic. The brave-hearted and truly chivalric man—the one with a heart; he whose mission is the practical and honest, is the one whom War tests and purifies and shows to be the soldier and the Gentleman, while the Swash-Bucklers, and Bobadils, and Ancient Pistols are soon shown to be what they are.

As for the Seventh Regiment—VANTY FAIR would simply say that it has known some hundreds of F. F. Southrons in its time, but never met the first one who in either courtesy, ability, honor, delicacy, kindness of heart, or refinement could be named with more than one of its friends in the Seventh. As for the fighting.

Nous verrons!

SMALL SHOT OF THE CAMPAIGN.

Not Strange.

The Charleston papers announce that information has reached that city, that a large fleet of British gun-boats is now being got ready for sea at Portsmouth, England, and that they will be sent to the vicinity of Charleston at an early day to protect English shipping, should it become necessary.

Very likely. Several gun-boats and such "stronger vessels" are being fitted out in our own ports, "to protect American shipping, should it be necessary."

A General Surmise.

It is stated that General BEAUREGARD, while rowing around in Charleston harbor lately, underwent an involuntary baptism by the sudden upsetting of the boat. His friends fished him out, and the papers chronicled it as a narrow escape from drowning. If a popular proverb may be relied on, however, the General was not in the slightest danger. Any sagacious board of underwriters would be willing to insure him against death by drowning for a very small amount.

An enthusiastic southern exchange, in relation to this same General, chronicles the joy with which a "Virginia Girl" received his card photograph. She says, "I have placed the General in a handsome little frame, and crowds come every day to see him." It is quite probable that "the General" before long will be placed in a rather more extended frame, when crowds will have an ample opportunity of seeing him.

Better Late than Never.

Our neighbors over the line have made a remarkable discovery. A Georgian cotemporary says :

According to the laws of Georgia, and most of the Southern States, the selling or buying and circulating of the New-York *Herald*, as it is now conducted, is indictable and amenable to severe punishment, and if interest and patriotism will not suffice, we hope magistrates, solicitors and Grand Juries, and Committees of Safety will take up the matter.

Decency, self respect and honor, require the suppression of this sheet so far as Southern circulation is concerned.

No one North will deny the correctness of this latter conclusion. The only wonder is that the Secessionists have been so long in coming to it.

A Special Edict.

["All persons are forbidden to discharge firearms within the limits of the city of Charleston, S. C.

Crafty PICKENS! it won't do. We see through this: You want to let the President know "it's agin the law" for him to send men down there to discharge firearms. There is nothing like a word in season in ordinary cases, but this unconstitutionally elected ABRAHAM, having been drunk for six weeks straight ahead, according to your precious sheets, is by this time, no doubt, a very hard case, and therefore beyond reason and season. Decidedly we cannot submit to be curtailed of our little enjoyment, and we trust the authorities of Charleston will repeal the obnoxious edict and let us shoot them, like the Frenchman "ever so little."

Good for Her.

A lady recently emigrated from South Carolina to the North. The Chivalry endeavored to force her to remain, by swearing to confiscate all her Southern property (her whole fortune) if she left. She replied that she would far rather depend upon Northern Arms than upon Southern Arms for her future protection. And thereupon she left. We know this was a poor joke—especially to the Chivalry. But it's a Fact!

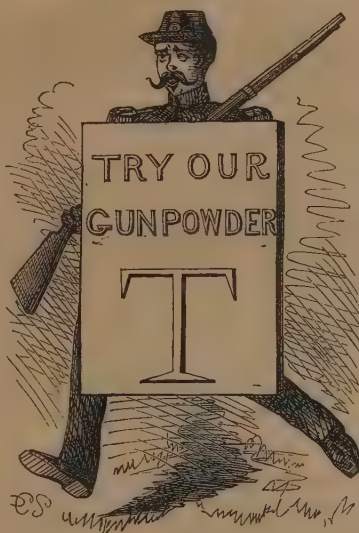
A Prismatic Reflection.

The seven Seceding States may be compared to the Seven primitive colors. While they preserved their integrity they were pure and brilliant; but when they went and got themselves mixed up in the Secession movement, the result was a muddle.

Per Contra.

The Secessionists are said to be sadly Deficient in Arms. We predict on the other hand, that when they meet the Federal Forces "in battle array," they will display a great Efficiency in the matter of Legs.

"THIS SIDE UP."



pipe, and taken our knife belt up two holes; and, these preparations made, we go in full blast for despising the arts of peace and cherishing the science of war.

To our way of thinking, the latter depends more upon meat than upon metal. Like a slice of bread-and-butter, the great question of our time and country has two sides. The right side, the buttered side, Our side, is uppermost. Keep it so. Stick a Union flag in it, blazoned in letters of gold with the inscription "This Side Up, with Care." Post a conspicuous notice near it, in the well-known words—"If anybody attempts to haul down this flag, shoot him upon the spot."

But, as we have already remarked, success in war depends more upon meat than upon metal. To beef and beer the bayonet has ever been indebted for much of that inspiration with which it has promoted the hasty retreat of those who "didn't exactly see it." Potatoes, if not too small, are of great value in inducing powder to burn straight. SOYER, prince of *maitres-de-cuisine*, did more for the science of war with his kitchen-range than MINIE with his rifle-range: he continually outflanked the enemy by his method of preparing an Irish Stew. There was a "side up," when SOYER was called upon to go into the business with his *batterie-de cuisine* and his practice was to keep that side up "With Care."

We are afraid that the Commissaries who look after the comforts of our volunteers are not sufficiently alive to the importance of the interests entrusted to them. Here and there, if not everywhere, we read of complaints respecting the amount and quality of provisions for the camp. Indignation meetings have been held, in more than one instance, to express the sentiments of a hungry and half-uniformed regiment. A graphic correspondent of the *Daily Times* has told us how the brave Massachusetts mechanic-soldiers rebuilt the bridges and repaired the railway tracks on a "black fast;" which, by-the-by, was only carrying out the great principle enunciated by the late administration, when they undertook to build up the broken bridge between North and South by enjoining upon all citizens the duties of a long face and an empty stomach; or, in other words, a day of humiliation and abstinence from meat and drink.

SOYER was famous for making much out of very little; but the present writer would have defied even that great General to have made much out of the following, which comes authentically as a description of a Connecticut soldier's mess:

"Two very small potatoes, one ounce of bread, and one quarter of an ounce of fat meat."

We can only account for such a refinement of starvation as the above, by supposing that the commissary appointed to provide for the Connecticut troops is a near relative of the "two very small potatoes" in question, and one who thinks that public interests ought to be sacrificed to the claims of blood.

If our citizen soldiery are to be organized upon Rational principles, let their Rations be looked to, the very first thing. We

HE great question of our time and country, fraught as it is with vital interests, must not be treated with levity. The writer who goes in for writing about it must do that muscularly. He must adapt himself to the exigencies of the times: must put himself upon a war footing; go into training with severity; and, above all things, be strictly regimental in his regimen and drinks.

Acting upon the latter principle, we have just supplied ourselves with a quart of Kerosene cock-tail, swallowed a couple of lucifer matches, put a fresh charge of gunpowder in our

demand for them no luxuries, but necessities, only. We lift not up our voices and wall because Washington, owing to the troubles of the times, "has been without oysters for four days." They will fight like tigers without *pâté de foie gras*, will our volunteers; nor will they demur at being unsupplied with the superfluous truffle, while they have the will and the weapons wherewith to mow down the Southern Mushroom.

But they must have beef and bread. The right side must be kept up; and the only way to do this is by strictly following out the direction—"This Side up, With Care."

SWORD AND PLOUGH.

By CHARLES DAWSON SHANLY.

I.

The Sword came down to the red-brown field,
Where the Plough to the furrow heaved and keeled;
And it looked so proud in its jingling gear,
Said the Plough to the Sword, "What brings you here?"

II.

"Long years ago, ere I was born, "
They doubled my grandsire up, one morn,
To forge a share for you, and now
They want him back," said the Sword to the Plough.

III.

The red-brown field glowed a deeper red,
As the gleam of War o'er the landscape sped;
The sabres flashed and the cannons roared,
And, side by side, fought the Plough and the Sword.

The only Nations that are likely to "rope in" with the South.

Stag—nation.
Halluci—nation.
Machi—nation.
Abomi—nation.
Conster—nation.
Vermi—nation.
Extermi—nation.
Eliimi—nation.
Decli—nation.
Contami—nation.
Inordi—nation.
Consarci—nation.
Calci—nation.
Alie nation.
Profa—nation.
Rui—nation.
Termi—nation.
Dam—nation.

False Heraldry.

Metal upon metal is bad heraldry. The New-York *Herald* don't know it, because BENNETT is a bogus *Herald* who wears a false tabard, but it's a fact, nevertheless, that when he superimposes his brass upon the natural cold steel of his heart, he makes a sorry figure of it. His new-fangled Unionism is the funniest thing yet. ZAMET HAYRIDDIN, scorned from the presence of CHARLES of Burgundy, was treated just as our false *Herald* ought to be. But the poor old fellow is catching it both ways. The South curses him and the North derides him. Serves him right for trying to practice Canting Heraldry.

Worst and Worse.

Our warriors must be somewhat puzzled by the contradictory suggestions thrown out for their benefit by the daily press. One writer requests them on no account to wear any other socks than cotton socks, when marching. The *Tribune*, on the contrary, asserts that they must wear worsted ones if they want to save their country and their corns. We go in for GREELEY, this time. The man who sticks up for the Cotton is open to a suspicion of secessionism; while GREELEY is consistent in standing up for the Wool. We think the Cotton man will be Worst.

From our Paradoxical Aphorist.

The miser is an uninductive syncretism. He believes that there is Virtue in money, and yet he grasps it like a Vice.



THE BEST KIND OF RECRUITING SERGEANT.

He Cook—"GIVE US A KISS, MARY?"
Parlor Maid—"DON'T BOTHER ME! WHY AIN'T YOU AWAY SOLDIERING WITH THE REST
 YOU GREAT HULKING FELLOW?—KISSES IS FOR THEM THAT COMES BACK!"

A PIOUS PAIR.

* While A. H. STEPHENS of Georgia is making speeches announcing that God is on their side, and that he glories in the consciousness of our (their) rectitude, the eminently, honorably, upright and ever so much religious Governor of the same State is coolly sequestering all Northern funds, exonerating Southerners from paying their business obligations due the North, provided the same is paid into the treasury of the State.

This is a fitting rejoinder to the reply of the New-York Banks that Southern funds would be respected here.

There is one consolation we of the North will have in the future, and that is if honest creditors here don't get their own there is but little probability that their dishonest debtors will derive much benefit from our investment in that swindling State of Georgia. There is a joke, worthy of the richest to be found in Rabelais, in the association of the words security and Southern honor in the same paragraph, and the juxtaposition must have excited a loud ha-ha from the lips of President DAVIS and his constitutional advisers, while COBB, THOMPSON, and FLOYD shrieked with delight. Will not the banks of New-York cheerfully respond to this message, and proceed immediately to invest all Southern funds in their possession, and so partially secure the creditors of these Nymbs, Bardolphs, and Pistols of Georgia?

Come Governor MORGAN, give Mr. BROWN a Roland for an Oliver, and in the meantime Brother BEECHER will take care of Mr. STEPHENS's piety.

Bubble, Bubble.

Brigadier General COOKE of the State of Virginia announces "the capitol has never been threatened, and it is not now threatened." No doubt of it now Mr. COOKE; the presence of so many Northern soldiers at Washington spoils the hell-broth Gov. Wise and the rest of the cooks and bottle washers for the Southern Confederacy, were preparing for the Government.

A Capital Joke.

JEFF. DAVIS & Co.'s projected capture of Washington.

Try another Game.

A Mobile journal says "the South has lost confidence in BRAGG." We should think it was about time. But what game will they try now? We know of but one other they excel in—viz: Bluff. In that, just now, they'd be sure to hold a Full Hand of Knaves.

Comparatively a Trifle.

It is rumored that Gen. PILLOW contemplates an attack on Cairo. Let him beware, for although it took a SAMSON to pull down the pillars of Gaza, he will find a prentice (PRENTISS) quite enough to demolish the Pillow of Tennessee.

Would it be Fare.

When the omnibus driver pounds for his pennies should not the passenger look around and say "I will take care of the Pence and let the Pounds take care of themselves?"

Give me a cup of Sack.

South Carolina is fully determined to sack Philadelphia and New-York. This reminds us very forcibly of Sir JOHN FAUSTAFF who, after any swindling or thieving transaction, invariably wound up with a cail for Sack.

Quits.

"Why don't you quit drinking?" asked the Divinity-Student, of X.

"I do," responded the joker; "eight or ten times a day!"

An "Invention of the Enemy."

The Charleston Floating Battery.

CASH THAT OUGHT TO BE LOOKED AFTER.

We are informed by a daily paper—the editor of which, like the late GEORGE WASHINGTON, "has a little hatchet and would not tell a lie"—that the following is a copy of a letter recently sent to OLE DABE by one of JEFF DAVIS's misguided followers:—

DEMOPOLIS, Ala., Confederate States of America, April, 1861,

"HIS EXCELLENCY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN—Sir: I have just read your proclamation calling for 75,000 mercenaries to invade these States. With all proper respect, I offer you a wager of \$50,000 that we meet you half way and whip you and your Yankee boasts."

Respectfully,

ALFRED HATCH.

P. S.—If the bet is accepted, the money will be deposited in the Farmers' Bank of Virginia."

Were it not that the matter is one of altogether too serious import, we should playfully suggest to ALFRED to "bet his small change first;" as it is, however, we recommend his letter to the attention of the Secretary of the Treasury of the Confederate States. That Fifteen Million Loan has all been taken, of course, but we don't think the Secretary in question would be so distressed as to lie awake nights if he should meet a man with \$50,000 to spare just now. ALFRED lives in Demopolis, Mr. SECRETARY. You'd better go and see him.

Interesting to Bolters.

We noticed, lately an announcement of large quantities of Bolting Cloth to be disposed of in lots, to suit purchasers. Perhaps JEFF. DAVIS would like to buy it up. It's just the stuff for trousers for his troops, who will have some Bolting to do before the game is played out.

From our Sleepy Contributor.

It is reported that the authorities of Kentucky and Tennessee say they will do nothing to suppress Pillow. Will they promise they will not Bolster him up?

VANITY FAIR.



BAD BUSINESS

FOR JEFFY DAVIS AND LITTLE A. H. STEPHENS, WHO THOUGHT THEY HAD GOT GEN. SCOTT UP A TREE, BUT DISCOVERED THAT IT WAS A H RNET'S NEST.

AFFAIRS IN ITALY.

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.

SUAMPI, April 18th.

DEAR VANITY:—Still here. My boat is on the shore, and my bark is on the sea, but somehow, I don't seem to get off.

In point of fact, I am detained.

Future is big with something.

I regret to learn that you are enjoying a civil war at home.

But I have some knowledge that may put a different face on affairs.

Last night, as the bul-bul was engaged in singing melodious cadences to the rose, by a very superior moonlight, I strolled in the garden with BIANCA. . . .

(I am in love with BIANCA.)

. . . Suddenly, a tall man, wrapped in a long military cloak, and wearing a Scotch cap on his head, darted forth from a thicket of pine-apple vines, and passed directly in front of us at a stage stride.

Fearing assassination, I quickly drew my bowie-knife from the back of my neck, and threw myself upon him.

"Death before dishonor!" I cried; "your money or your life!"

. . . His cloak fell open, his cap fell off. . . .

I recognized LOUIS NAPOLEON.

Of course, I permitted him to arise. He apologized for having startled me, and said that he had been obliged to seek me out, but, being unpopular in the Roman States, had taken the precaution to travel incog.

"What do you wish of me, Sire?" I asked.

"Advice."

"Concerning what?"

"My government of France."

"Aren't you thirsty?"

"Thirsty as a graven image."

"BIANCA, dear," I said in my peculiar flute-like tones of affection; "BIANCA, love, go and mix two gin-cocktails, not too sweet."

"Are you a 'K. G. C.'?" asked NAPOLEON.

"What is that?"

"Knight of the Gin Cocktail!" replied the Emperor, laughing. What can be finer than the sportive converse of two great men? We entered the house, and NAPOLEON consulted me at length, on affairs of State. I cheerfully gave him the best advice I could.

"Now," said he, twisting his imperial, "what do you want?"

"Another cocktail, Sire?"

"But from me?"

"A fleet."

"How many sail?"

"Twelve line-of-battle ships, steel-plated; six frigates, silver-plated; four sloops-of-war, electrotyped; and a Buhl-faced scow."

"You shall have them. Want any men?"

"Yes."

"How many?"

"Twelve regiments of mounted seamen; six battalions of marine sappers and miners, a brigade of light artillery, a regiment of vivandieres, and a brass band."

"You shall have them."

I pressed his hand. He is not such a bad fellow, this NAPOLEON.

At midnight, I assisted him on with his Scotch cap. . . . a souvenir, he said, of the Empress EUGENIE, whose ancestors were FITZPATRICKS. . . . and his military cloak. We were about parting, when he turned, and an expression of curiosity passed over his thoughtful brow, settling upon the tip of his lovely Hebraic nose.

"May I ask," said he, "what the d—l you are going to do with your fleet?"

"Sire," I replied, while a glow of lofty patriotic fire illumined my fine face; "Sire, my country calls! The stars of my banner are dimming in the unwholesome breezes of the swampy South, and the crimson of its stripes pales before the crimson of a brother's blood! More I cannot say just now. Send for me, and I'll come. If you don't want me I'll go back again."

"*Vous êtes une brigue,*" said the Emperor, "*bouilli pour vous!*"

So I thought.

NAPOLEON left me, promising to send an excellent man, Comodoro COSPETTO DI VENDETTA, a Corsican, to me, within a few days, to arrange the commands, etc., for my fleet.

The next day but one this gentleman arrived. Unfortunately he understood no English, and I no Corsican.

"*Parlez Français?*" I asked.

"*Niz,*" he replied.

"*Deutsch?*"

"*Niz.*"

"*Espanol?*"

"*Niz.*"

"*Italiano?*"

"*Niz.*"

"*Latin?*"

"*Niz.*"

"*Greek?*"

"*Niz.*"

"*Hebrew?*"

"*Niz.*"

"*Irish?*"

"*Niz.*"

"*New Jersey?*"

"*Niz.*"

The case became rather a hard one. I didn't know what on earth to say to the man. It was certainly awkward.

But I am never long at fault. I bethought myself of addressing him in thieves' slang, and found that he understood it perfectly.

In this inelegant but expressive dialect, he told me that the Emperor wished him to obey my orders in everything. My fleet was in the course of active preparation. COSPETTO DI VENDETTA was to command. . . . under me. Meanwhile, he remains here, and boards with me at four dollars a week.

So you see, dear VANITY, that I am once more on my pins, and all right for another campaign. When my fleet is ready, we shall see what we shall see!

MCARONE.

COCKE-ADOODLE-DOO.

Gen. COCKE, who commands the Virginia banditti on the seceding side of the Potomac, has issued a letter, in which he says that the Elderly Dominion has never entertained the idea of attacking Washington. In justice to COCKE we feel bound to publish his statement, but in justice to ourselves we must add that COCKE undoubtedly lies. We all too well know that nothing but the prompt arrival of Union troops at the capital saved it from the thievish grasp of the Virginians. COCKE goes on to say that,

"The North has not openly and according to the usage of civilized nations declared war on us. We make no war on them; but, should the soil of Virginia or the grave of WASHINGTON be polluted by the tread of a single man in arms from north of the Potomac, it will cause open war."

You make no war on us? COCKE you are absurd. You are preposterous, COCKE. How about Harper's Ferry, and Norfolk, and Gosport? How about anything belonging to the Government anywhere in Virginia? You have stolen all, COCKE. Not only that, COCKE, but you have picked the pockets of numerous citizens of your own State simply because they were born in the North, and then kicked them out of their own houses. When we say that you did all this, COCKE, of course we mean you and the other thieves.

COCKE, you are the richest, iciest, cheekiest traitor in the whole Virginia gang. You are more amusing than Wise. We enjoy you. You entertain us. Crow some more, old COCKE.

The Seal and the Cygnet.

Among recent telegrams from Annapolis, we clipped the following:

The great Seal of the State is at Annapolis, and will be thrown into the Chesapeake sooner than be placed on the ordinance of Secession.

Good for the Great Seal of Maryland! which will take the water naturally, if necessary. For, be it a Seal, or be it a Cygnet, we'll back it to remain safe under the waters of the Chesapeake for an indefinite period, and come up on the Right Side at last.

First and Then.

Strongest thing at a pull.

Steam Ship.

Next strongest ditto.

Wind Ship.

Soda-March.

Some Southern paper says "The North are in a temporary effervescence." The "effervescence" may be "temporary," but the "fountain" is of iron.

Tennessee Please Notice.

There's a slight difference between a Pillar of Fire and a Pillow of Smoke.

HURRAH FOR THE WAR!



HOOP, Hurrah!

"Crow, Clarion, Crow!"

All over the North, men—aye, and brave-hearted women, too—have risen at last and gone at the business of battle in right earnest. We have accepted it as the current order of life—are using ourselves to it. In every family war-work runs calmly on—garments and all comforts are prepared, and

the Volunteer who goes forth with gun is no more held to do a strange deed than when of old he went to business.

And yet we do not as yet half know what War means. When it *does* go home to a heart here and there in full significance, there is a leaping up in fierce joy—a wild exuberance of delight that it has come, such as no great event in this country ever yet gave occasion for. *Evoe!* We see it dawning at last in glorious beauty—the last great Dayspring of Freedom—the final struggle of the Morning Red with the Power of Darkness. The man who reads this age like a book and has mastered the mighty human problems involved in its awful yet ineffably beautiful Progress, trembles with joy—yes, may well weep with pleasure—to see this glorious battle kindling its fires from hill to hill. Hurrah!

We rejoice, firstly and fairly then, that the Negro Question has come to a fierce and desperate crisis and must be settled. No matter how, what, why or when—settled it shall be now and that squarely. *How* we care not—one thing we know, which is that out of this fight we do not come until the Negro business is knocked higher than a kite—somehow. No more slaves in Territories, no more Fugitive Slave bothers, Nigger hunting and everlasting currying of Wool in Congress. If every negro in Maryland and Virginia and Kentucky is to be run to Canada or rushed into the sea we neither know nor care. But the black incubus shall no longer nightmare us, no longer be the great basis of American institutions. That much we can swear to—so hurrah for a free white America with nine and a tiger!

We rejoice and are exceeding glad that the drawling, ignorant, arrogant, and dissipated Southron will no longer parade in our Society his snobbish provincialism and ostentatious Gentility, his habitual and characteristic disregard of the feelings of Northerners, his bowie-knife braggadocio and those innumerable impertinences which an enormous stretch of our affability has suffered to pass as "ease of manner." We are glad that the loafing, idle, whiskey-julep sucking "cavalier" is to lose caste and make way by universal consent in American society for a far higher type of Gentleman—for the brave-hearted, truly educated, practical, and sensible cosmopolite man of the world, who can work at anything useful without shame—a type of cavalier far more elevated and noble than anything which the cotton *haut ton* ever produced from the soured cream of its families. We see the full development of such character among our Northmen in this splendid war—so hurrah again for that!

We rejoice that the vile provincialism which takes more pride in being born on a certain starveling fragment of up-country dirt than in the exercise of all the virtues, is to become disreputable and contemptible among all decent and high-minded people. We see from afar that this glorious and purifying war will make men proud of being AMERICANS—of inhabiting the broad thousand-league belt of a tremendous continent—and shame the fellow who yells up his paltry state-fraction over the whole. Man grows greater with his father-land, and small and mean as it diminishes. Of late years, friends, the South which has ruled in all things has

crumbled away and belittled every great wholesome national feeling, degrading Pride into little, petty, poisonous local Vanity. Our great men have been QUATTLEBUMS—our great principles—pickings and stealings—our great contests of principle the quarrels of the drunken Congressional rowdies. And now—God willing—the great North will shake off these abominations and rise to higher rational aims and be grand among the nations—so hurrah for that!

We rejoice that those coarse arrogancies of manner and local tom-fooleries which it is the tendency of a Northern education to shake off and of a Southern one to increase, and which disgraces us in Europe as "Americanism" will begin to diminish as unworthy the men of a great nation. We rejoice that we shall at least be represented by Gentlemen, abroad, and we are exceeding glad that the great majority of all places of dignity, honor and profit of a nation of over thirty millions will no longer be monopolized by the hereditary representatives of the "first families" among some two or three hundred thousand negro owners. For all this a very excessive hurrah!

Ladies and Gentlemen, readers of VANITY FAIR—we might go on with a long litany of our causes to rejoice that this war has broken out. We might rejoice that Free Labor, Free Learning, and a Free Fair Life are rising in health, strength and beauty before us, and that the brave enterprise of the North will at length rend away the intolerable chains which have kept them hitherto in a foul dungeon. Bah—we can do without this South. *Male pereant!* What!—are our millions of strong arms to wither and wise brains to go to dust, and may fair eyes gleam no longer—will the steam mill and printing-press grow silent in the vast cities, and the ploughman no longer whistle a-field amid the rich acres, and all art and industry and love and beauty in life die because the negro-driver hates us. Ha! This while our Northern Gentlemen (who are also Working Men) can wield sword and rifle! Out and fight! The fountains of the Great Deep are roused, the devil is loosed and the *Lauroine* thunders a-down the valley—hurrah!

FREE!

AIR:—The Russian "Troika," or, "They tell me thou'rt a favored guest."

Now Spring has burst the icy fountain,
The flood at last goes rushing down,
The crags fall thundering from the mountain,
And those below may fly or drown!

Woe to the stubborn ones persisting
When avalanches crushing fall,
Woe to the tyrant foe resisting
When freemen loud to battle call.

For thirty years we've borne the jeering
Of "Northern serf" from Southern lord,
Expecting, hoping, trembling, fearing—
And now we'll pay you with the Sword.

The Sword—the best of mediators,
The victim's noblest, holiest law,
Flash out the blade and crush the traitors
With one great, glorious, bold hurrah!

So they Say.

His Majesty JEFFERSON I., in consideration as well of the lamentable shortness of General BRAGG's name as of his long continued performances within a few miles of Fort Pickens, has been most graciously pleased to order and direct that hereafter he shall be called General BRAGGADOCIO, and obeyed and respected accordingly.

A Criticism.

A correspondent informs us that our criticism on CLANCEY's editorial last week was not just, for the Feats of the Union soldiers will cause many Sighs among the seceders.

A Desirable Bore.

Dahlgreen's ten inch shell gun.

The Difference.

The North rifle cannon, the South rifle arsenals.

Death, the Reaper.

The *Times* teems of late with military suggestions. The scientific editor is in favor of employing steam-engines as a hostile force, manned by the fire Zoo-zoos, and we certainly think they might be useful in throwing cold water on Secession. It is not thus, however, that the S. E. proposes to employ them, but as traction engines to reduce the intractable Southrons. For the sake of contributing our might to this scientific warfare, we would suggest that a regiment of engines be at once mustered into active service. They might be manned by members of the engineer corps, and armed with scythes, and started under a full head of steam into the enemy's field, they would probably soon verify the words of the preacher—"all flesh is grass." There is reason to believe that the Scythians practiced this species of warfare.

"\$20 a Month and Found."

We have perused large placards offering the above inducements to persons qualified as Ordinary Seamen.

A thought strikes us. It is brilliant. A man may be termed an Ordinary Seaman because he is expected to keep a Good Look Out.

Working both Ways.

Gen. PILLOW, the traitor, has distinguished himself, before now, by digging ditches: now he has a chance to fill one.

Binnacle Lights.

Stearin' Candle.



HARD ON VAN TYLER.

(Who prides himself on his soldierly appearance.)

Nasty little Boy.—Hi, SEE THEM BOOTS—SAY LEGS WHY DIDN'T YER GO ANOTHER QUARTER AND BUY THE WHOLE TAN-YARD.

HEIGHO! SAYS ROWDY.

(AIR.—"A Frog he would a wooing go.")

A rough he would a soldiering go,
Heigho! says Rowdy,
A rough he would a soldiering go
Whether ABE LINCOLN would let him or no,
With his Rowdy dowdy, billy and sticker;
Heigho! says Rowdy.

So off he set with knife and brickbat,
Heigho! says Rowdy,
And with all sorts of weapons that chanced to come pat,
To lay all them d—d Baltimoreans flat,
With his showy bowie, cannon and spanner,
Hooray! says Rowdy.

But the way the State treated poor Rowdy was mean,
Heigho! says Rowdy,
The way the State treated poor Rowdy was mean,
For they placed him in camp under strict Quarantine
With his Rowdy dowdy, camping and drilling,
Heigho! says Rowdy.

Poor Rowdy is likely to spile for a muss,
Heigho! says Rowdy,
If he doesn't lam some one he feels "like a cuss,"
We hope he won't take it in head to lam us,
With his Rowdy dowdy, lam 'em and spin 'em,
Hi-yah! says Rowdy.

Proverb for the Consideration of any Enemy holding ground before the Fire Department Zouaves.

Yield them the value of an inch and they'll take an Ell's worth.

Seize-ession.

Both Privateers and Land Forces at the South act in concert on the high Seize.

SOUTHERN INFANTRY IN ARMS.

A good many years ago, when Boston was occupied by English forces, a committee of boys waited on the commandant to protest against some petty display of tyranny on the part of the soldiers, and asserted with spirit that they weren't going to stand it. The General (we think it was GAGE) turned to his friends and said "there is no hope of conquering this people where even the boys show the courage of men!" So we read in a late dispatch from Annapolis, that,

"When the Constitution left her wharf, the gates of the yard were thrown open, and the citizens entered, the yard presenting a warlike appearance, Small boys were marching about with sabres and revolvers at their sides, and every face presented a solemn and revengeful cast."

There's nothing said about the Boston boys carrying sabres and revolvers, or their faces presenting "a solemn and revengeful cast;" so we may consider the modern juveniles ahead in point of courage. As for the "solemn and revengeful" cast of countenance, that seems to be indigenous, in the South, where a humorist, or joker, or man of general jollity, is as rare as modesty. But the sabres and revolvers obviously settle the point; and we confess the inference fills us with alarm. The boys down there not alone show the Courage of men; they are men! And the men! Why some of them are so intensely masculine as to be like Mrs. MALAPPROP'S Cerberus—three gentlemen in one!

For Artillery, Only.

There are few mysteries more difficult to preserve than that of a masked battery. It can only be done by wide shooting; because, if you shoot so straight that every ball Tells, your position is of course Betrayed.

Elephantastic.

Q. Why is a cannon ball like a "baggage smasher"?

A. Because, although it has often carried away an elephant's Trunk, it has never been known to return it.

TERPSICHOEAN TACTICS.

In view of the momentous crisis now impending over our country, it becomes the duty of every loyal man and true to prepare himself to bear an active part in the defense of Right, Justice, and the Morrill Tariff.

Such is our (rhetorical, not military,) major.

In order that every loyal (as above) may properly prepare himself, (as aforesaid,) the first requisites are thorough discipline and a precise knowledge of military manoeuvres.

This constitutes our (also, rhetorical, not adolescent,) minor.

Enco—In view of the momentous, &c., now impending, &c., &c., it becomes the duty of every, &c., &c., to acquire thorough discipline and a precise knowledge of military manoeuvres.

Which is our conclusion.

For the attainment of this end, no means should be neglected, and although the approach of the Watering Place season will call from the city many of our gallant patriots, yet is it not necessary to relax aught of that strict attention to warlike art which now characterizes our entire population. With that admirable forethought and transcendent genius which has ever marked the course of VANITY FAIR, we have invented and do hereby promulgate a system of tactics whereby the gay routine of Newport or Saratoga may be rendered conducive to a proper performance of the sterner duties of the tented field.

Dancing is, and ever will be, the main pursuit of our Fashionables, and dancing, as V. F. is prepared to demonstrate, can be rendered an important auxiliary in the military instruction of new recruits, or the maintenance of discipline in the case of adepts. To illustrate our meaning, we will take the last figure of the Lancers, to execute which with precision, the following orders will be given:

The squad being drawn up in hollow square, facing inwards, the Instructor will command,

Males left, FACE—Females right, FACE.

Forward—in semicircle—MARCH. (Having completed the semicircle, this order will be repeated. On reaching original places, he will command—HALT.

First couple—forward, MARCH—countermarch by file left, MARCH—HALT. In double file form squad, MARCH. Males four paces to the right, Females four paces to the left, MARCH. Males four paces to the left, Females four paces to the right, march. Forward, countermarch by files left and right, MARCH.—HALT. Squad front, FACE.

Forward two paces, MARCH.—Backward two paces, MARCH. Deploy as skirmishers, increase intervals, in hollow square, countermarch by file right, into place, MARCH.

Persons conversant with military affairs will be enabled to apply the rules given above to all Ball room manoeuvres. The minor dances under this system will serve for squad drills, while the school of the Battalion will be practised in the "German," which may thus serve instead of the battle field to develop and exercise all the resources of military strategy.

Quaestiones Rationales de Vita et Rebus Teutonicis, cum Solutionibus huc pertinentibus.

Why is a German necessarily large?
Cos he's a *Mensch*. Big thing!

Why is a Gerwoman not neat?
Cos she's *Frau*—see? (frowsy.) Neat thing!

Why are Gerchildren better than others?
Cos they're *Kinder*. Interesting juvenile!

What is a Ger-Senator's happiest session?
The *Mittag-Session*. Fat thing!

Why is a native German like a Southern planter?
Cos his home is near the Black Oder. Sweet thing!

When is Mecklenburg profane?
When it's Mecklenburg Schwerin. Funny thing!

Why is a German letter never tiresome?
Cos it's always *Brief*. Good thing!

What is the best diet for a German?
The *Wurst*. Feline thing!

Why is a live German like a dead one?
Cos he lays in *Bier*. Juicy thing!

FRISCHLINUS TOLLENKOPFUS.

A Woodland Song.

"We may be a Pie yet," as the wild pigeon sang when he was requested by his equally wild companions to contribute to the harmony of the meeting.

SHUT UP THERE

An irrepressible JOHN KETTLEWELL, writes the following, which appears in the last *Charleston Mercury*.

BALTIMORE, April 19, 1861.

"Baltimore has covered herself with glory. Yesterday was the anniversary of the Battle of Lexington, and nobly did we celebrate it. Not only nobly, but significantly. We fought the enemy in our streets, for a mile and a half, with stones, bricks, pistols, hammers and fists; drove one part to Washington, the largest part back to their Northern homes, and have about one hundred prisoners."

Very nobly. Immensely nobly, oh KETTLEWELL. Yes—"with stones, bricks, pistols, hammers and fists"—you did most decidedly assault and murder unarmed men, until the armed ones turned and gave you back more than you gave—you homicide-praising traitor!

Wasn't it gay?

Hasn't the "glory" turned out a good investment?

Baltimore would do well to take care of these KETTLEWELLS, who write such articles. There is a keen eye over Maryland and a sharp sword waiting its wink. The Union sentiment of that impulsive State is by no means so perfectly established in our good opinion that we would advise Government to relax one jot of its watch and wardenship over Mobopolis. There is a Red Hand still hanging at the South end of the Park Barracks in New York, beneath which is the significant inscription:

TO BALTIMORE!

"OLD VIRGINNY."

North Carolina is congratulated by her Adjutant-General that "Virginia will in all probability be the first battle ground."

Georgia is told by Mr. HOWELL COBB to be at ease, and go on planting, for Old Virginia is to stand the shock and be the barrier.

Louisiana, Alabama, Mississippi, have all in many ways indicated a feeling of immense relief since they have found that "our brothers in Virginia" are to be the scape-goats of the Secession war. "Brave Virginia" it is thought can do most of her own fighting. "Gallant Virginia" has inexhaustible resources, Chivalric Virginia has always been the loudest champion for Slavery, and starved on the Institution while Cotton-dom made the money.

In the mighty legend of the Amoronthologosporus we are told that the Fox induced the Rabbit to fight a duel for him—Fox—with the Dog.

Poor Rabbit!

Fire and Sword, battle and sudden death, slaves flying northward, perhaps burning, and murdering, and outraging as they go! God in his mercy avert it all, but — put fire into gunpowder and there WILL be an explosion.

And Virginia is putting fire to powder—rushing to certain Abolitionism more madly than Massachusetts ever went —

And Cotton-dom is doubtless—very much obliged to her!

Ere long Virginia must, to keep her slaves from running away—or doing worse—sell them South. At considerably less than half price.

Which will be Hilarious for Cottondom, and luscious for Virginia? Only wait and see?

A Question of Color.

A contemporary critic informs us that Mr. CHURCH's new picture represents blocks of ice and "idle sweeps of water kindling into a million diversities of hues." If this is true, Mr. CHURCH's testimony must be added to that of those who insist on the indolence of the black races. It must be admitted, however, that the "idle sweeps of water" do more than the "idle sweeps of land," as we never remember seeing the latter of any other than one color. How it is with regard to the "idle sweeps" of the waters around Cape Sable, and of the Black Sea, we have no specific information. We blush "a million diversities of hue," as we ask how it is with the "sweeps of the waters" of the Niger! By the way, will Mr. CHURCH's testimony become popular as The Testimony of the Blacks?

Mental Reservation.

No matter how well the fence Resolution may be put up, the pig Equivocation is sure to make his way through it. Thus, when JOHN was about going to the wars, the other day, he gladdened the hearts of his lecturing parents by saying—"It's all right, I tell you I haven't had a Glass of ale for four months." Now, the rascal has been swilling any quantity of it out of pewter, for the last sixteen weeks.



A PORTRAIT

OF A DIABOLICAL SECESSIONIST WHO LED INTO CAPTIVITY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST. WM. WILSON'S BOYS ARE REQUESTED TO LOOK AFTER HIM.

WHAT FORT SUMTER DID FOR ME.

My love has gone to the wars. I saw him last in a car which belongs to The Old Colony Railroad Co. He was in the seat behind the band-man, who was black in the face, with playing the trombone. CHARLES was dreadfully annoyed by the music, I know; it prevented the culmination of pathetic feeling, which had begun to work, so far as to compel him to get out his handkerchief from the breast pocket of his red coat. The exertion of fishing it up with his finger and thumb, for the pocket was too tight for him to get his hand in, also embarrassed him. I could not help observing this from my place among the rest of the girls on the platform; of course, it would not do for me to cry before them, because it is not known that we are engaged, and had I cried, they would have guessed it, and I should have been pitied. "All aboard," the conductor called, and the train started. Nobody put out his head to nod back to us, nobody waved a handkerchief. In my opinion every man needed his handkerchief for another purpose. The band played furiously till the locomotive carried it beyond hearing; the latter then set up an awful shriek, and we turned away from the platform.

Only eighteen men have gone from our village, which is sixty miles from Boston. The Governor sent for the whole Company of the Mallett Guards, twenty-five, but seven were excused. WILLIAM BRUCE called on the doctor the day the summons came, and told him that he had been thinking of speaking to him for a week or more, he had suffered so from a pain in his back and legs. He wanted to go—he was for the Union, and no mistake; but could he? No one knew how much he had had to bear in the last few days; he hadn't even mentioned it to his wife; but it was so!

An abscess suddenly developed itself on JOHN BRALS's side. He had been afraid it would come to that a long while. It would not be possible for him to carry a musket for some time; but he should join his company, let it be where it might as soon as that confounded abscess would break.

Old ABNER SMITH was of a different pattern. He was obliged to remain behind, because one leg was shorter than the other. A long march would knock him up. He swore, "by George," that he thought a leg and a half was enough for the Southerners. "Why," said he, "darn 'em, wasn't there seventy marching out of Sumter with the honors of war, in the face of seven thousand

and more; to say nothing of that ere WIGFALL, with his handkerchief tied on his cane, and the Senator who fired a gun for fun? Hain't I the owner of a piece of ANDERSON's flag staff, which my son-in-law has just brought from New-York? I want to carry it back again."

The rest had reasons which proved available, for they are still here.

The day after the Company left, Mr. BASSETT planted the main-mast of the old "Excellent" on the hill by the dépôt, and run up the flag of the Union, the first that has waved over Mallett since LINCOLN's proclamation. A small cannon was dragged up the hill, and fired towards the South, and although the old gun kicked so that she turned clear to the west when she went off, she made a brave noise. I clapped my hands, and shut my eyes; but the thought of CHARLES made my heart rise to my mouth. Last night CHARLES's Uncle received a telegraphic dispatch from him. It was all over Mallett in an hour, and I could not help hearing it, and liking it:

"Baltimoreans on the tap: We are full of fight: Burst off all my coat buttons: God bless Mallett. CHARLES."

I have leisure now to reflect on how it came about, that CHARLES told me he loved me. I shall never forget what Fort Sumter has done for me. Before the attack on it by the rebels I was lukewarm; not towards CHARLES, for I always liked him, but towards the Cause. I was fond of the South, especially of Virginia. Governor WISS's aunt married my mother's cousin, and my oldest brother was named for him, HENRY WISS (we call him WISSY); besides, I have two intimate friends there, whom I met at boarding-school, in Northampton. I knew how the little niggers sprawled on every door-sill in Margaret Hall, and how the family petted them, dressing them up like monkeys, teaching them the Lord's Prayer, and even having them christened with the names of Mortimer, Cato, Cleopatra, and Aspasia. I had heard, too, of Aunt Charlotte, who had great dinners every day, which were mostly eaten by her negroes, who ruled her, and to whom she intended to give her plantation, when she found time to make her will. The feasting and hospitality of Virginia in the way of oysters, sweetmeats, and open doors, put to shame the rigid manners and measured meals of New-England. There was no thought of money in Virginia; it was not the constant study among people of moderate means there, to make the ends meet, as it is with us. I had also seen two or three F. F. V.'s; handsome, courtly gentlemen they appeared to be, though they had large flat feet. I was in love with one; I am proud enough to confess my folly now. FAIRFAX JAMES was his name. He was attentive to me for a whole summer; if he picked up my handkerchief once, he picked it up a hundred times, for I quite fell into the habit of dropping it. And he wrote me some splendid letters afterwards; he quoted PATRICK HENRY and GILMORE SMMS, and the poet LECGER, and the magnolia tree. I do not remember that he ever mentioned the palmetto, but I am sure he spoke of the water-oak. He jilted me for all that. He began his last letter with—"My beautiful, darling Northern primrose! would that I could be assured that I have the power of conferring happiness upon you!" I wrote him back,

"You have," and have never heard from him since. I hope he is among the rebels. Another F. F. V. was a medical student, who came to Mallett for a month's fishing; but instead, he drove tandem. One day his leading horse made him angry; he whipped it so, that both horses ran away, upset the team, and pitched him out and killed him. His relations came after him, and brought their Hatchment, which was spread over his coffin. It seems that he only pretended that he wanted to study medicine, for the sake of coming North, where he thought life was fast, for his family was beyond the professions, only owning negroes for a living, or holding Federal offices, just to pass away the time. What became of the last one I knew, I never heard. He disgraced the aristocracy from which he sprang by writing a book of poems, and bringing it up to a Boston house to publish. Where the first edition is, he and the publisher alone know, but that he paid for it, I am sure. In spite of my experiences I clung to the South; the land of the mocking-bird and chivalrous sentiment, the land of the cypress, and long waving moss, and of mirth; and when the troubles began, after LINCOLN's election, I was less than a moderate. When on a visit in New York I proudly signed Mrs. EMMA WILLARD's Memorial, which was presented to Congress, in favor of the CRITTENDEN Compromise. The memorial was worded to the tone of the South and the North, and was a weak piece of oily conciliation. I did not exactly like its phrasing, that the wrath of Heaven was upon us both, and that we must propitiate an angry God with petitions for political measures, that were partizan in spirit, after all; it savored of the Greek times, when Bulls were offered to Jupiter; still I signed it, and oh, Mrs. EMMA WILLARD, what is your reward? I approved of the *Journal of Commerce*,

which in my commercial family is handed down from father to son, from employer to clerk. I discussed at evening parties the wrongs of the South. "What right have we to interfere with the family arrangements of the South?" I said. "JOHN BROWN's blood has poisoned the air; 'OSSAWOTAMIE BROWN,' indeed!" I exclaimed to the poet who has written a noble lyric on the trooper. "BUCHANAN means well," I mouthed. And I came home self-satisfied to join the same sentiments in Mallett. CHARLES, whom I have known for a year, (he is a young lawyer who came here a twelvemonth since,) I found in a ferment, and presently we quarreled, not only on the questions at issue, but with each other. He said, as much by his behavior as by his words, that he thought me unfeminine and cruel, and I called him vituperative and coarse. We rather avoided each other after several interviews of this kind, but he wrote me a letter, beginning it with the rise and formation of the Republican Party, and ending with HORACE GREELEY's last fulmination. I answered that I could not write him of the rise of the Democratic Party, because it had always existed, its element was vital in the People, and ended my letter with several quotations from Democratic fountain heads. I was so angry with him that I resolved to convince him of the correctness of my views in time. He did not write a second letter. However, I met him at a small party soon afterwards, which CARRIE SNOW gave for a cousin who was visiting her, and was about to leave. I expected to meet him, for I knew he liked to go to CARRIE's, and I dressed with the utmost pains. I remembered that he preferred to all others a dress of black silk, so I wore mine with fifteen flounces; also a black lace head-silk. I think I looked like a Spanish girl. After I was ready, I determined to keep quiet in order to preserve the olive in my complexion; excitement would redden it. I wore grandmother's queer gold fringe ear-rings, and knots of velvet ribbon on my sleeves. He was there when I went into CARRIE's parlor, and turned pale when he saw me; but he coughed hard immediately, which brought the color back to his face. He gave me a cool nod, which I returned with one highly imperturbable. Our first refreshment was "The Star Spangled Banner," which the girls sang rather out of tune.

"I am sick of that song," I observed to CARRIE.

"Why?" asked CHARLES? "one of the Chivvs wrote it."

"It is all stuff," looking the person nearest me in the face, as if I didn't surmise that it was he, who had been speaking.

We staid in different rooms, both of us feeling that there was a tacit understanding to that effect. My olive complexion would not stand; my face was burning, and by the time the refreshments came round, I felt greatly in need of something cooling. I saw CHARLES seize a basket of cake from a side table with so much violence that several pieces fell out. He did not pick them up, but precipitately advanced towards me, with what remained.

"Will you take some?" he said fiercely.

"No, but I would like a glass of lemonade."

He carried back the basket, and returned with two glasses of the beverage I had desired him to bring, one of which he gave me, and sat down beside me with the other. The lemonade was so sour it made me shiver.

"Are you cold?" he asked, looking at me sharply. I could not bear his gaze, and I turned away.

"Oh no," I answered.

We did not speak for some time; I was forgetting that he was a Republican, when that detestable HOSEA HARLOW said at his elbow, "Have you seen the *Journal* to night? ANDERSON's reinforcements must reach him, or we shall lose Sumter? The rebels will force him to surrender."

CHARLES sprang to his feet; I think he swore, but am not certain.

"The rebels, Mr. HARLOW," I said "what do you mean?"

"I forgot your proclivities, Miss LORING," he replied; "I beg your pardon."

"Beg her pardon?" said CHARLES, in an incensed voice; "for shame, HARLOW!"

He fixed such an expression of contempt upon me, that I was tempted to throw my lemonade glass at him. I leisurely turned it upside down instead. "The last drop is spilt," I said, and walked off, leaving one indignant, and the other astonished.

"CARRIE," I said, "I am going to slip away quietly; I have a bad head ache."

"You look so," she answered, "your face is flushed. But," looking at me admiringly, as blondes are apt to look at brunettes, "you are as handsome as a rose-bud."

"Oh yes, of course; do you notice the thorns anywhere?"

I threw on my shawl and hood, which were up in her room, and went down the back stairs, and out by the back door. It was dark and windy. I stumbled along, vowing that I would never go to any more nonsensical stupid parties, such as I had just left; it was a waste of time. I had better be at home reading or sewing. Turning about to wrap my shawl, which the wind blew apart, closer

around me, I thought I saw a tall figure down the walk. I stopped, and the figure stopped; I went on backwards, and the figure came on forwards, but without advancing any nearer than when I saw it at first. Owing to my retrograde style of walking, I fell down at last, but the figure not coming to my assistance, I picked myself up, and proceeded in a less difficult manner, and lost sight of my follower, for I did not look back again. I had a sore throat the next day and could not go out. The evening after the papers came with an account of the bombardment of Fort Sumter. I was alone when I read the paper which contained the telegram. Every word transfixed me like an adder; a revulsion of feeling took place which amazed me. When it subsided, I discovered that I had an ardent, undying love for my country. "Where can I get a flag?" was one of my first thoughts; "I wish I could wear a dress, bonnet, shawl of flags, and a tiara of stars; the Southern stars I would put round the back of my head just now." Then my thoughts reverted to the thousand insults which the North had received from the South. From the Senator at the Capitol, down to cousin SAM HILL, who had one whisker and one side of his head shaved in Georgia, and who was bundled home because he presented to a young lady "The Autobiography of a Female Slave." She slapped his cheek with the cover and called him a vile, mercenary mud-sill, and begged him to go back to the filthy, brutal North, where he came from.

Feeling inclined to stay at home on Sunday I did not go to church; neither did I take my usual Sunday evening walk with CARRIE. Monday morning I determined to read "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," all day long, but I wearied over it so that I went to bed early, before father had finished the evening paper, which comes in the last Boston train.

"The flag of the Confederacy floats over Fort Sumter, does it?" I said, tying my night-cap with so much vigor that I pulled off its strings. "If CHARLES does not go to fight to the death," I continued, pounding the pillow, "I'll—I put out the light suddenly, for I did not need it to see how red my face was, and leaped into bed.

It must have been about midnight, when I was awakened by the noise of a locomotive which screamed along the track, and left an ominous stillness behind it. I did not sleep well after that, but had numerous dreams of Major ANDERSON, General DIX and Old ABE. When I got up I looked through the slats of the blind, to see what weather we were to have, and saw CHARLES passing by. He looked up at all the windows with such a wistful gaze; but his mouth contradicted the expression of his eyes; it was shut very tight. I made no sign, of course; what right had he to be looking up at my window?

"What was the train through by night for?" I asked at breakfast.

"Governor ANDREW's requisition for troops," replied father, who is a nasty moderate.

"Good," I answered.

"Ha, ha!" shrieked Wisey, "she's coming round. Forty went up last night; there's twenty-five going from Mallett, Sis."

I thought I would go over to CARRIE's house after all, it was so long since I had been there, to learn what she thought about affairs. I found her in the fidgets. She said but little, though, and did not mention CHARLES; neither did she say "come over soon," when I said that I must go. So I made an abrupt exit; but instead of going home I turned up the north road, and as I was going by HOSEA HARLOW's house, who should come out of the porch door backwards, shaking hands with Mrs. HARLOW and SUSAN, but CHARLES. I think SUSAN would not have seen me, if she could have helped it; but as I am tall, and the walk was narrow, she could not avoid saying "Good morning."

CHARLES turned hastily, and they went in, closing the door. His way was not my way evidently, for what could he want up the north road, where there was not another house for three miles? But up the north road he came. I heard his step behind me, and began to button my glove, then I tucked my hair inside my bonnet ruche with great care. He walked beside me, and waited till I had completed my toilette. Then he put his hand on my arm; there was a military glove upon it. I saw that his trousers had white straps down the seams.

"Oh CHARLES! wont you bring me home a Secessionist?"

"Are you willing for me to go?" he asked, standing before me and stopping me. We were now beyond the range of the windows of Mrs. HARLOW's house. He looked me steadfastly in the eyes with an unmistakable expression.

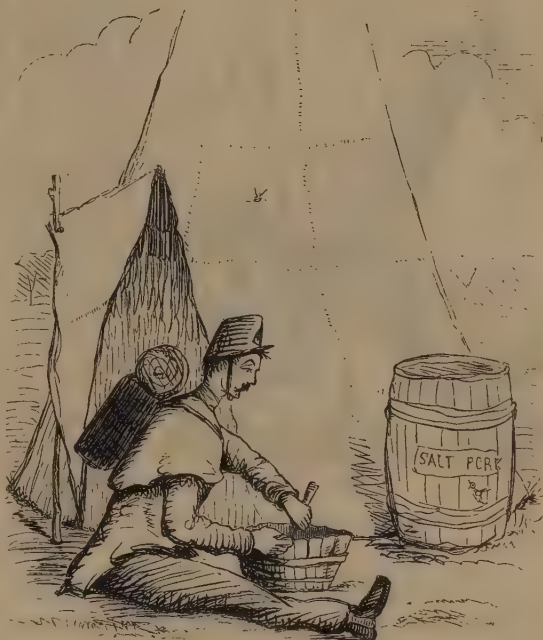
"If you don't go, dear, and demolish those rebels"—I could go no further, but began to cry.

"You are the noblest girl that ever lived," and down he went on his knees; I know it hurt him, for his military trousers were

A MEMBER OF THE SEVENTH REGIMENT DINING



At Delmonico's,



At Annapolis.

so tight. "If I come back will you marry me, minus an arm, or a leg perhaps?"

"Will you forgive me first, CHARLES, for being so stupid and apathetic?"

"Not a word of that, dear, dearest; let me kiss you, there's only a couple of cows near."

I was so happy, that I said "how do ye do," to the cows presently.

"We have just time for a walk together" he said; "we are going up to Boston this afternoon. Tomorrow we shall be on our way to Washington. Massachusetts will be on the ground first, I think; Governor ANDREW has had his eye out to the windward to some purpose."

We walked up the long road arm in arm. I never held so interesting a conversation in my life, as we held together. When we returned, we kissed each other in the same spot, where we kissed before, and bade each other farewell. CHARLES went into the village across the fields, and I returned home the way I came. Some how I pitied SUSAN HARLOW as I passed her house.

I met CARRIE at the Depot in the afternoon, and spent the night with her. We talked till two o'clock in the morning. Her mother thumped three times on the wall to stop us. I told her I was engaged to CHARLES. She pinched me, and said she had accepted ROSEA HARLOW before sunrise that morning.

"He is much handsomer than CHARLES," she added.

"He may be" I replied, "but he does not know half as much."

Since then I have been reading newspapers, when not walking up the north road, or making lint, and I expect to be till the war is over.

By a Citizen of Yonkers.

Will the artists sent to the wars by our illustrated papers Draw their rations?

Yard-arms.

Arms for S. C. Privateers

Big Thing in Maine.

The morbid appetites of bovines have been alluded to in the *Maine Farmer*, which paper further says that JOHN WOOD, of Winthrop, has a couple of yearling heifers that are ravenous after cloth, and have already devoured a horse-blanket, part of a sheet, and sundry night-caps.

These singularly gifted young cattle, as we learn through a source which we flatter ourselves is entirely beyond the reach of the *Maine Farmer*, have not confined themselves to horse-blankets and night-caps. After devouring all the buffalo-ropes, pilot overcoats, bed-quilts and double-breasted pea-jackets in Winthrop, they proceeded rapidly to the next town, where at last advices they held possession of a dry-goods store, and were festively banqueting on silks, laces, muslins, etc. Embroideries, however, appeared to be their weakness.

Mother Goose for Jeff Davis.

DAVIS is a traitor;

DAVIS is a thief;

DAVIS steals from "Uncle SAM;"

But soon he'll come to grief.

For "ABE" will send to Davis' house,

And if he hasn't fled,

One of the Zouave Butcher Boys

Will chop off Davis' head!

By a Citizen of Rahway.

The manufacturers of Mrs. WINSLOW'S Soothing Syrup have made a fortune, as we see by the papers, but they made it Syruptitiously. We hope to hear from Rahway often, enclosing postage stamps.

The Air likely to be most popular in the "Confederate" Army.

"Ah Dinner forget!"

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 13th.

ONDERFUL
VANITY:—You
are not surpris-
ed by the date
of this letter,
are you?

Nothing that
I do, can sur-
prise any well-
regulated
mind. . .

My ways are
inscrutable.

My fleet ar-
rived at Clam-
ville, on the
coast of Indi-
ana, the day
before yester-
day, after a
quiet and agree-
able passage.

BIANCA was
a little sea-sick.

On landing,
I formed my
army in a hol-
low square, and
marched to
this city amid



a perfect torrent of acclamation from the populace wherever we passed.

It was a big thing.

I have freed Italy. . .

I will do, with this country, anything that the Government desires.

Immediately upon my arrival, I offered my army and navy forever to President LINCOLN.

"Who are you?" said he, biting off the end of a tenpenny nail that he held in his mouth.

"I am McARONE!" I said.

"No! You don't say!"

"I do."

"I accept your services, of course . . . only . . . no games, you know!"

"Not a game, Colonel!"

"Send your men into camp at once, and telegraph your naval force to come up the Potomac. Now, let me tell you a little story: When I was a boy, out in Arkansas, my father used to send me after the cows, every night. There were two cows. A brindle cow, and a white cow. The brindle cow had a lame leg. . ."

"Cut it short, Colonel," said I.

" . . . Exactly. Well, the brindle cow, being lame, took a long time to get home, and my father used to lick me for loitering on the road. Now, Mac," said the President, slowly shutting one eye; "I have always had to drive a lame cow, and bear the blame of loitering, but you just lay low and keep dark, and I'll show you the biggest rip-staving old bear-fight you ever saw in your life!"

This LINCOLN is no fool, after all.

I sent my men into camp, and, feeling wearied, betook myself to a faro-bank for recreation.

The Capital is Safe.

Yesterday, I took a run down to Wheatlands, to call on my old crony BUCHANAN. I found him drinking Scotch whiskey, in token of his affection for BENNETT.

"How are you, Mac?" said he; "take a snifter?"

"Don't care if I do," I replied.

He poured out four fingers of mountain-dew, straight, which I absorbed.

"JIMMIE," said I, "you made an awful mull of your four years."

"Didn't I!" said he.

"What did you do it for? It was very reprehensive."

"Well, I had a squinting toward the South."

In truth, he does squint, terribly. It grows on him.

"And I wanted to keep square with the North, and got kind of mulvathered between the two. Then your organ, VANITY FAIR, never let up on me. . . his voice lowered almost to a whisper. . . would you believe it? they caricatured me as a gas-butt, and a straddlebug, and a frog and a jack-in-the-box, and I don't know what all! That made me sort of doncey. . ."

"Spell it with a 'k,' JIMMIE," said I. . .

"And I got low-spirited. I think I had the pip, or the heaves, or something, and became desperate."

"And so. . ."

"And so I didn't care whether school kept or not, and just let everything go to the dogs. Take another snifter."

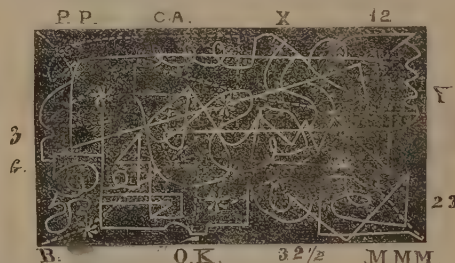
The public have been a little hard on JIMMIE. He's a good deal more weak than wicked, and if he had only had me around him, to give him some ideas, things would have gone on a deal better.

How could the country be safe, when I was away?

It has taught me a severe lesson. If I wanted to be brilliant, splendid, happy, why did I leave my native land? Hilarity begins at home.

Send me some money.

Here is my plan for the campaign. Of course, you will see at a glance the beauty and simplicity of my movements. The dotted lines represent the *echelon*; the straight lines are the *route*, and the stars show the arrangement of my *point d'appui*:



What could be finer than that chart?

When General SCOTT saw it, he offered me his hat, and said, with much emotion:

"Othello's occupation's gone!"

It lacerates my heart, to see old and patriotic soldiers falling into the rear ranks, to make room for me; but how can one help having genius?

I am a child of nature, simple and untutored, but I have that inborn power that is better than age, virtue, or gold. I knew it when I left my boyhood's home. My friends know that I was doing very well in Poughkeepsie, long ago, but had I staid there, would McARONE ever have been the name it now is?

The Seventh regiment is safe in Washington. General BRAU-REGARD is supposed to be in New Jersey, stealing horses. JEFF DAVIS has gone into the country. Look out for important news shortly, and believe no reports, save those of

McARONE.

"Very Like a Whale;"

One of the city journals, announcing the arrival of the *Great Eastern*, says:

Some of the members of the Board of Directors have accompanied the ship.

We are aware of but three modes of progression by which the gentlemen referred to could have "accompanied the ship"—in another ship, by flying, or by swimming. Now, as to the first of these, we have heard nothing about another ship: as to the second, we are not aware that the directors of the *Great Eastern* are Gulls; and as to the third, it would hardly be polite to assume that those gentlemen are members of the "Scaly Brood."

A Query for Ethnologists.

A Rampart Roundhead wishes to know if the Southerners are, as they pretend, the descendants of the Cavaliers?

We should say they were from their Cavalier manner of taking things!

Right to a T.

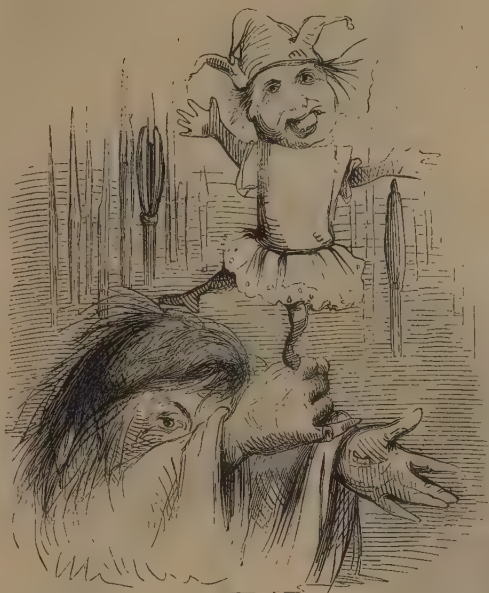
What will make a good regiment?

Good regimen.

Meteorological Aphorism.

When the clouds are Rent, and coming down with the Dust, look out for some Change.

PETS FOR THE CAMP.



The monotony of camp life is mollified by the French soldier with ingenuity greater even than that displayed by the Yankee who patented a machine for converting obsolete cider-corks into "apple-sass." Many of the Zouaves who fought so nobly in the Crimea, for example, managed to enjoy the society of distant members of their family by proxy. They brought with them from home, sundry representative animals, which they named, individually, after very respectable persons of both sexes who were so dear to them, the Zoo-zoos, at their respective homes. One of that extraordinary class of warriors delights in telling an anecdote of the sagacity of his brother Jacquor, who, finding that his nose had got between the fangs of a murderous bull-dog belonging to a neighboring tent, and that he was unable to shake him off by fair means, had recourse to the following expedient: He plunged his persecutor up to the neck in the pot of boiling soup that whizzed in front of the tent to which the latter belonged; thereby not only compelling him to let go his grip, but, with a fine feeling of poetical retribution, converting him into immediate *bouilli* for his unconscious mess. This Jacquor, brother to the Zoo-zoo, was a large black Newfoundland *dogue*.

We refrain from offering to the reader about two hundred and thirty equally interesting anecdotes in our possession, each of them tending to prove, not only the imaginative adaptability of the French soldier as regards family feelings, but his large resource in the item of animal food for the mind. Nor do we advocate the principle of selecting any of the lower animals as representatives of the loved ones far away: although, indeed, we are sluggish in comprehending why the term "lower animal" should be applied to the former, inasmuch as it is supposed to make its appearance in the world unsaddled with the burden of "original sin;" while, according to many great theorists, the human animal not only brings that sad incubus with him when he comes, but works perseveringly in completing it with all the modern improvements during his stay.

That question must be settled by our theological editor, who is out of town, snipe-shooting, just now, but shall have the matter submitted to him immediately upon his return. What we want to suggest is this: that as the Zouave is likely to become a feature upon the face of our country, it would be a good thing for him to follow his French prototype in other matters besides the obvious and essential ones of dress and drill. Let our soldiers go straight to the French for those light and cheerful pastimes by which alone the tented field can be brought into approximative association with the boyhood's home. We consider the mythical man who made two blades of grass wave where one formerly wilted, as quite an inferior person to the Frenchman who discovered that

animal food for the mind is nourishing to the campaigning disposition. Next to dinner, what can be more refreshing to a mess just come in from a two hours drill, than the gambols of a *spirituel* monkey residing on the premises of the tent? These interesting animals may be had for a moderate figure, now that the street musicians are trotting with the GARIBALDI Lights. In the sportive boundings of a pair of glossy Kids, what bright memories of Broadway would recur to the gallant Seventh as they gazed!—of Broadway and of the indispensable *gants* *Jouvin* by which gradation is so nicely marked in its motley throng. Of dogs, the assortment should be various and complete. The great blood hound, gifted with a keen scent for enemies, is a sterling companion in the fray, and a pleasant fellow to look at by the camp-fire. Terriers, of all sorts and sizes, are favorite associates in soldier life. Those with a dash of the bull in them are appropriate, and there should always be a badger, named BEAUREGARD, on hand for them to bait. HARRY JENNINGS has, or had, a Mexican Pig, of excellent qualities for the same purpose, which he might be induced to present to his adopted country for a fair consideration, and which, under the name of JEFF, would afford prime afternoon entertainment with the dogs. Go in for animal spirits, then!—but be French in your selection and taste, forgetting not that, among the Pets of the Camp, the *vivandière* must always be the first.

TO THE TOMB.

A coffin in a cart!
Alone to Potter's Field it goes;
Another wounded, maddened heart
Has burst the net of human woes.
Bear her onward, faster;
Let the dust her follies hide—
Daughter of disaster,
Wretched suicide!

A carriage dashes by,
With furious speed, and clattering din;
Behold the man of haughty eye
Who lolls so sumptuously within.
Here, the careless slayer,
There the wreck his will hath made;
Here, the proud betrayer,
There, the poor betrayed.

Riches were his, and power;
Her only wealth an honest name;
'Twas meet that he should crush the flower
And give a soul to death and shame.
One who might have lighted
Paths where angels love to dwell,
Bewildered and benighted,
Fell—forever fell.

It is an oft-told tale,
The world were all too good to hear:
Let humble error sink and quail,
But high born sin hath naught to fear.
Ye, whose mask of honor,
Glitters in the sight of men,
Heap your scorn upon her—
Spurn the Magdalen!

They meet no more on earth—
The careless slayer and the slain;
He wanders through, the halls of mirth
And takes no thought of other's pain:
What will be the meeting
In the realms beyond the tomb?
What will be the greeting
On the day of doom?

[By one of the First Families of South Reading.

"Woe to the Northern Battalion," writes JOHN FONSYTH of Mobile, but when he sees the Battalion coming we guess he'll cry "Whoa."

By Van Amburgh.

Did Mr. LINCOLN let his whiskers grow for the purpose of Beard-ing the Secession Lion in his den?



THE BOLD PRIVATEER OF THE C. S. A.

Captain of the Gay Seceder.—"BLOW MY TAR-RIN EYES, JACK! EF 'IT A'N'T THE GREAT EASTERN. YERE'S RICHNESS AND LOTS O' PRIZE MONEY—RUN OUT YER CARRONADE AND BRING HER UP WITH A ROUND TURN."

A SKETCH OF THE SOUTHERN CONGRESS.

SCENE.—*The Lobby.*

Enter KEITT, tight. To him RHETT, wet.

KEITT.—Say, ole coon! hear z' news!—ain't I fuss-rate fellert' pick-up-news? Whoo?

RHETT.—Zatso!

KEITT.—Whoo! ain't I fuss-rate feller-t' pick up—

RHETT.—Zatso!

KEITT.—Whoo! wadyergive a feller t' teller z' news?—couple o' drinks?

RHETT.—Zatso!

KEITT.—Well! here goes tell yer z' news. ABELINKINS DRINKIN'!

RHETT.—Zatso?

KEITT.—Whoo! Northernfellers always drinkin', ain't got no bizness but drinkin', ABELINKINS DRINKIN', BILLSEWARDS DRINKIN', dambillseward!

RHETT.—Zatso!

KEITT.—Whoo! where's them drinks? ABELINKINS DRINKIN', everybozdrinkin' everybozatwashington's drunk 's a sow, and we

RHETT.—Zatso!

KEITT.—Damzatso!—Zatso's blasted Northern 'xpression!

RHETT.—Zatso!

[*Exeunt ambo, reeling.*]

The Locks of War.

Our gallant volunteers are like SAMPSON—much of their strength lies in their locks. They have Locks from their sweethearts on leaving for the field; have Locks on their muskets, and Havelocks on their caps; and they will bring the rebels to a dead Lock as soon as ever they get a chance.

Ohio's War Cry.

WADE in.

A House built upon Sand.

Judging from the immense amount of sand that is daily bagged for the defence of the South, it would appear that the rebels are building their hopes of success upon the shifting material in question. The ladies of Montgomery bolstered up five thousand sandbags for Pensacola in a few hours, and yet there is a demand for more from the same quarter. Now we would not for the world say an ungallant thing of the ladies of Montgomery; but we cannot refrain from reminding them that, if they choose thus to make Sand-Witches of themselves, they may expect to be devoured by our troops when the Sand-bag city comes to be Sacked.

How we will take them.

A Sunday paper speaks of a tri-colored "kettle-holder" made by a patriotic woman of New-York. What woman among us is not patriotic now? We will wrap the flag of our fathers around the "Pan Handle" of Virginia, and upset the entire dish of Old Dominion Secession.

Not down in the Books.

The Rebels made themselves very merry over the supposed treachery of our Lieutenant General. In their ignorance of military matters, we beg to assure them that Treason is not treated of, or with, in Scott's tactics.

Tit for Tat.

The South threatens the North with her Beauregard.

New York will meet her with her Bowery Guard.

The Only Motto of Ellsworth's Zouaves
Fire!

POCKET AND PRINCIPLE.

Enshrine this maxim in your heart,
Within your safe chest lock it—
That Principle is but a Part,
The whole is in the Pocket.

For even bluff JOHN BULL doth sing
That principle is rotten,
Compared with that superior thing
South Carolina cotton.

Says he, (the London *Herald* there
JOHN's sentiments abetted),
"If cotton we can't have by fair
Means, we'll use foul to get it."

Such naughty words from JOHN BULL do
Afflict my mind and shock it—
His Principles are falling through
The Hole that's in his pocket.

A Word to Western Virginia.

Stand fast, Men of Western Virginia! you have the post of honor now. Be true to your Country in the hour of her trial, and God will be true to you. But no division of your State. Throw the whole weight of your influence upon your distracted councils; bring back the erring, and sustain the true men in the whole State. By asking the Government to recognize a division, now you ask it virtually to recognize Secession. Keep the Old State in all its integrity, and redeem it from the grasp of the demagogues who would rule or ruin now. The greater honor for you to bring her back to her allegiance, and you can do it, only be firm and all will yet be well. The freemen of the North are with you, and half a million of bayonets when needed, will bristle at your call, if such must be the dread alternative. But no division now. The whole State for the Union and nothing less! should be your battle cry.

VANITY FAIR.



THE TWO ROGUES.

MACAIRE (JEFF DAVIS).—COME ON, COMRADE, PUT YOUR BEST LEG FOREMOST. WHAT ARE YOU AFRAID OF? WE'RE OUT OF DANGER NOW.

JACQUES STROP (LETCHER).—THE SOONER THE BETTER. OH, I WISH I HAD HALF YOUR IMPUDENCE! YOU ARE AFRAID OF NOTHING; YOU SWAGGER AND BOUNCE, AND HOLD UP YOUR HEAD, AS IF YOU WERE THE MOST HONEST AND UPRIGHT MAN IN THE WORLD.

"HOME GUARDS."

Quite a number of very estimable young persons are actively engaging themselves, just now, in the pleasing if not exhilarating occupation of organizing soldier-companies to stay at home during the war.

Really, a very good idea, when you come to look at it.

The old foggy notion . . . that a young, able-bodied man, not hampered by the necessity of getting bread for a family, has no excuse for turning a deaf ear to the call of his country . . . is entirely exploded. We don't exactly know how; but it is exploded.

A military uniform, however, is none the less brilliant and beautiful in the eyes of LAURA MATILDA; nor is the title of Captain, Lieutenant, or Sergeant less grateful to the ears of its owner.

So we *must* wear uniforms and titles, whether we fight or not; don't you see?

Hinc illæ Home Guards!

After all, we have a tolerably efficient home force now; but then, that is nothing. We have an army of stout, good-looking fellows, who stand all day and night about street corners, dressed in blue, with gilt buttons, and shields, and locust maces. They are kept at a pretty heavy expense, solely for the duty of looking after affairs here at home.

Never mind. Go on, boys, organizing your Home Guards. Only, wouldn't it be a good notion to uniform you in blue, with gilt buttons, place civic shields upon your youthful bosoms, arm you with locust clubs, and call you some appropriate name . . . say Reserved Police, for instance.

DIMICK.

Col. DIMICK, according to all accounts, is the first man who has made the Virginia Secessionists back down. Which induces us to exclaim, in the language of the ribald, "Bully for DIMICK!"

The Colonel, who is in command of Fort Monroe, received, it seems, on Monday of last week, a summons from the rebels to deliver up to them the entire possession of an important bridge in the rear of the fort.

DIMICK didn't see it.

DIMICK furthermore sent two companies of Massachusetts boys with a howitzer to take care of the bridge.

Before the arrival of the Massachusetts boys the rebels were extremely bold; they brandished their weapons and said "Ha! ha!" in the ferocious manner peculiar to Third Villians in our Bowery melodramas.

But when the Massachusetts boys arrived and the howitzer "burst upon their astonished gaze," (that's from SHAKESPEARE) the rebels ceased brandishing their weapons and changed their "Ha ha's!" to "Ho! ho's!"

When now DIMICK took out his watch and gave the rebels ten minutes to clear the bridge, the rebels began to think that it wasn't much of a bridge after all, and to conclude that it wasn't worth having.

A conclusion which grew steadily upon them up to the eighth minute.

And which, at the ninth, induced them to retire in a hasty but dignified manner from the scene, leaving DIMICK undisputed master, not only of the bridge, but of a very fine well at its Secession extremity.

Which moves us to exclaim again, this time in thunder tones, "Bully for DIMICK!"

VENGEANCE DIRE.

A collection of wild and irremediable Secession idiots, known as the "Meagher Guards" of Charleston, S. C., having noticed that THOMAS FRANCIS MEAGHER, the Irish exile, has taken sides with the North, and is now engaged in enrolling a company of Irishmen, lately resolved—says a Southern paper—to change their name. Hereafter they will be known as the Emerald Light Infantry.

If the wild and irremediable idiots in question could only know how bad Mr. MEAGHER feels at the slight they have put upon him they would be grieved indeed. Immediately upon the receipt of the above intelligence, Mr. M., we understand, took to his bed, and for some days his recovery was looked upon as doubtful. At the critical moment, however, he rallied, but continued to be so borne down with sorrow that for a week past he has refused all nourishment. But one consoling thought, we believe, holds Mr. MEAGHER to this life, which is that the W. & I. I.'s of Charleston were unworthy of bearing his name, and that in calling themselves the Emerald Light Infantry, they have only confessed to that greenness which, in common with all other Secessionists, they are known to possess.

WANTED: THE FACTS.

The number of the killed at Fort Moultrie, during the bombardment of Sumter, will, in all probability, remain a mystery to the end of time, whenever that is. As nearly as can be estimated, however, the slaughter must have been terrific. Let us see what the figures say.

According to a private letter from a Charleston lady, never published, the killed were . . . 23.

Private letter from "a gentleman," never published . . . 130.

Bulletin posted at the Charleston *Mercury* office, but immediately pulled down . . . 30.

Captain of a schooner lying at Morris Island . . . 140.

Letter from "a gentleman," . . . 100.

Statement of two German soldiers, say . . . 300.

Total . . . 723.

Statement of BEAUREGARD, DAVIS, & Co. . . "Nobody Hurt!"

There seems to be a slight discrepancy here, somehow. The only way whereby we can account for all statements, is on the presumption that Major ANDERSON's shot and shell did such clever execution that those who were killed, were so effectually extinguished that they never knew what was the matter with them!

THE VOLUNTEER'S SOLOQUY,

OVER HIS RATIONS.

(Respectfully Dedicated to the Commissariat Department.)

I.

"Now what do yer call this 'ere? Is it beef? Or mutton? Or pork?"

D'y'e s'pose I kin eat sech garbage, an' do half-a-day's work? I say flesh an' blood can't stan' it, this starvin' a feller because He's went an' felt patriotic, an' 'listed hisself for the wars!

II.

"When I was up to hum, in the good old Empire State . . . Herkimer County, I come from . . . the vittles was all fust-rate:

Bes' kind o' beef, cooked rightly, for Ma knows how . . . my eyes!

What wouldn't I give, jes' now, for one o' her roasts and pies!

III.

"But this! 'tain't fit for niggers . . . a rusty cracker or two

An' a bit of bacon, all fat, an' tougher'n any old shoe!

I swan, when I fust took hold on 'd I jes' couldn't swaller a bite, But I had ter go hungry all day, so I bolted her down, at night.

IV.

"Here, while a feller's at work, with a darned heavy gun on his arm

This sort o' grub, as I s'pose, might do him a heap o' harm:

There's no end o' money subscribed, they tell me, to keep us well But it 'pears to me them committees is not much short of a sell!

V.

"Jest a reg'lar sell. That's so. An' they've got the money, too, While we poor soldiers goes empty, with all the fitin' to do;

Now s'pose one o' them fine chaps . . . the ones who've got all the tin

. . . Was kep' on a cracker a day, with spiled bacon as us boys have been!

VI.

"Well, 'tain't no use ter complain; complaints don't get very far While money goes through them fingers, an' them fingers is covered with tar:

Only, I'd jes' like for to feed 'em, and show 'em how long it 'ud be Afore they got fat an' jolly, on the Red Tape that's starvin' me!"

No Wonder.

The Baltimore correspondent of the *Times* says:

"Gen. BUTLER is roundly hated by the secessionists here."

We are not in the least surprised to hear that these fort-stealing persons hate the worthy General roundly. It is perfectly impossible for them to do any thing at all On the Square.



1. MR. BANANA, FINDING THE STREETS MUDDY, AND BEING TOO ECONOMICAL FOR A COACH, PROCEEDS TO HIS BELOVED'S ON STILTS.

TWO VERY LARGE MICE.

"Montgomery, May 13.—It is probable that Congress will adjourn within the next ten days, to meet again in July, at such place as circumstances may render necessary."

Mark the delicious uncertainty; "it hath a twofold significance." First, the doubt whether it would be prudent for them to decide upon Montgomery as the place of meeting for fear they may be caught in the trap Gen. SCOTT is evidently preparing for them. Secondly—but for this hear the fearful prognostication of the *Memphis Avalanche*:

"A FUGITIVE CONGRESS.—It is generally conceded here that LINCOLN'S Congress, called to meet on the 4th of July next, will convene in Portland, Maine, or perhaps in Toronto—never in Washington city."

A terrible thing, if true, and one that will go far towards reconciling the Portlanders to their loss of the benefits that were to be reaped from the visit of the Great Eastern on her first trip; it wouldn't be a bad thing either for Toronto, but its good citizens will doubtless bear the disappointment with Christian resignation if the prophecy should fail. An *Avalanche* is an uncomfortable thing at the best of times, and a small dose of Harney will doubtless aid the law abiding portion of the citizens of Memphis, before long, in removing the one they have there as the first work of the great Lipsius was removed; in the meantime VANITY FAIR begs leave to suggest that if there is any serious intention on the part of the Confederacy and the *Avalanche* combined, to make their head quarters at Washington in July, they will find this objection to the summary proceeding, that by that time, Washington will be too hot to hold them.

Just About So.

Before this quarrelsome couple, North and South, can effect a Union, we fear a Long Engagement is necessary!

Not Unlikely.

They do say that Privateering is very Catching.

What the "Chivalry" Want to Meet.

A Foeman Worthy of their Steal!

THE BATTLE OF THE SKIES.

I.

Last night, the rolling thunder
Over the city went,
The gleam-bolts played and quivered
Across the firmament.

II.

I leaned among the watchers,
Under the parapet;
The lightning-blades flashed quicker,
The rain fell faster yet.

III.

Along the shaking windows
There came a voice—"Arise,
The mystic hosts are fighting
The Battle of the Skies!"

IV.

And Southward flashed the lightning,
And Southward went the roar
Of the dreadful mystic chariots,
Over the sea and shore.

V.

And lo! the North clouds opened,
And forth the blue sky came
From out the dark drift floating,
A Star-flecked oriflamme!

VI.

While Southward rolled the chariots,
And Southward flashed the light
Of the awful gleam-bolts glancing
Upon the awful night.

VII.

And lips were sternly silent,
And eyes in silence met,
As I leaned among the watchers
Under the parapet.

A Remarkable Fungus.

Such is the scarcity of food, now, in several parts of the South, that the inhabitants of many districts have been driven to subsist wholly upon Mush.

By-and-by, according to present appearances, the whole of the seceding States will be reduced to rations of the same rather depressing powder; in which case it will be only necessary to wall them in, and roof them over, to produce a Mush-Room that will be handed down by tradition as the greatest on record.

PERSONAL.

INFORMATION WANTED.—Of JOHN SLIDELL, WM. L. YANCEY, BENJAMIN FITZPATRICK and another youth named IVERSON. If this comes to their notice they are implored by their anxious parents to come home, or send information where they may be found. All shall be forgotten. Address "VANITY FAIR," 100 Nassau Street, New-York. my 25—1t.

Martial Nomenclature.

Everything is taking name and color from the reigning excitement. We understand that New York Bay is to be re-christened with a warlike title. Owing to the shad-fishery apparatus there prevalent, we would suggest that it be called The Bay-O-Nets.

A "Crooked Stick."

The Baltimore Marshal Kane.

Important to Flying Artillery.

The art of gun-hurry.



2. BRINGING UP AGAINST HER BOUDOIR HE CANNOT HELP SEEING THIS

ARTEMUS WARD IN THE SOUTH. HIS TRIALS AND ADVENTURES.

I had a narrer scape from the sonny South. "The swings and arrers of outrajus fortin," alluded to by Hamlick, warn't nothin in comparison to my troubles. I came pesky near swearin sum profane oaths more'n onct, but I hope I didn't do it, for I've promist her whose name shall be nameless (except that her initials is BETSEY J.) that I'll jine the Meetin House at Baldinsville, jest as soon as I can scrape money enuff together so I can 'ford to be piuss in good stile, like my welthy nabers. But if I'm confiscated agin I'm fraid I shall continer on in my present benited state for sum time.

I figgerd conspicuously in many thrillin scenes in my tower from Montgomery to my humsted, and on sevril occasions I thought "the grate komic paper" wouldn't never be enriched no more with my lubrications. Arter biddin adoo to JEFFERSON D. I started for the depot. I saw a nigger sittin on a fence a-playin on a banjo. "My Afrikin Brother," sed I, cotin from a 'Track I onct red, "you belong to a very interestin race. Your masters is goin to war exclosively on your account."

"Yes, boss," he replied, "an' I wish 'em honorable graves!" and he went on playin the banjo, larfin all over and openin his mouth wude enuff to drive in an old-fashioned 2 wheeled chaise.

The train of cars in which I was to trust my wallerble life was the scalest rickytiest lookin lot of consarns that I ever saw on wheels afore. "What time does this string of second-hand coffins leave?" I inquired of the depot master. He sed direckly, and I went in & sot down. I hadn't more'n fairly squatted afore a dark lookin man with a swinister expression onto his countenance entered the cars, and lookin very sharp at me, he axed what was my principles?

"Secesh!" I anserd. "I'm a Dissoluter. I'm in favor of JEFF. DAVIS, BOUREGARD, PICKENS, Capt. KIDD, BLOOBEARD, MUNRO EDARDS, the devil, Mrs. CUNNINGHAM and all the rest of 'em."

"You're in favor of the war?"

"Certingly. By all means. I'm in favor of this war and also of the next war. I've been in favor of the next war for over sixteen years!"

"War to the knife!" sed the man.

"Blud, Eargo, blud!" sed I, [tho them words isn't origgernal

with me. Them words was rit by SHAKESPEARE, who is ded. His Mantle fell onto the the author of "The Seven Sisters," who's goin to Lav a Spring overcoat made out of it.

We got under way at larst, an' proceeded on our jersey at about the rate of speed which is ginrally obsarved by properly-conducted funeral processions. A hansum yung gal, with a red musketer bar on the back part of her hed, and a sassy little black hat tipt over her forrerd, sot in the seat with me. She wore a little Sesesh flag pin'd onto her hat, and she was a goin for to see her troo love, who had jined the Southern army, all so bold and gay. So she told me. She was chilly and I offerd her my blanket.

"Father livin'?" I axed.

"Yes sir."

"Got any Uncles?"

"A heap. Uncle THOMAS is ded, tho."

"Peace to Uncle THOMAS's ashes, and success to him! I will be your Uncle THOMAS! Lean on me, my pretty Secesher, and linger in Blissful repose!" She slept as seccorly as in her own housen, and didn't disturb the sollum stillness of the night with 'ary snore.

At the first station a troop of Sojers entered the cars and inquired if "Old Wax Works" was on bored. That was the disrepectiv stile in which they referred to me. "Becawz if Old Wax Works jis on bored," sez a man with a face like a double-breasted lobster, "we're going to hang Old Wax Works!"

"My illustrious and patriotic Bummers!" sez I, a gittin up and takin orf my Shappoo, "if you allude to A. WARD, it's my pleasin dooty to inform you that he's ded. He saw the error of his ways at 15 minits parst 2 yesterday, and stabbed hisself with a stuffed sledstake, dyin in five beautiful tabloos to slow moosic! His larst words was: 'My perfershernal career is over! I jerk no more!'"

"And who be you?"

"I'm a stooudent in Senator BENJAMIN's law offiss. I'm goin up North to steal sum spoons and things for the Suthern Army."

This was satisfactry and the intossicated troopers went orf. At the next station the pretty little Secesher awoke and sed she must git out there. I bid her a kind adoo and giv her sum pervisions. "Accept my blessin and this hunk of gingerbred!" I sed. She thankd me muchly and tript galy away. There's considerable human nater in a man, and I'm fraid I shall allers giv aid and comfort to the enemy if he cums to me in the shape of a nice yung gal.

At the next station I didn't get orf so easy. I was dragged out of the cars and rolled in the mud for several minits for the purpuss of "takin the conseet out of me," as a Secesher kindly stated.

I was let up finally, when a powerful large Secesher came up and embraced me, and to show that he had no hard feelins agin me, put his nose into my mouth. I returned the compliment by placing my stummick suddenly agin his right foot, when he kindly made a spittoon of his able-bodied face. Actoated by a desire to see whether the Secesher had bin vaxinated I then fastened my teeth onto his left coat-sleeve and tore it to the shoulder. We then vilently bunted our heads together for a few minits, danced around a little, and sot down in a mud puddle. We riz to our feet agin & by a sudden & adroit movement I placed my left eye agin the Secesher's fist. We then rushed into each other's arms and fell under a two-hoss wagon. I was very much exhausted and didn't care about gettin up agin, but the man said he reckoned I'd better, and I conclooded I would. He pulled me up but I hadn't bin on my feet more'n two seconds afore the ground flew up and hit me in the hed. The crowd sed it was high old sport, but I couldn't zakly see where the laffure come in. I riz and we embraced agin. We careered madly to a steep bank, when I got the upper hands of my antaggernist and threw him into the raveen. He fell about forty feet, striking a grindstone pretty hard. I understood he was injured. I haven't heard from the grindstone.

A man in a cockt hat cum up and sed he felt as tho a apology was doo me. There was a mistake. The crowd had taken me for another man! I told him not to mention it, axed him if his wife and little ones was so's to be about, and got on bored the train, which had stopped at that station "20 minits for refreshments." I got all I wantid. It was the hartiest meal I ever et.

I was rid on a rale the next day, a bunch of blazin fire crackers bein tied to my coat tales. It was a fine spectycl in a dramatic pint of view, but I didn't enjoy it. I had other adventures of a startlin kind, but why continer? Why lasserate the Public Boozum with these here things? Suffysit to say I got across Mason & Dixie's line safe at last. I made tracks for my humsted, but she with whom I'm harnist for life failed to recognize, in the emashed bein who stood before her, the gushin youth of forty-six summers who had left her only a few months afore. But I went into the pantry, and brought out a certin black bottle. Raisin it to my lips, I sed "Here's to you, old gal!" I did it so natral

that she knowed me at once. "Those form! Them voice! That natral stile of doin things! 'Tis he!" she cried, and rushed into my arms. It was too much for her & she fell into a swoon. I cum very near swoounding myself.

No more to-day from yours for the Perpetration of the Union, and the bringin of the Goddess of Liberty out of her present bad fix,
ARTEMUS WARD.

THE NIGHT-SHRIEK.

A MILITARY DRAMA.

SCENE:—*A Camp at Washington. JOHN and JAMES, Privates in the 4,789th Regiment of Volunteers, discovered eating their nightly rations with evident disgust.*

JAMES.—Good JOHN, I prithee, didst thou hear that noise?
A strange, unusual sound hath thrice alarmed
The porches of mine ears.

JOHN.—I hear no noise:
Perchance 'twas yonder guard, whose footfall wakes
The echoes of the night.

JAMES.—Indeed 'twas not.
It was, I say, a strange unusual sound. . .
Hark! there it is again!

JOHN.—Ah, yes, methought
I heard a sort of creaking, doleful cry!

JAMES.—'Tis so. As I have oft in boyhood heard
. . . When I did dwell upon my father's farm. . .
Some worn-out gate upon its rusty hinge
Too sudden turned, emit a dreary shriek,
Such was the noise that frights me now.

JOHN.—And I
Have sometimes noticed, when the cannon's wheels
Ran dry of oil, or in the rain had stood
Too long a time, each revolution made,
Produced precisely such a piercing squeak.

BOTH.—Indeed, 'tis passing strange . . . what can it be?

JAMES.—Aha! I have discovered something odd!
When e'er I swallow, thus (*swallowing*), I hear this noise!

JOHN (*swallows*).—I heard it not.

JAMES.—Nor I, when empty-mouthed.

JOHN.—Here let me take a bit of meat . . . if meat
This wretched, greasy pabulum be named (*swallows bacon*).
I heard it then, and now I see it all!

JAMES.—I prithee, comrade, hasten me to know.

JOHN.—As you have heard the outcry of a hinge,
And I the ungreased wheel's sad wail have heard,
May we not thence draw logic? Now, good JAMES,
What was the cause of noise in either case?

JAMES.—Why, rust, as I suppose.

JOHN.—'Tis even so.
And as this bacon struggles down our throats,
Being as Rusty as an unused wheel
Or ancient hinge, like them it makes a squeal!

CURTAIN.

Make a Minute of This.

The Boston papers contain the advertisements of the firm of
DAY, WEEKS & MUNTZ. They are in the clock trade, and probably
keep their hands running round for customers.

The last Infirmary of Noble Minds.

The New-York Ledger.

Tears that will not fall in Vain.

Any of the Northern Volunteers.

THE RECRUITS' CATECHISM.

WITH APPROPRIATE ANSWERS APPENDED.

Q.—How would you form your men, to meet the enemy?

A.—On the square.

Q.—What in your opinion, is the most useful movement in the Zouave tactics?

A.—Running.

Q.—What Time would you choose for marching through a hostile country?

A.—Time of Peace.

Q.—How would you get supplies and stores in a hostile country?

A.—Steal 'em.

Q.—What would you use for Breaking the ranks of the Enemy?

A.—Mortars.

Q.—How would you Measure firearms?

A.—By the Barrel.

Q.—At the close of an engagement, if the Enemy asked you to Trest, what would you do?

A.—Make him Stand the Shot.

Q.—What troops should follow cavalry on a retreat?

A.—The Enemy.

Q.—If the drums beat to arms and your men refused to leave their quarters, what would you think of their intent?

A.—I should think these In-Tents were mutinous.

Q.—What would you do if the Enemy surrounded you in overwhelming force, and all retreat was cut off?

A.—Fight like the d—!

"The Republic of Fools: being the History of the State and People of Abdera in Thrace, translated from the German of M. Von WIELAND, by Rev. HENRY CHRISTMAS, M. A., has just been published in London by Messrs. W. H. ALLEN & Co."

The subject is an amusing one, and now the merry CHRISTMAS has got his hand in, why can't he turn from Abdera to America, and give us another "Republic of Fools?" He would of course call it the "Southern Republic," but that expresses the same idea. What the South lacks in Republic it more than makes up in fools. Big chance for CHRISTMAS's festive quill, down South.

A Good End for a Bad Book.

The best thing in BEVERLY TUCKER's "Partisan Leader," (of course the intelligent readers of V. F. have heard of, and possibly read, this notorious volume,) is the conclusion, which leaves the P. L. in the hands of the U. S.—in prison on the charge of high treason! If the belligerent BEVERLY, the turbulent TUCKER, could imagine no better destiny than hanging for his hero, wouldn't it be well for the chivalrous gentlemen of Virginia to pause before it is too late? It is an ominous end—even in a novel.

Proh Pudor.

The Pew door through which JEFFERSON DAVIS will pass before Mrs. DAVIS can take possession of that pew in Washington, upon which, before leaving the city she so ostentatiously placed her name.

"Laughs best who Laughs Last"

The Southern journals say, "President LINCOLN's threats are received with a Laugh of Derision." Good! But when our turn comes to laugh, we will treat the Rebels to a Minic-ha!-ha!

Turning the Tables.

If the Southern Rebels continue to excite the ire of our Volunteers by calling them Mercenaries, they need not be surprised to find Nary Mercy shown them by our indignant soldiers when they meet.

Anatomy for the Times.

ARMS for those who will fight for the Union, LEGS for those who won't.

Motto for young John Brown's Regiment.

"Nigger in de-fence."

The New Southern Loan.

Let Alone.



NOT USED TO IT.

Home Guard.—WELL—'SWONDERFUL HOWERDRILL WEARSOUT A M'AN'S LEGS—FEAR'LLY F'FIGUING.

ARTEMUS WARD AMONG THE FREE LOVERS.*

Some years ago I pitcht my tent and o nfuiled my banner to the breeze, in Berlin Hites, Ohio. I had hearn that Berlin Hites was ockepied by a extensiv seck called Free Lovers, who bleeved in affinertys and sich, goin back on their domestic ties without no hesitation whatsomever. They was likewise spirit rappers and high presher reformers on general principles. If I can improve these 'ere misgided peple by showin them my onparalled show at the usual low price of admitants, methunk, I shall not hav lived in vane! But bitterly did I cuss the day I ever sot foot in the retchid place. I sot up my tent in a field near the Love Cure, as they called it, and bimeby the free lovers begun for to congregate around the door. A ornreer set I hav never sawn. The men's faces was all covered with hare and they lookt half-starved to deth. They didn't wear no weskuts for the purpuss (as they sed) of allowin the free air of hevun to blow onto their boozums. Their pockets was filled with tracks and pamplits and they was bare-footed. They sed the Postles didn't wear boots, & why should they? That was their stile of argyment. The wimin was wuss than the men. They wore trowsis, short gownds, straw hats with green ribbins, and all carried bloo cotton umbrellers.

Presently a perfectly orful lookin female presented herself at the door. Her gownd was skanderlusly short and her trowsis was shameful to behold.

She eyed me over very sharp, and then startin back she sed, in a wild voice:

"Ah, can it be?"

"Which?" sed I.

"Yes, 'tis troo, O 'tis troo!"

"15 cents, marm," I anserd.

She bust out a cryin & sed:

"And so I have found you at larst—at larst, O at larst!"

* Some queer people, calling themselves "Free Lovers," and possessing very original ideas about life and morality, established themselves at Berlin Heights, in Ohio, a few years since. Public opinion was resistlessly against them, however, and the association was soon disbanded.

"Yes," I anserd, "you have found me at larst and you would have found me at fust, if you had cum sooner."

She grabd me vilently by the coat collar, and brandishin her umbreller wildly round, exclaimed:

"Air you a man?"

Sez I, "I think I air, but if you doubt it, you can address Mrs. A. WARD, Baldinsville, Injianny, postage pade, & she will probly giv you the desired informashun."

"Then thou ist what the cold world calls marrid?"

"Madam, I istest!"

The exsentrice female then clutched me frantically by the arm and hollerd:

"You air mine, O you air mine!"

"Scacely," I sed, endeaverin to git loose from her. But she clung to me and sed:

"You air my Affinerty!"

"What upon arth is that?" I shouted

"Dost thou not know?"

"No, I dostent!"

"Listin man, & I'll tell ye!" sed the strange female; "for years I hav yearned for thee. I knowd thou wast in the world, sumwhares, tho I didn't know whare. My hart sed he would cum and I took courage. He has cum—he's here—you air him—you air my Affinerty! O 'tis two mutch!" and she sobbed agin.

"Yes," I anserd, "I think it is a darn site too mutch!"

"Hast thou not yearned for me?" she yelled, ringin her hands like a female play acter.

"Not a yearn!" I bellerd at the top of my voice, throwin her away from me.

The free lovers who was standin round obsarvin the scene comenst for to holler "shame!" "beast," etsettery, etsettery.

I was very mutch riled, and fortifyin myself with a spare tent stake, I addrest them as follers: "You pussylanermuss critters, go way from me and take this retchid woman with you. I'm a law abidin man, and bleeve in good, old-fashioned institootions. I am marrid & my orisprings resemble me, if I am a showman! I think your Affinity bizness is cussed noncents, besides bein outrajusly wickid. Why don't you behave desunt like other folks? Go to work and earn a honist livin and not stay round here in this lazy, shiftliss way, pizenin the moral atmosphere with your pestifirous ideas! You wimin folks go back to your lawful husbands if you've got any, and take orf them skanderlus gownds and trowsis, and dress respectful like other wimin. You men folks, cut orf them pirattical whiskers, burn up them infurnel pamplits, put sum weskuts on, go to work choppin wood, splittin fence rales, or tillin the sile. I pored 4th my indignashun in this way till I got out of breth, when I stopt. I shant go to Berlin Hites agin, not if I live to be as old as Methooseler.

The Spoils of War.

There are two kinds of Spoils, it seems, in connection with war; or, at least, a Spoil and a Spoiler, as we learn from the following, clipped from the *Tribune*. Fort Schuyler is the locality to which the Spoiler came:

"The men express themselves as entirely satisfied with the provision made for them, notwithstanding their contractor on Saturday supplied them with spoiled meat."

It was the Advance Guard which fared thus sumptuously, one fine Saturday, at the bidding of a contractor. They must be very good natured men, must the members of the Advance Guard: at least judging from our own feelings on the subject, we think they take matters rather easy. If we were an Advance Guard, and a contractor offered to supply us with "spoiled meat," for instance, our impulse would be to place the purveyor in an immediate position for sharing the objectionable adjective by which his provender was characterised.

Color Blindness.

The Secessionists persist in calling our Volunteers Green troops. This is probably owing to the fact of their feeling intensely Blue themselves, and looking upon the Patriot forces from a Jaundiced point of view at the same time. Yellow and Blue naturally produce Green. We predict, moreover, that if they continue in rebellion, everything at Home will shortly look decidedly Black to these victims of Color (and other) Blindness.

A Distinction with a difference.

The Rebels say "their privateers will shortly swarm the seas." And thereupon our war-vessels will immeniatly proceed to seize the swarm.

Cheerful little distinction for the use of the Rebels!



Military Fish Vender.—ATTENTION—MAKE READY—PRESENT—FIRE—FI-FISH, I MEAN, MARM. ("The military fever pervades all classes of our citizens.")—Exchange.

THE TURF.

If the managers of horse-races are unhappy, then virtue is not its own reward.

In which case our social system is rather a failure.

We like the professional turfman because he is such a nice man. His mission is to elevate the sports of the turf, and to improve and develop the horse. The idea of a gag race for gate-money never enters his high-toned mind, and as for allowing the slowest horse to beat the fastest one, or giving the sanction of his honorable name to any quiet little game of that sort, he would die first. And become a moist, unpleasant body.

Furthermore, we don't believe he would rob little school children of their primer-books.

The professional turfman chiefly desires to improve that noble animal the horse. A similarly lofty ambition swells the manly bosom of the faro-bank gentleman, who is deeply interested in the improvement of ivory. Circular-shaped pieces of ivory, as the scientific reader should know, are susceptible of a high degree of polish by constant manipulation upon green baize. What could be finer?

We thus invite the careful attention of our readers to the fact that the professional turfman cares nothing about money—merely adding that we are afraid he doesn't!

We will not continue. Far be it from us to smash the race courses, by our withering sarcasm, in these hard times, thus turning the grooms and other reputable attachés (in no way responsible for the misdeeds of the animated humbugs who hire them,) out of employment, with families on their hands. Only isn't it a shame that Flora Temple should be made a party to this mean humbug—the flying bay beauty, heroine of so many splendid victories, Queen of the Trotting Course?

Boarders, Ahoy!

Editors Vanity Fair:—Our patriotic landlady will allow the board of such of her boarders as desire to volunteer in the service of their country to Run Right On during their absence. W.

Lafayette Place, Saturday Morning.

Be Original, or Die!

It is said that a military organization of slaves is being formed in South Carolina, and that the servants are as anxious as possible to emulate the example of their masters. As the avowed champion of originality, *VANITY FAIR* feels called upon to denounce this movement as nothing but a piece of Servile Imitation!

Sentiment by a Zoo-zoo.

"My dear JEFF. DAVIS, it is useless for you to curry favor with the crowned heads abroad. Your most intimate relations will not be with Europe, but with Our rope!"

Not All Dead Yet.

JEFF. DAVIS has had the credit of being rather smart, but he is evidently unable to comprehend the strength of the Federal Government, or he would know enough to Come In when It Reigns!

The Fire Brigade.

If the governmental lights of the Montgomery Fizzle want to keep things whole, let them beware of our Firemen soldiers... they are the very deuce and all on Brakes!

An Unfortunate Metaphor.

They begin already to talk about the "Ship of State," down South. We suppose they feel All Afloat.

A Motto for the Privateer's Flag.

"Watch and Prey."

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

Blanche; or the Legend of the Angel Tower. By SARAH WARNER BROOKS. New-York: RUDD & CARLETON.

A White Subject, and refreshing therefore to *VANITY FAIR* in these dark days, when black subjects form so strong a feature in the South. Not *La Dame Blanche* though, but another one, fairer, daintier and more modern, and what especially delights the bachelor heart of V. F., more loveable.

A New Monetary System; the only means of securing the respective rights of Labor and Property, and of protecting the public from financial revulsions. By EDWARD KELLOGG. Edited by MARY KELLOGG PUTNAM. New-York: RUDD & CARLETON.

The great value of this work is the principle endeavored to be elucidated which will no doubt interest the general reader, as well as those who are short. "The nature and properties of Money" are too well known to the community at present, to require any special notice here; likewise the "necessity of credit," a subject in which V. F. is not specially interested, its abundant capital enabling it to meet all demands with the ready cash, the possession of which also gives to it its proud claim among the Comic papers, as being in this respect entirely original and no imitators.

The Soldier's Guide. A Complete Manual and Drill Book, for the use of all Volunteers, &c. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON & BROS.

A capital book for those who may have a quarter to give away for information. A good thing for a volunteer to have to study when he gets into his quarters at Camp, and one that will enable him without reflection, upon an emergency, to decide when he has his enemy in his power, whether he shall give him any quarter also.

Handy Book for the United States Soldiers. Philadelphia: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co.

Another one of the same sort, but more remarkable from the fact, that, although a very small sized book, it is the largest one ever received by V. F. from the publishers.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

BLOODY DESIGNS ON CAMBRIDGE! UNIONISTS OVERAWED!!
 PROMPTITUDE OF GOVERNOR ANDREW, IN REGARD
 TO THE STATE ARSENAL!!!



DEAR V. F.
 —On receipt of this hurried scrawl, please send to Cambridge one hundred thousand men, well armed and equipped for we are in great danger.

Dreadful news has arrived! The Governor has positive information that an army of Southern conspirators are preparing to act in concert with JEFF DAVIS (who is said to be within five minutes walk of Cambridge). They are to

attack and blow up the arsenal; fire the town (having previously impaled upon bayonets all the inhabitants, and stuck them up opposite to their own doors, to roast cheerfully); and, after their bloody work is completed, DAVIS and his hordes are to sit down in University Hall, to a banquet of roasted citizens, with fiendish glee and appetites, washing down their horrid meal with copious draughts of blood from convenient skulls!

Such, O Vanity! is the horrible and circumstantial account which must have burst upon the astounded Governor on Saturday last. Of course, it was at once communicated to me, and my aid invoked. Thanks to the effects of an early education and the benign influence of VANITY FAIR, I am that noblest thing of earth,—a patriot! Wherever my country wants a man to stand in the breach, or a sentry to walk upon a post—in the words of JOHN BUNYAN, I say, “Here am I! send me!” So, I am endeavoring to defeat the machinations of the rebel host.

Therefore, O. V. F.! If you have any pity, help us! If you have any regard for mercy, help us! If you do not want your Special War Correspondent roasted before the door of his own sanctum, help us! By your immense Power; by your illimitable Generosity; by your boundless Wealth, and your unflinching Patriotism!—send us the hundred thousand men at once. I know if the secessionists in Cambridge do not rob the mails, and this letter reaches you, that we are safe. Haste then, lest the tide overwhelm us, and the name and fame of your S. W. C., be a thing of the past!

Secession is strong here. There are many Union men, but they are overawed. The Arsenal, however, where the rebels were to strike their first blow, is guarded. For this act of reinforcing Cambridge, we are indebted to the promptness of Governor ANDREW, who, as soon as the plot was made known to him, sent a body of eighty professors, and students, and a big black dog, to take possession of the Arsenal, and hold it at all hazards. Some difficulty arose at first, owing to the dog, who not being confined to the rank as were the rest of the guard, took possession of the Arsenal himself, and, for a long time, absolutely refused to allow the rest to enter. His fidelity and patriotism were finally overcome by the offer of a shoulder of mutton, and the guard took safe and unmolested possession. One of the soldiers with whom I conversed, told me that the garrison of U. S. troops, consisting of an old man and a small boy, shed tears of joy on seeing them enter.

Harassed with doubts as to the continued safety of the arsenal, I walked up there last night, and saw the sentries marching upon their respective posts with muskets and fixed bayonets. And not only fixed bayonets, but umbrellas fixed upon the tops of their bayonets, as it was raining. “And my soul was lifted up even as

though I had refreshed myself with whiskey!—and I cried aloud; “Great is ANDREW of the Bostonians!”

And from beneath his umbrella, the sentinel cried, “All’s well!” But, notwithstanding his assertion, send us the hundred thousand men! Our danger is great.

Two hours Later. Heavy firing heard in the direction of the arsenal! No doubt the attack has commenced! All is wild excitement. People are rushing to the scene! Alas! Alas!

Ten Minutes Later. All right again! The firing was discovered to be caused by two small and patriotic boys, whose excitement had impressed them with the vivid, but erroneous idea, that it was Fourth of July, and they were shooting off Fire-Crackers. The promptitude of the guard in turning out at the first alarm, is deserving of the highest praise.

10 A. M. Two hours later. One of Gov. ANDREW’s Aids has just seen the advanced guard of the rebels in Divinity Grove. They have a large number of cavalry, and huge four-wheeled carriages painted red, supposed to contain munitions of war.

One minute later. The supposed appearance of the rebels was a mistake. They turned out to be a company of circus-men, with their horses and vans. They are now encamped in Cambridgeport.

Secession flags are flying everywhere. The Governor is very anxious to know what you think ought to be done. He appears to favor blowing up the Arsenal, the College Buildings, the State House, City Hall and Post-Office, setting fire to the town, and retreating on board the Sarah Jane schooner, which lies in Charles River unloading coal.

But duty calls. I must mount guard over the oyster saloons. You shall hear from me again, if I am left alive amid these horrors. If not, I leave you my favorite Jews-harp, and so—Farewell!

Yours in Tribulation,

J. ALDEBARAN SMITH,
 Sp. War Correspond. VANITY FAIR.

“Sic Itur Ad -----?”

The Montgomery Advertiser says that “Young Todd” (brother-in-law of President LINCOLN) “has received a lieutenancy in the C. S. Army. He cherishes a deadly hatred against the Illinois renegade, and is a high-spirited, promising young man.”

Well, we should think he was! You are, assuredly, a High-Spirited youth, Todd, to cherish such a cheerfully fraternal feeling toward your Sister’s husband! You are, undoubtedly, also a promising young man, Todd, to be thus at your tender age leagued with traitors against your country, governed by the same sister’s husband! We congratulate you, Todd, on this brilliant foreshadowing of your probable career! Toddles on, juvenescent leader of Rebels, and cultivator of deadly hatreds against your Kinman and Ruler! You will earn a lofty position (by the side of JEFF DAVIS himself, perhaps; who knows?) in a brief space of time, doubtless! At all events, you have our cordial good-wishes for the speedy attainment of such an end, Todd!

Le Petit Homme Gris(ley.)

What made our literary friend,
 So furiously assail his betters?—
 Because he failed, I apprehend,
 To reach the highest Post in Letters.

A Tangled Webb.

Why grows the brow of WEBB,
 Beclouded, dark, and murky?—
 He asked for British beef,
 And LINCOLN offered Turkey.

A Short Sermon on the “Times.”

Beloved Friends! seek out a better “World,”
 The “Times,” my Friends, are sadly out of joint,
 How could the rash administration go,
 And Solferino’s hero disappoint!

The Star Spangled Hat.

A New-York House advertises the Star Spangled Hat. Here is a capital idea for the Commandant of the Philadelphia Home Guard and his newly devised hat, which does not seem to meet with the Quaker approbation. How would it be with the following title—“The Star-Spangled-Bon-ton-Pleasant-ton-Hat-Oh-long-may-it-wave.”

Signs of the Times.

Ensigns.



A SINGULAR PHENOMENON.

"They buried the American Flag at Memphis, some days ago. Our correspondent writes us that on going to visit the grave the next day he found a hundred little Flags, like a crop of corn, fluttering in the wind where the old Flag lay. It HAD SPROUTED! From this, he concludes that it is useless to bury the Flag. It won't stay buried. It is the Flag of Freedom—and Freedom can't die. It is the Flag of WASHINGTON, and PUTNAM, and GREEN, and DECATUR, and JONES, and LAWRENCE, and JACKSON, and HARRISON, and TAYLOR, and ANDERSON—and you can no more bury *it*, than you can bury *them*! Their bodies, indeed, you may lay in the ground, but the spirit that stirred them will never die. A thousand patriots will rise up in the place of each departed hero, and the land will bristle with the bayonets of its brave defenders."—*Cincinnati paper*.

SIGNS OF THE WAR-WEATHER.

All business in the rebel Congress is transacted with the assistance of mint juleps and other succulent drinks. Thus, when pigs are seen flourishing around with Straws in their mouths, stormy weather may be expected.

Swallows have a great deal to do with weather. Thus, when CRAWFORD of Ga. and MORTON of Fla. are seen guzzling with HALE of Ala. and PERKINS of La., a good deal of wind may be looked for from the South.

Dew has generally been looked upon as an indication of fine weather, and so has fog. But such prognostics are quite at fault when applied to the Southern political horizon. For instance, whiskey at the South is sometimes called corn-dew, and they have a tobacco called honey-dew, and there's no end of fog there in general; and yet things don't look cheerful at Montgomery, Ala., or, as it might more appropriately be written now, Montgomery, Alas!

It has been stated by those conversant with meteorology, that fog is never formed while wind is blowing; but this dogma will not hold with regard to the Southern atmosphere. For while there has been nothing but Blowing there for several years past, the Fog seems to be growing thicker and thicker.

There is one weather prognostic, however, which will very probably be illustrated by the South, when the sentiment of storm from the North vibrates in the air. We refer to the one that tells us that animals seek sheltered places when such disturbances may be expected.

All these Prognostics we present freely to the South, where Prog of any kind is stated to be accepted with gratitude, just now.

The Source of Champagne.

Apple Source.

Colonel Ellsworth.

It fell upon us like a crushing woe,
Sudden and terrible. "Can it be?" we said,
"That he from whom we hoped so much, is dead,
Most foully murdered, ere he met the foe?"
Why not? The men that would disrupt the State
By such base plots as theirs—frauds, thefts, and lies—
What code of honour do they recognize?
They thirst for blood to satisfy their hate,
Our blood: so be it; but for every blow
Woe shall befall them; not in their wild way,
But stern and pitiless, we will repay,
Until, like swollen streams, their blood shall flow:
And should we pause, the thought of ELLSWORTH slain,
Will steel our aching hearts to strike again!

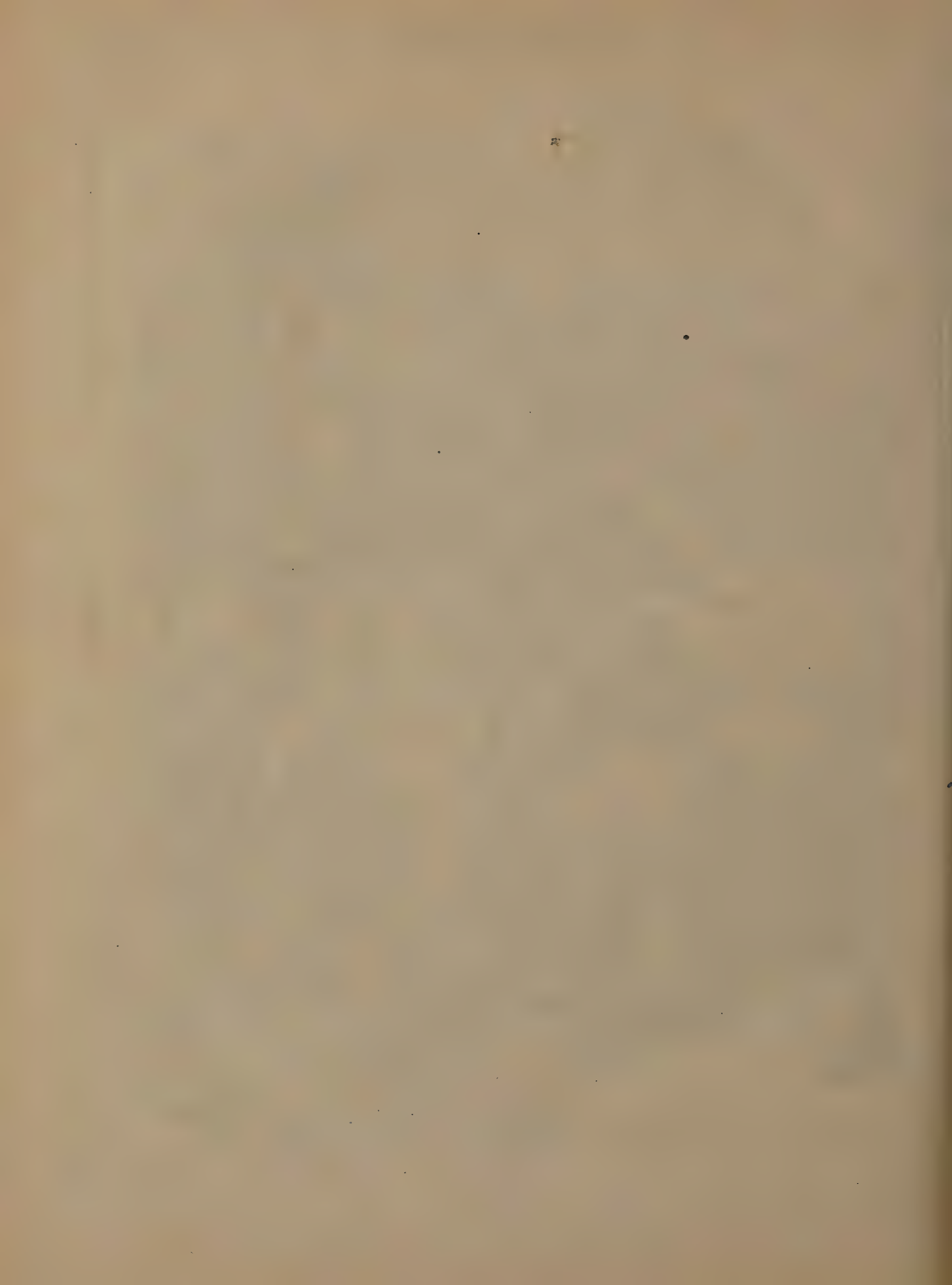
May 24th, 1861.

R. H. STODDARD.

VANITY FAIR.



THE GREAT SOUTHERN PETER FUNK SHOP.



FULLER AGAIN.

The reverend FULLER (who some time ago went from Baltimore to Washington with a company of ecclesiastical Zouaves, and made a spiritual assault on Mr. LINCOLN in the name of Peace, and who, when he got home, insinuated a good many things about the President that did not do him much credit) has lately come out in a new role—that of President of a Baptist “Committee on the State of the country,” way down in Savannah. It will be remembered that FULLER’s advice, etc., was not, strictly speaking, embraced, though it was handsomely endured. We rather thought FULLER had in his report evinced a spirit that smacked of revenge and small malice. In fact, we insinuated as much. How pained ought we now to find ourselves (but somehow we don’t), when we read the language of FULLER’s new “report,” and the resolutions, by the same honest hand, “unanimously adopted.” “God forbid,” says FULLER and his pious brethren, “God forbid that we should so far forget the spirit of Jesus as to suffer malice and vindictiveness to insinuate themselves, into our hearts!” So of course it is not their fault, if all the malice, vindictiveness, and mendacity of the most extreme secession view of Northern motives and feelings, should “insinuate themselves into” their hearts as well as preamble and resolutions. They say, “God forbid it!” and so their hands are washed of the whole business. Not only the old lie about “hordes of armed soldiers” being “let loose to pillage and desolate the entire South,” etc., but all the other lies, old and new, that have been invented on the subject, may be found in the course of FULLER’S “report.” But it is not FULLER’S fault. Like P. PILATE, he has washed his hands of it. If God chose not to “forbid” certain impulses of a diabolic nature to “insinuate themselves into” FULLER’S defenceless heart, why should we blame FULLER? Tell us that, and unyoke.

We wish we were as good and pious as FULLER. We might eventually be hung for it, but we do not know as that would alter the case. Whereas hanging is said to be “too good” for this or that gallows—bird, we should be consoled by the reflection that, for us, hanging would not be good enough. When you’re hung for your piety, you know where you go. Otherwise, you don’t.

THE ROMANCE OF THE INDIAN.

Latterly, on account of Palace Garden and other places where the Indian war-whoop may be nightly heard for amounts varying from twelve to twenty-five “nickels,” the romance connected with that gloomy aborigine has been, for us, a thing of the past. We looked upon him as a Chiriqui relic; only we would have preferred leaving him to rest in his grave, instead of exhuming him for mercantile or other purposes, like those deformed pieces of pottery. The man who does a newspaper at Memphis, in Tennessee; however,—a newspaper called the *Argus*—appears to hold a different opinion with regard to the sanctity of grave-yards. This charming person has lately dug up an old Cherokee Indian, charitably set him up on his editorial staff, and editorially published the substance of a cheerful report of affairs at Washington, professedly furnished by him—the Chiriqui-Cherokee—in his capacity of special correspondent to the *Argus*, of Memphis, Tenn. If romance had fled away before the factitious battle-yell of the spurious, lagor-beery aborigine, it has returned in improved health with the report of the cheerful Chiriqui-Cherokee who did up affairs at Washington for the man at Memphis, Tenn. “The noble Indian,” says the person last mentioned, “visited several Departments of the Federal Government, and found the various offices turned into storehouses for greasy hams, pork, beef, powder, etc., the smeared walls and dirt-heaped floors resembling a pig-pen more than aught else the Indian could think of.” This passage we have slightly modified, because, if given with the full epithetical force of the original, some too fastidious reader might think that the pen of the Memphis man “resembled a pig-pen more than aught else he could think of.” Further on, the man who dug up the cheerful Chiriqui-Cherokee, makes the following statement from that “noble Indian’s” report:

“The drunkenness of LINCOLN, the general confusion, disorder and dirt, did not surprise the Indian more than the profanity and obscenity of speech indulged in by those talking to or near this precious President. Fear, great and general fear, he describes as the sentiment now prevalent in Washington, and nowhere more apparent than in the white and quivering lips of LINCOLN when he is least unbraced by alcohol. A report prevails throughout the city that all the public buildings are undermined, and will be blown up if the city is taken by DAVIS.”

This kind of Indian romance throws so completely into the shade that inferior quality of article manufactured by COOPER, that we feared lest DARLEY might be induced to hurry down to Memphis, and risk his precious life in an effort to immortalize in sepia the noble Chiriqui-Cherokee who does the washing—we mean the

Washington—for the man of the Memphis *Argus*. But that contingency we have anticipated; and DARLEY is saved to art and to his admiring country. In the accompanying sketch from our ubiquitous artist, we have ample evidence of the amount of intellect brought to bear in the management of the Memphis *Argus*. Mark, here, the stamp of genius on the lofty brow of the noble savage and special war-whoop correspondent of that ably conducted journal. See how firmly his feet are planted, like tobacco, upon his native hill-side. Observe the intellect that animates his ear, the sagacity that hangs upon his nether lip, the ease of attitude that at once proclaims him to be the polished, if not greasy, gentleman of nature’s modelling. Certainly, in securing the abilities of this eminent savage, the man of the Memphis *Argus* has proved himself to be “Up to Snuff.”



THE WAR-WHOOP CORRESPONDENT OF THE MEMPHIS ARGUS.

DOG OR CAT?

That pleasing sheet, the Charleston *Mercury*, in an article about Northerners, the other day, called us “moral cats.” As the immorality of the feline race is notorious, we considered this rather a compliment than otherwise. “Moral cats” is good. The moral cat is a pleasing object to contemplate. Nothing, in fact, could be finer than the moral cat.

But fancy our surprise at finding a few lines further down in the *Mercury*’s article, that we of the North were “dirty dogs!” The dirty dog, to adopt the vernacular of the Peorian, “stumped” us. How, said we, can a man be a moral cat and a dirty dog at the same time? Clearly the thing is impossible. Just see how it looks in a logical form.

Major Proposition. A Northern man (according to the *Mercury*) is a moral cat.

Minor proposition. A moral cat is not a dirty dog.

Ergo. A Northern man is not a dirty dog.

Quod erat demonstrandum.

On reflection, however, we concluded that it was not worth while to argue the matter with the *Mercury*. Whether the Southerners call us “moral cats” or “dirty dogs,” is of little moment so long as they themselves continue to monopolize a certain other department of Natural History—need we say that we refer to that of the asses?

The Voice of the South.

“What is the tenor of the news from the South?” asked a Wall street millionaire of a popular musician, a couple of days ago.

“They have no Tenor among them,” replied the P. M.,—“they are singing Base, there, to a man.”

The Brigade that ought to Reap Glory.

SICKLES’ Brigade.



Patriotic Juvenile.—SAY, JOHNNY, S'POSE THIS ERE PIE WUR A SESESSIONER? (*Exit Pie.*)

THE GRAND TELEGRAPHIC DESCENT.

THE MOST IMPORTANT OF THE SEIZED DISPATCHES!

VANITY FAIR AHEAD OF ALL COMPETITORS, AS USUAL!

Accounts of the late simultaneous descent upon the telegraph offices in the North have appeared in the daily papers. The descent, as is well-known, was made by order of the Government, for the purpose of possessing the treasonable dispatches that have passed over the wires during the past year. While the valuable information thus secured has been studiously kept from the daily papers by order of Mr. LINCOLN, that gentleman has nevertheless sent us a few of the most important telegrams obtained in the grand seizure. This act of kindness on the part of Mr. LINCOLN (himself a wag of decided ability,) rather overcomes us. It is a scathing refutation of the report that he was jealous of our brilliant and onward career as humorists. But to the telegrams:

MEMPHIS, JAN. 1.

To J. SMITHERS, N. Y.

J. D. 1234
1234 is
2468.
Punkins.

Although this dispatch staggered the entire war department, we think we see it. "J. D." evidently means JEFF DAVIS. A careful examination will show the column of figures to be an intricate sum in addition. The word punkins, it will be perceived, appears immediately under the sum. We thus have: "JEFF DAVIS is sum Punkins."

We pass to the next:

NEW ORLEANS, Feb. 2.

To E. JONES, Boston:

Whiskey played out, lots of pork, corn bouyant.

J. DAWSON.

"Whiskey" evidently means, Mr. BUCHANAN. "Lots of pork" undoubtedly refers to the money, spoons, etc., that Mr. FLOYD had prigged, while we think "Corn" must allude to Mr. COBB, whose general rascality had at that time assumed a somewhat bouyant form.

NATCHEZ, Feb. 9.

To A. BLUFF, Philadelphia:

Graves is for us.

X.

Undoubtedly an allusion to TOOMBS, and we can only add that we believe they "is"—pretty shortly.

MOBILE, Jan. 2.

To W. DE JONES, Buffalo:

h. c. a. W. f. b. p. c. o. I. In Virginia?

B. BROWN.

Cotton Paper.

The Confederate States party in England, encouraged by the presence among them of JEFF. DAVIS' piratical ambassadors, have decided upon setting up an Organ, which is to be ground exclusively to such negro melodies as contain allusions to the downy weed of woe. The new Confederate journal is to be edited by one MANN. Thus, we find that there is, after all, an occasional fitness in things: for what can be more appropriate to the sentiment of the occasion than the idea of a One-horse party driven by One MANN?

A Sad Case.

Virginia, we're told, was a virgin of old, And so all her artists still sketch her; Alas! for the fate of the fair Virgin State, She's now in the hands of a LETCHER!

True Enough!

When our Yankee boys arrive in Montgomery, the Rebel leaders will be very much Put Out!

The Land of Promise(s).

The Southern Confederacy.

This bothered us, but by setting up all night and putting wet cloths on our head, we mastered it. Thus: "How can a Wise family be principally composed of Idiots—in Virginia?" That—if we may be allowed the expression—is what "gits us."

CULPEPPER COURT-HOUSE, Va., March 3.

FRANK THOMPSON, N. Y.:

Nixy Cully. Yours is an interesting Case. 4*11=44.

We can't make the above out, and have handed it over to BEECHER.

LITTLE ROCK, March 2.

To A. BRAY, N. Y.:

The "big guns" of Arkansas are bumming.

B.

Implying, we at once conclude, that the leading men of that serene State are on a bum, as usual.

MONTGOMERY, May 1.

Beeswax received. We are coming down. Boys. "Beeswax" is obscure, but that the boys at Montgomery will sooner or later come down is clear enough to us.

It is unnecessary to call the attention of our intelligent readers, (we sell papers to intelligent people only,) to the importance of the above. And we beg to say, although we say it with great diffidence, that whenever the Government at Washington gets bothered and wants some gigantic intellects which can grasp all sorts of subjects, they are delicately reminded that the office of VANITY FAIR is at 100 Nassau Street, N. Y.

A loan? I did not do it.

Coriolanus slightly altered.

The Charleston *Courier* of the 6th inst. denies that Governor HAMMOND gave \$5,000 to the State of South Carolina. Upon this occasion we have no doubt for once the *Courier* tells the truth. When a Northern Mudsill springs to arms at the call of his country and tenders to her both life and money for the protection of the Union, it is not to be supposed that a Southern Patrician would so demean himself as to offer to sustain his cause with anything more substantial than words. Why, something lower even than a Northern Mudsill contributed \$3,000 here in this city as a feeble reparation for the insults and abuses he had for years heaped upon the North; it is probable, therefore, that this refusal of Governor HAMMOND to aid his peculiar institution may be a little feeble effort of repentance.

C. S. A.

Many ignorant persons have supposed that they well understood the meaning of the above symbols, but the late Hon. A. H. STEPHENS, in his recent speeches, has shown them to mean "Cotton Slave Aristocracy."

THE SOUTHERN MALBROOK.

A SONG OF THE FUTURE.

AIR.—"Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre."

[NOTE—BY OUR HISTORICAL MUSICAL EDITOR.]

This sublime and beautiful effusion is copied after a song which was all the rage in France, towards the close of the last century. It was composed,—the original, not this copy—on the great Duke of Marlborough, of whom the reader *may* have heard, and, it is supposed, before his death; sixty years afterwards the nurse of the son of LOUIS XVI., (commonly called the Dolphin,) sang him to sleep, and wakened the nation with it. Like VANITY FAIR, it had an enormous circulation. Children cried for it as they do (in advertisements) for SHERMAN'S Lozenges. Ladies sang it instead of "Robert toi qui J'aime," or "The long, long weary day." It was printed on bonnet strings and pocket-handkerchiefs, with a picture of Marlborough's burial, (an en-graving, of course,) his lady, the stalwart SARAH, sallying forth on her tower, and the little page in black, like the *Day Book*, after the surrender of Sumter! The great NAPOLEON, of whom the reader *must* have heard, used to sing the air when he mounted his war steed to welcome his foes with hospitable hands to a bloody grave. He even remembered it in St. Helena, and hummed it in his island hum, as Dr. HOLMES would say. The original commences in this fashion. (Overhaul your "French Without A Master," and construe—if you can.)

"Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Mironlon, mironlon, mirontaine;
Malbrough s'en va-t-en guerre,
Ne sail quand reviendra."

But enough of History.

For the touching melody below, which is a remarkably close copy of the original, we predict a similar, if not greater popularity. It is adapted for the South, who seem of late to have taken a fancy for French airs—as if they had not enough of their own! They have a Southern Marseillaise, why not a Southern Malbrook? In the idiomatic dialect of Bohemia, they may not "see it," but we trust they will, before long. If they don't like it, suppose they try—"Mourir pour la patrie?" It is the best thing some of them can do; they are not fit to live for it.

President LINCOLN, to whom a copy was sent in MSS., has signified his approval of the song; for we have it on the best authority, (our own,) that whenever he is summoned to the War Department to consult with Secretary SCOTT and General CAMERON, he invariably says, "Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee."

THE SOUTHERN MALBROOK.

JEFF DAVIS has gone to battle,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
JEFF DAVIS has gone to battle,
Nor knows when he'll return.

He'll return on the first of April,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
He'll return on the first of April,
Or on the Fourth of July.

But the Fourth of July is over,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
But the Fourth of July is over,
And DAVIS does not return.

Lady DAVIS calls her Congress,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Lady DAVIS calls her Congress,
And mounts the speaker's chair.

She there perceives her nigger,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
She there perceives her nigger,
As black as the ace of spades.

Nigger, my high-priced nigger,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Nigger, my high-priced nigger,
What tidings do you bring?

O Gorra, missus, de tidin's,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
O Gorra, missus, de tidin's,
Dey'll make yer lilly eyes weep,

Took off yer Summer muslin,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,

Took off yer Summer muslin,
Also yer more anteek.

Massa JEFF is done gone dead,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Massa JEFF is done gone dead,
Dead an' buried, shu-ah!

I seed him shove in de ground,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
I seed him shove in de ground,
By de Abolitioners!

One follered wid his message,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
One follered wid his message,
Anoder wid his letters ob Mark.

One carried his dyin' fession,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
One carried his dyin' fession,
Anoder some 'Fedrate bon's.

Dey hung him on de gallus,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Dey hung him on de gallus,
Under de stars an' stripes.

Around his tomb dey planted,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Around his tomb dey planted,
De cussed Palmetter tree!

Upon de topmost branches,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Upon de topmost branches,
De Turkey buzzard sung.

We seed his troubled spirit,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
We seed his troubled spirit,
Fly ober de Cotton States.

Seceshun fell to de ground,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
Seceshun fell to de ground,
Till it got up agin,

To sing ob de victories,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
To sing ob de victories,
That Massa DAVIS won.

De sad occashun ober,
Tweedledum, tweedledum, tweedledee,
De sad occashun ober,
De folks went home to bed.

A Representative Man.

Among the "birds of a feather" who "flock together" into the tree upon which the rebel Congress at Montgomery roosts, there is one SPARROW. This bird represents some portion of the Pelican State; and it is a curious coincidence, and one significant of the "happy family" style of thing, that KETT serves on the same committee with SPARROW of the Pelican State. SPARROW is an appropriate name for a representative from Louisiana. We are told that the market price of Sparrows in olden times was four for a farthing, a coin which is equivalent in value to about half a cent American money; at which rate One SPARROW may be valued at exactly the eighth part of a fraction of a red cent. Thus it is that one SPARROW is a very appropriate representative of the whole or any part of Louisiana; the distant prospect enjoyed by which State of making any satisfactory cotton arrangement may be set down as the fraction of a Far Thing.

A Bunch of Keys.

The Key of the Palace. Lac-key.
The Key of the Stable. Jock-key.
The Key of the Convent. Mon-key.
The Key of the Kitchen. Tur-key.
The Key of the Rebellion. Whis-key!

The Turning Point of Virginia.

Wheeling.



A CONFEDERATE BONDHOLDER.

GEMS FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

In the *Charleston Courier* of the 15th. instant, there is a doxological article, inspired by gratitude for the advantages of a BEAUREGARD. The writer of that article disappoints us, however, with regard to his illustrious subject, upon whom we have long been accustomed to look as the only modern representative of the notorious old bird that used to sojourn "in two places at once." But the *Courier* claims no such supernatural power for its protégé. It reduces him to average humanity, in fact, in the following candid paragraph :

"Without claiming for him ubiquity, we are content to let our and his enemies write, talk, think, or bet about him as they please, or as their diversities. Mammon or Moloch, may inspire them.

This is modest, indeed. But we are puzzled about the expression "diversities," as applied to Mammon and Moloch; though the *Courier* of course, having "gone through the fire" to the latter, knows all about him, and is evidently inspired by him to write such exquisite passages as the following, clipped from the same article :

"The number and contradictory diversity of the newspaper reports concerning the presence and movements of Gen. BEAUREGARD, are in themselves a striking tribute to his activity. One day we hear he is in Montgomery, and the next day his name is a talisman of fear to the vile despot who drinks and lies in Washington. On the next day, with that peculiar pecuniary refinement which characterises New-York, we are told that a wager on his life is laid in New-York."

There is a refinement about that "drinks and lies" that almost makes one wish to be acquainted with the writer for about two minutes. We would be convivial with the man of the *Courier*; and, after having deposited him gently in his congenial gutter, would console him with the moral reflection that: To drink and lie are human—" 'tis the Pig that Lies and Drinks."

Shipping Intelligence.

We have received three hundred and four letters inquiring as to the meaning of A. and A., the name of the British ship run into Charleston harbor on the 12th instant. On reference to our mercantile humorist we are informed that it means Arf and Arf.

Dispiriting for Consumers.

SHAKESPEARE was prophetic of things now coming to pass, when he wrote about the mingling of "black spirits and white," which may be accepted as the subtle fore-shadows of the conflicting elements of negro on the one hand, and cotton on the other. But there is another spirit of American growth, which, according to the following paragraph, is likely to create nearly as great an excitement across the water, as did the old Spirit of Seventy-Six.

"The price of spirits of turpentine has advanced to an extraordinary price in England, in consequence of the position of North Carolina towards the government in Washington and the Southern confederacy. That State furnishes the greater portion of this article consumed in Europe.

Cotton is a very inflammable article in itself; but when saturated with spirits of turpentine, and ignited by the breath of War, who can tell where and when the conflagration may be arrested?

Rhymes by a Deaf Man.

PRONUNCIATION LEARNED FROM SPELLING.

A pig much crippled in the hough,
Went limping through the old borough,
And drinking from the public trough,
Then turned to eat some lumps of dough,
His pigship soon had got enough,
For he was taken with hiccough.
He then went back the village through,
And rested 'neath a shady bough.

An Explanation.

We understand that the term "carpet knights" has been applied by some sneering persons to the Seventh Regiment. We are charitable enough to suppose the sneering persons meant that the 7th's boys were all soldiers Ingrain.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE.

A Southerner bold to DAVIS came
And said—"the South is all of a flame—
'Tis little for us to hold the forts,
While LINCOLN's ships blockade our ports,
What are you doing, Lord DAVIS, say
To drive those insolent ships away?"

Then DAVIS, eyeing the speaker askance
Said—"We hope for ships from England and France."

Then the Southerner bold went on to say,
"Lord DAVIS, cannot we get our pay?
People are quarreling, so they say,
Who shall get the Bonds of the C. S. A.
Our clothes are worn and our shoes in holes—
These are the times that try men's soles!

Then DAVIS, eyeing the speaker askance
Said—"We hope for money from England and France!"

Then the Southerner's voice again was heard—
"Secession has never been referred
To the People's vote at the Polls," said he—
"We have no recognition at home, you see,
LINCOLN says it is all sedition—
How shall we get a recognition?"

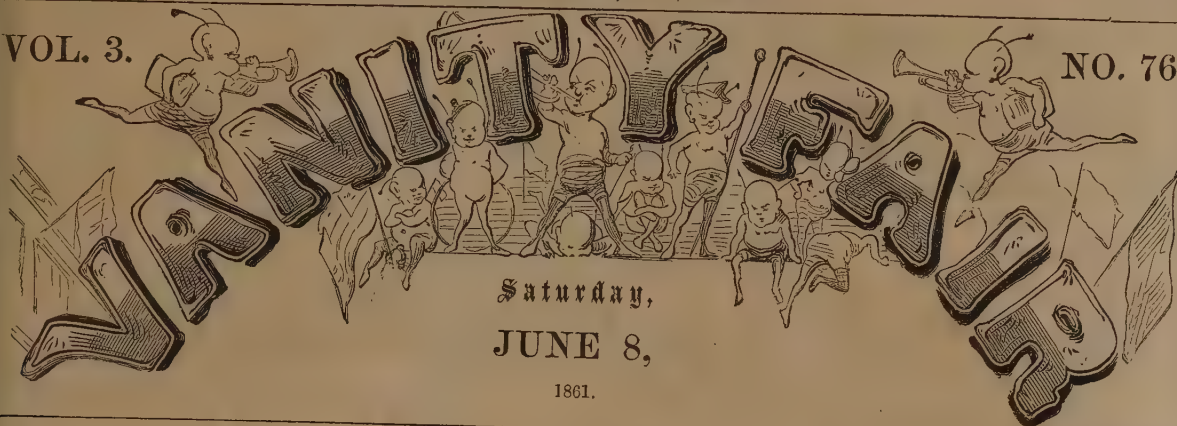
Then DAVIS eyeing the speaker askance
Said—"We hope to get it from England and France!"

Then the Southerner bold with flashing eyes
Answered—"such conduct I despise;
You put your trust in England and France,
To help us through this fantastic dance,
I've no faith in those who don't understand
To trust for help in their own right hand.
We must be fallen low indeed,
If we stand of foreign aid in need,
Moreover we have not the slightest chance
Of obtaining these things from England and France!

In view of the unexampled popularity of the "**ARTEMUS WARD LETTERS**," several of the earlier productions of the celebrated humorous "Showman" will be published in **VANITY FAIR**, to many of whose readers, it is believed, they will be entirely new. "**Joy in the House of Ward**" is given in the present issue, and "**Moses, The Sassy**," "**The Octoroon**," &c., will follow.

VOL. 3.

NO. 76.



FISHING IN TROUBLED WATERS.

Uncle Sam.—WHAT ARE YOU ABOUT THERE?

J. Bull.—I—I—THOUGHT I WOULD JUST FISH A LITTLE AND SEE WHAT I COULD CATCH.

Uncle Sam.—YOU MAY CATCH SOMETHING YOU WON'T LIKE IF YOU DON'T MOVE ON. THIS STREAM IS A LITTLE TROUBLED NOW, AND I DON'T WANT YOU TO BE HELPING TO MUDDLE IT, ALL THE FISHING TO BE DONE HERE I CAN DO MYSELF.

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In fine, we cannot but consider Worcester's new book as in itself the 'pure well of English undefiled,' while the streams that have for ages been flowing into it so copiously, to enrich it and to receive from its richness, are so beautifully and clearly mapped out and delineated as at once to furnish entertainment and instruction to the reader."

From the "Atlantic Monthly."

"A conclusive reason with us for preferring Dr. Worcester's Dictionary is, that its author has properly understood his functions, and has aimed to give us a true view of English as it is, and not as he himself may have wished it should be, or thought it ought to be. We believe Dr. Worcester's Dictionary to be the most complete and accurate of any hitherto published."

From the "Louisville Journal."

"It is our favorite amongst the Dictionaries. It is our decided favorite. We are confident we do not undervalue Webster's Dictionary; we surely hold it in exceedingly high esteem; but, nevertheless, we prefer Worcester's on several accounts."

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From the late Hon. Horace Mann.

July 29, 1850.

For many years, in all my writing, speaking, and teaching, I have endeavored to conform to the orthography and pronunciation as contained in Worcester's Dictionaries. I suppose them to represent the highest standard recognised by the best writers and speakers in England and in this country.

From Louis Agassiz, LL.D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy.—More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

From Henry A. Boardman, D. D., of Philadelphia.

I particularly like it [the Dictionary]. 1. Because of its very comprehensive character. 2. Because it adheres to the settled orthography of our noble language—discarding those innovations which however countenanced by certain publishing-houses, have never, to any extent, been accepted by the scholars of our country. And 3. Because in the department of pronunciation it is greatly superior to any Dictionary with which I am acquainted.

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JOY IN THE HOUSE OF WARD.

DEAR SIR:—I take my pen in hand to inform you that I am in a state of grate blis, and trust these lines will find you injoyin the same blessins. I'm regvinated. I've found the immortal waters of yooth, so to speak, and am as limber and frisky as a two-year old steer, and in the futer them boys which sez to me "go up old Bawld hed," will do so at the peril of their hazard individoo-ally. I'm very happy. My house is full of joy, and I have to git up nights and larf! Sumtimes I ax myself "is it not a dream?" & suthin withinto me sez "it air;" but when I look at them sweet little critters and hear 'em squawk, I know it is a reality—2 realities, I may say—and I feel gay.

I returned from the Summer Campanie with my unparaleld show of wax works and livin wild Beests of Pray in the erly part of this month. The peple of Baldinsville met me cordully and I immedijitly commenst restin myself with my famerly. The other nite while I was down to the tavern tostin my shins agin the bar room fire & amuzin the krowd with sum of my adventurs, who shoood cum in bare heded & terrible excited but BILL STOKES, who sez, sez he, "Old WARD, there's grate doins up to your house."

Sez I, "WILLIAM, how so?"

Sez he "Bust my gizzurd, but its grate doins," & then he larfed as if heed kill himself.

Sez I, risin and puttin on a auster look, "WILLIAM I woodunt be a fool if I had common cents."

But he kept on larfin till he was black in the face, when he fell over on on to the bunk where the hostler sleeps and in a still small voice sed, "Twins!" I ashure you gents that the grass didn't grow under my feet on my way home, & I was follered by a enthoasiatic throng of my feller sittersuns, who hurrard for Old WARD at the top of there voices. I found the house chock full of peple. There was Mis SQUARE BAXTER and her three grown up darters, lawyer PERKINES wife, TABERTHY RIPLEY, young EBEN PARSUNS, Deakun SIMMUNS folks, the Skoolmaster, Doctor JORDIN, etsettyer, etsettyer. Mis. WARD was in the west room, which jines the kitchen. Mis. SQUARE BAXTER was mixin suthin in a dipper before the kitchen fire, & a small army of female wimin were rushin wildly round the house with bottles of camfire, peaces of flannil, &c. I never seed sich a hubbub in my natral born dase. I cood not stay in the west room only a minit, so strung up was my feelins, so I rusht out and ceased my dubbel barrild gun.

"What upon airth ales the man?" sez TABERTHY RIPLEY.



"Sakes alive, what air you doin?" & she grabd me by the coat tales. "What's the matter with you?" she continnerd.

"Twins, marm," sez I, "twins!"

"I know it," sez she, coverin her face with her apun.

"Wall," sez I, "that's what's the matter with me!"

"Wall put down that air gun, you pesky old fool," sed she.

"No, marm," sez I, "this is a Nashunal day. The glory of this here day isn't confined to Baldinsville by a darn site. On yonder woodshed," sed I, drawin myself up to my full hite and speakin in a show actin voice, "will I fire a Nashunal saloot!" sayin which I tared myself from her grasp and rusht to the top of the shed where I blazed away until Square BAXTER's hired man and my son ARTEMUS Juneyer cum and took me down by mane force.

On returnin to the Kitchin I found quite a lot of people seated be4 the fire, a talkin the event over. They made room for me & I sot down. "Quite a eppisode," sed Docter JORDIN, litin his pipe with a red hot coal.

"Yes," sed I, "2 eppisodes, waying about 18 pounds jintly."

"A perfect coop de fat," sed the skoolmaster.

"E pluribus unum, in propriator persony" sed I, thinkin I'd let him know I understood furrin langwidges as well as he did if I wasn't a skoolmaster.

"It is indeed a momentious event," sed young EBEN PARSUNS, who has been 2 quarters to the Akademy.

"I never heard twins called by that name afore," sed I, "but I spose it's all rite."

"We shall soon have WARDS enuff," sed the editor of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty*, who was lookin over a bundle of exchange papers in the corner, "to apply to the legislator for a City Charter!"

"Good for you, old man!" sed I, "giv that air a conspickious place in the next *Bugle*."

"How redicklus," sed pretty SUSAN FLETCHER, coverin her face with her knittin work & larfin like all possesst.

"Wall for my part," sed JANE MARIA PRASLEY, who is the cross-est old made in the world, "I think you all act like a pack of fools."

Sez I, "Mis. PRASLEY, air you a parent?"

Sez she, "No, I aint."

Sez I, "Mis. PRASLEY, you never will be."

She left.

We sot there talkin & larfin until "the switchin nour of nite when grave yards yawn & Josts troop 4th," as old BILL SHAKESPIRE aptlee observes in his dramy of JOHN SHEPPARD, eq., or the Moral House Breaker, when we broke up & disbursed.

Muther & children is a doin well; & as Resolushuns is the order of the day I will feel obleeged if you'll insurt the follerin—

WHEREAS, two Eppisodes has happened up to the undersined's house, which is Iwins; & WHEREAS I like this stile, sade Twins bein of the male perswasahun & both boys; ther4 Be it

Resolved, that to them nabers who did the fare thing by sade Eppisodes my hart felt thanks is doo.

Resolved, that I do most hartly thank Enjine Ko. No. 17 who, under the impreshun frum the fuss at my house on that auspishus nite that there was a konflagrashun goin on, kum galyiantly to the spot but kindly refraned frum squirtin.

Resolved, that frum the Bottum of my Sole do I thank the Baldinsville brass band fur givin up the idea of Sarahnadin me, both on that great nite & sinse.

Resolved, that my thanks is doo several members of the Baldinsville meetin house who fur 3 whole dase hain't kalled me a sinful skoffer or intreated me to mend my wicked wase and jine sade meetin house to onct.

Resolved, that my Boozum teams with meny kind emoshuns torde the follerin individooals, to whit namelee—Mis. Square BAXTER, who Jenerusly refoezed to take a sent fur a bottle of camfire; lawyer PERKINES wife who rit sum versis on the Eppisodes; the Editor of the Baldinsville *Bugle of Liberty* who nobly assisted me in wolluppin my Kangeroo which sagushus little cuss seriously disturbed the Eppisodes by his outrajus screetchins & kickins up; Mis. HIRUM DOOLITTLE who kindly furnisht sum cold vittles at a tryin time when it wasunt konvenient to cook vittles at my house; & the PRASLEYS, PARSUNSES & WATSUNSES fur there meny ax of kindness.

Truely yures,

ARTEMUS WARD.

Just as They Please.

A Southern paper speaks of the "Iron Men of the South." This is rather like making Hardware of them. Very well; let them Be Ware!

An article which we hope will soon be spoken of as the "Light of Other Days."

The Red Taper.

Wicked In-tents.

The Rebel Soldiery.



FRIENDLY AID.

Mr. C.—FRIEND BROAD, I KNOW YOU TAKE A GREAT INTEREST IN THIS WAR, SO SHOULD BE HAPPY TO HAVE YOUR SUBSCRIPTION TO THE VOLUNTEER FUND.

Friend B.—THEE KNOWS FRIEND CASH, I CANNOT GIVE THEE MONEY FOR WAR, BUT IF \$50 WILL HELP THE GOVERNMENT POLICE, IT IS THINE.

THE CONCERT "SALOON."

A REMINISCENCE.

Bright glare the lanterns from the door
Athwart the street's distracting din;—
We leave the mud and crowd and roar,
To thread the trampled passage in.?

Along the winding stair they stand,
White statues of the forms of old,
A moonlike light in each fair hand
Upon a gilded wand they hold.

Not marble, yet as white as snow,—
Cheap plaster,—but the beauty known
In Greece, an hundred lives ago,
They copy from the antique stone.

Such stately, graceful forms were seen
By Numa, in the fountain-cave,
By Paris, on the summit green,
Or wise Ulysses by the wave.

When first of sculptor's chisel born,
At temple doors their lamps they held
To greet, in Europe's classic morn,
The men renowned in tales of eld.

Behold the use they serve at last,
In this, our boasted later day!
The lustre from their hands is cast
On every idler from Broadway.

Walk in! each street-bred bit of earth,
With face that marks its low intent;
Walk in! each youth of rustic birth,
On "city life by gaslight" bent!

Curious Entomological Fact.

A letter from England—quite a private letter—informs us of a singular fact lately observed in the manufacturing districts of Lancashire. It is already known that, on account of the news from America, many of the spinners had stopped working, shutting up their factories for the summer. On entering one of those buildings after it had been closed for some days, the proprietor was astonished to find it swarming with myriads of flies; investigation into the cause of which circumstance disclosed the extraordinary fact that *the spiders had left off spinning and retired from active life*. Such is the marvellous sympathy by which the lower animal is linked to man!

Non Angli, sed Angli.

MR. DUDLEY MANN, the English Commissioner of the S. C., on his arrival in London, dropped a line to Mr. GEORGE PEABODY, in the hope that he would bite at the new Southern Loan. The great fish had no fancy for the bait, having already had a hook in his gills, in the shape of half a million of Repudiated Mississippi Ponds. He then angled for the ROTHSCHILD, but his success with the Baron was barren indeed.

The last that was seen of the fisher Mann, he was at the British Museum, studying, what he supposed was a work on finance—"Cotton's Angler!"

Latest from South Carolina.

We learn that the first of the Canard line of steamers to run between Charleston and Liverpool is to be called the Sea Gull. The vessel will be launched as soon as she is completed, and will sail as soon as she is ready, which will probably be about the first of April.

Walk in! the bones and banjo sound,
The barelegged dancer skips the floor,
Coarse women hand the liquor round
Which vine or hop-yard never bore.

The clown recites the threadbare joke,
The actor rants with lungs of brass,
The audience, in their gathering smoke,
Grin, stamp, and sip the doctored glass.

And still the vestal statues stand
Above the low companions boon,
And shed, from each uplifted hand,
A radiance like the winter moon.

Lilliputia.

The *Confederative*—a daily sheet published in Montgomery, advertises for a "little capital." We had thought that Montgomery itself was just the tiniest little capital in the world; but there is no satisfying these secessionists.

No Splits

If other regiments will be found serviceable in Cutting and Slashing, the Empire City Regiment will certainly prove inimitable at picking up the Chips.

The Difference.

In the old fables, the Pelican bled herself to feed her young. Now, the Pelican is more given to Bleeding others.

Tennyson's Opinion of the "Daily News."

"I hate the dreadful Hollow behind our little Wood!"

ARMY CONTRACTORS!



JOBBING contractors! attend while I sing In terms the reverse of applaudive, Responding to howls through the country that ring Your atrocious proceedings because of.

Come, blush for this beef that, with curses, the cook Of our mess to a bouilli converted, Such carrion perhaps, may be bouilli for you,

Though you should be ashamed to assert it.

For, supposing the meat to reply were allowed,
When some diner of dubious digestion
Inquired, "Were thy brows e'er with horns endowed?"
It would promptly say "neigh" to the question.

And, morning and evening, while on the parade
We manoeuvre—'twere folly to hide it—
The clothing of many, of all, I'm afraid,
By the boys is obscenely derided.

So rotten, in fact, is our second-hand cloth,
That to brace it we vainly endeavor;
'Tis plainly, indeed, the strong-hold of the moth,
But for buttons no strong-hold whatever.

No wonder the boys contumeliously greet
Our spotty, scorbutic attire,
Which not even the quacks could successfully greet
Who eruptions to crush out aspire.

And well may we believe what our chaplains declare,
How the following notice is fitted
To the gates of the Good Place high up in the air—
"No Jobbing Contractors Admitted."

Military Barber-ism.—North versus South.

A Richmond Journal says :

"A negro man who accompanied one of the South Carolina regiments to this city, wears a Sword, with which he says he intends to cut off a lock of 'Old Abe Linkum's hair for a lady in Sout Car'lina.' He made a solemn pledge to perform this tonsorial operation, and will fulfil it *if he gets a chance.*"

If the "Lady from Souf Car'lina" has staked her hopes of future happiness upon the possession of that lock, we pity her! But not to be behind-hand with the female chivalry of the "Souf," we beg to assure our Richmond contemporary that we know of a number of white men, from this vicinity, who also "wear Swords" with which they propose to cut all the hair off the head of JEFF DAVIS, for the benefit of many Northern Ladies. The only difference between their mode of operation and that of the negro sword-bearer is, that to save needless trouble they intend to take off the head with the hair. And we can't help but think our friend's "chance" rather the best!

Like Hot Potatoes.

A "Confederated" Senator recently said that he had kept a bold face on, when the soldiers left his native town, but he had 'dropped many tears, in private.' JEFF DAVIS, too, sympathetic creature, will have to Drop some Private-tears, soon!

A BOSTON INSTITUTION.

In Boston there are Institutions. What *Institutions* are the intelligent public need not be informed. One could not name all the institutions of Boston in a short paragraph. They are often alluded to incidentally in V. F., and these allusions are invariably attended with rounds of applause from the readers of V. F., which, we may remark *en passant*, is in itself an institution. But a new institution has sprung up in Boston. It is the "up-town bookstore;" a *soi-disant* Mudie's, and runs a circulating library; the place where you can buy your stationery and have that elegant color-stamping done as well as GIMBLETT can do it, (*vide* the bulletins in the Boston papers.) The advertisements which emanate from it are *sui generis*. They are valuable as repositories of fact; but it is not alone in fact that they deal. They theorize, they generalize, they dogmatize, they epigrammatize, and woe is us, they *ungrammatize*. They advise too, and now and then, as the subjoined specimen will show, they advise things difficult, not to say impracticable. Here is the last :

"Every able-bodied person, in and out the city, should form themselves into Drill Clubs, and get a copy of HARDEE'S Tactics, the best manual to be had, and post themselves upon all military movements and evolutions.

Over 1000 men are drilling daily at Col. SALIGNAC'S famous Military School. He teaches this system with the most marvelous success. His praise is on every lip. Let every man get a copy of the HARDEE'S Rifle and Light Infantry Tactics, study it up, and practice it wherever he can get an opportunity."

Alas for our dimmed perspicacity! we do *not* see it. V. F. demands to be present when "every able-bodied person shall form themselves into drill-clubs," and as censor of all the important discoveries, inventions, and progresses of the age, V. F. desires that a high stool may be provided from which he may witness the evolutions of this "able-bodied person," thus formed into drill-clubs. V. F. thinks it will in good sooth be a rare sight to see this "able-bodied person" advance by column, open and close ranks, break into platoons, and retreat in squads! And with what military precision and spontaneity of action this person will form themselves into a hollow square, and execute other like fantasias upon HARDEE and SCOTT! V. F. trusts that a patriotic fire will burn high in the breast of this "able-bodied person," and that their valuable services will with the greatest unanimity be tendered to the Federal Government to aid in quashing the *quashi* (lapsus, for *quasi*), revolution of Mr. JEFF DAVIS. Let this institution be held answerable for the good conduct of these "able-bodied persons" thus urged to a career of arms.

But the "able-bodied person" have yet another, and mayhap, a severe task. Having procured HARDEE'S Tactics, he must devote themselves to posting themselves, and to do this effectually he must "study it up." Has Col. HARDEE, besides being a traitor to his flag, proved false to his vernacular, and written his "Tactics" in the Hebrew tongue? Else why study it up? *Voilà une chose difficile*, to quote the elegant words of FREDERICK the Great. If HARDEE *must* be read from bottom to top of page, V. F. recommends that the "able-bodied person," for the better accomplishment of this difficult manoeuvre, (or rather *eye-oeuvre*), do stand upon their head, as all able-bodied persons are, or should be, qualified to do. He will thus find themselves in a better position for "studying it up."

But we would not repress the "institution." Though ungrammatical, yet timely is its appeal. Loud rings a peal (!!!!) from according bells throughout the land, summoning all true men of the North to get a copy of HARDEE'S Tactics, and to prepare themselves to practice its teachings not exactly "wherever they can find an opportunity," but rather when the opportunity shall seek out and find *them*, ready to defend their country's cause.

Letters from the People.—No. 1.

FROM A CITIZEN OF CHATHAM STREET.

"SHENTLEMANS:—Var has made Clodings very sheap. I loof the coundry so much I makes my kirls work almos' for nothing so I can kiff my frens cood pargains. I will sell you a coat so sheap you vill not peleaf me. I kiff a suit for 'pout the prishe of a coot choke in your paper. Coom and see me. I stand in front of my shotre, where I walks for exercise all the times."

Moses.

Pleased with its Wigfall.

We read in the Galveston (Texas) *News* that :

"Senator WIGFALL is a gentleman of vast pluck. He never flinched in the hour of danger, and he has been in very tight places."

We know he has been in places very Tight, but are not so sure about his pluck.



TO
THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF
OF THE
PHILADELPHIA HOME-GUARD
GREETING.

1st Crow.—OH—O-H-H-H! NEVER WAS SO SC-SCARED B-BE-FORE. WHAT IS IT?

2d Crow.—W-WHY THAT'S THE B-BON-TON, P-PLEASANT-TON, H-HOME GUARD HAT.

CHORUS BY THE BEREAVED CROWS.

Caw, caw! we had a scare,
And can't steal corn while it is there,
Somebody take it out of that—
That bon-ton, pleasant-ton,
Home Guard Hat!

SHARPSHOOTING AND THE LONGBOW.

Messrs. Editors:—I cut the following from the *Savannah Republican*, as serving to show the inefficiency of the Southern soldiery. I have from the first believed that their Aims were bad:

"Monday last the captain of the Banks County Guards ordered a trial of skill in shooting by his corps. The plan adopted was putting up a hat as a mark and ordering his men to march from it one hundred yards, when they were to turn and fire without hesitation. After the trial had been completed, seventy-four men having fired, the hat was brought to the captain, and sixty bullet holes were found to have been made. No preparation had been made, as the contest was an impromptu affair."

If the Confederacy is to rely upon such shooting as this, Messrs. Editors, the days of the rebellion are numbered.

On Monday last, I, the captain of the Bobtail Penguins, a regiment of Submarine Lancers, ordered a trial of skill in shooting by my corps. The plan adopted was putting a hat up the spout, and ordering the men to march as far away from it as they could, when they were to turn without hesitation, and fire in various directions. After the trial had been completed, the hat was brought to me, and was found to contain two pawn-tickets, a bandana handkerchief, several large bricks, and the manufacturer's name. There were no bullet-holes in it, but as the muskets were only loaded with powder, I did not think it strange. No preparation had been made, as the contest, hat, spout, and in fact, the story itself, were all impromptu affairs.

This, Messrs. Editors, is strictly and literally true, but if the *Savannah Republican* man will withdraw his story and apologize, I am willing to take mine back and treat.

Yours,

Capt. ARROWSMITH.

Live-Oak George, Again.

It is reported that the Hero of the Gridiron (not the flag, but the bill,) is going to raise a regiment. Here's a chance for those who are in favor of Martial Law.

Hit Him Again.

Speaking of the great FLOYD, F. F., (fugitive financier) who has lately been appointed a Brigadier General in the Rebel Army, one of our Southern exchanges says, "he succeeded in clearing himself of the charges made against him." It may be so, though we doubt it, but we have another charge to make against him and his fellow traitors, which they will find difficult to clear off, and that is—Charge Bayonets!

An Arkansas Pike.

We read with satisfaction of the daily seizure of secession muskets and pikes by the Government forces. While they are about it, we recommend to their notice one especial pike, more dangerous than all those found at Baltimore. This is a certain ALBERT PIKE, who is engaged in raising a legion of savages to scalp and tomahawk his christian countrymen. We think Judge LYNCH the man for his case.

When!

The secessionists having given up the Fourth of July together with Yankee Doodle and the Star Spangled Banner, propose, when they have captured Washington (*when!*) to change its name to Arnolds-ville, in grateful memory of their great prototype BENE-DICT.

The Dred Scott Decision.

The decision of the seceders in regard to an attack on Washington seems to be the real Dred Scott decision.

Bound Lee-ward to Davis' Locker.
The Confederate Army.

The Ladle and the Lancet.

A daily cotemporary suggests the organization of a battalion of "army-cooks, who can also shoulder a musket when the emergency comes." This is an excellent idea. The transition from skewering the succulent food to spitting the enemy on a bayonet would be easy and natural. For such a battalion the Kettle-drum would be a very appropriate instrument of music, considering it in connection with the process of cooking the enemy's goose.

Another subject of great importance to the army has also been canvassed—that of vaccination. To secure the inestimable benefit of this process for our brave soldiers, we would suggest the formation of a surgical corps of Lancers, who, when not occupied in inoculating their patients with the Lancet, might be employed in touching up the insurgents with the Lance—the point of which is that Vaccine would speedily Cow the enemy.

Rather Paradoxical.

A recent English paper says it is indebted for tidings of the foundering of the brig "Wildrake" to the Captain's wife, who was the only soul saved. Now we should like to know how a Captain's wife can report her husband's vessel Lost at sea if she found(hy)er there.

Tight Soldiers.

There are no Lieutenant Colonels in the Secessionist army. They are all Full Colonels—Full of whiskey. Their Full uniforms, which are quite Tight, are lined with whiskey; and a gin cock-tail is worn in the hat.

A Pearl for Pearl Street.

We learn by late dispatches from the seat of war that the Rebels in Virginia are strengthening Harper's Ferry. We wouldn't mind a few of them here if they would only strengthen *Harper's Weekly*.



NOT THE CHEESE.

JOHN BULL RAT.—I WOULD LIKE TO HAVE A NIBBLE AT THAT TEMPTING MOUSEL ; WHAT DO YOU SAY ?
LOUIS NAPOLEON RAT.—WELL, SUPPOSE YOU GO IN AND TRY IT ; IT DOES LOOK INVITING, BUT I'M NOT HUNGRY JUST NOW

KING COTTON.

[AFTER BÉRANGER.]

I.

See this new king who comes apace,
And treats us like a conquered race;
He comes from Dixey's Land by rail,
His throne a ragged cotton bale.
On to the White House straight,
He's marching—rather late,
Clanking along the land,
The shackles in his hand.
Hats off, hats off,
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

II.

"White niggers, mudsills, Northern scum,
Base hirelings hear me, and be dumb,
What makes this country great and free?
'Tis me, I tell you, only me!
Beware, then, of my might,
Nor dare dispute my right,
Or else you'll find some day
There'll be the devil to pay!
Hats off, hats off,
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

III.

Dare you dispraise my royal parts,
And prate of Freedom, Commerce, Arts?
What are they to my pedigree?
Why, ADAM was an F. F. V. !
My arms, (a whip, ye fools, &
Above a blood hound, *gules*!)
Declare my house and birth—
The king of kings on earth!
Hats off, hats off,
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

IV.

Paupers, who can resist me? None!
My wife's a pew in Washington:
My youngest son—he looks like me—
Will be in Congress soon, (S. C.)
His brother, Colonel Fuss,
Trained up by old U. S.
Tore down your dirty flag—
A General now with BRAGG!
Hats off, hats off,
Ye slaves of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

V.

Let us alone, ye Federal crew,
Nor dare collect our revenue:
For gentlemen from earliest date,
Were never useful to the State.
Thanks to my forts, and guns,
My arsenals, (*yours*, once!)
I now can speak my mind,
As Ancient ABE shall find!
Hats off, hats off,
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off, to great King Cotton!

VI.

God's ministers, we fight for you:
Aid us, ye aid the Gospel too.
For you, beast-people, (clear the track!)
Still bear our saddles on your back!
We'll ride you all your lives:
Your daughters, too, and wives,
Shall serve us in our need,
And teach our girls to read!
Hats off, hats off,
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off to great King Cotton!

VII.

Your musket, chaplain, (mind my toes!)
The smoke is incense in my nose!
On them, Confederates, great and small,
Down with the Union, death to all!
From my brave ancestry
These rights descend to me,
And all true Southern men,
World without end. Amen.

Hats off, hats off,
Ye slaves, of curs begotten,
Hats off, to great King Cotton!

May 26th. 1860.

R. H. STODDARD.

A COMPLAINT.

I wish to complain of a very old nuisance (yet, withal, a very young one, too); one which has furnished a theme for many and many a monody before, and which, I believe, will yet be sung again and again. My only excuse for treating so trite a subject, must be the woes I have endured on its account . . . an Account in which, I may say, there is nothing to my Credit.

Simply, then, I protest against Babies.

"Brute!" cries the feminine reader, and skips my article for the next.

But the husband, who still remembers how coldly the floor saluted his unshod feet, and how comfortless was his situation, in *sac-de-nuit* and nothing else, when he was aroused

"In the dead waste and middle of the night,"

to walk up and down, back and forth, with the stars pitilessly glimmering through the icy window-panes, upon him and his living, struggling . . . and squalling . . . burden!

The husband reads my article; and tacitly believes in me. He won't acknowledge it to his wife, though.

The Baby is not an ornamental object. It is not a useful object. Then what is it? As the original *What-Is-It?* is said to be a connecting link, so I am fain to think, is the Baby . . . a connecting link between Humanity and Inanity.

Babies are goggle-eyed. You, fond mother, brooding, dove-like, over the cradle where your first-born cherub lies in smiling slumber, scold me for that assertion; but it is true. Take a sudden glance at any little bald-headed, flop-eared, no-eyebrowed, boneless, shapeless epitome of man . . . except your own . . . and confess that, on a quick view, to an impartial observer, the visual effect of the Baby is of the goggle description.

They wear unwholesome flannel things, always wadded up under the arms and on the nape of the neck . . . or rather the crease where the nape should be. Their salivary glands are defective. They have no sense. They must be kissed. That, perhaps, is the worst characteristic they possess.

Who, in the name of all that is unlikely, first conceived the notion of kissing a Baby? A high-colored, shellless oyster, with rudimental indications of features, and a strong tendency to nettle-rash. Is this an osculatory subject? Not any! Yet what man of ordinary nerves, dare refuse, when the Baby is handed him to kiss? Not I, certainly, and *Hinc illic lachrymæ*.

You, madame, will own that you have seen cases of Baby that were, to use the mildest word, unprepossessing. That child of Mrs. JONES, your neighbor . . . its head as white, and shiny, and hairless as a billiard-ball; with awfully anatomical veins meandering over it. Its half-open mouth, of stretchy appearance, eminently conducive to the erratic economies of the salivary glands beforementioned. Its black, unwinking eyes, like glass beads in a ball of putty. Its meaningless gibber and querulous wail! You know the child . . . and I observe that you don't kiss it, if you can help yourself. Madame, every week of my life, I have several just such beings presented me for admiration, and I am inevitably expected to bestow upon those skinny, clammy countenances, the highest pledge of affection, the sweetest seal of love eternal!

Do you know my idea of Paradise? It is a place where they get along without Babies. I want to go to Paradise!

A Friendly Joke.

The Hicksites of Baltimore are now trying to convince the Government they are really Orthodox. If the news of a conspiracy having been recently discovered there by the Government be true, many of the inhabitants will no doubt turn out to be real Quakers before long.

State of the Public Mind, just now.

Regi-mental.



IT ISN'T SO MUCH MATTER, A MERE MONKEY CLIMBING IN AT THE PARLOR WINDOW, ONCE IN A WHILE—BUT WHEN THE ORGAN-GRINDERS COME TO KEEP GORILLAS!

A WOR POME,

By MR. K. N. PEPPER, Esq.

Cum down, mi mews, youm wontid ever so mucht !
hev you forgot your Pepper? its rether likely.
Wen onct Domestic Hapiness cum & tetchd
his Bleedin Hart, he shet down onto his mews,
& giv her notis she cood disband herself
& retire onto a hansum penshun—wich he
hoaps you got reglar.

but wot doo we'se at present?
& heer 2? likewais smel? yes; wot?
Wi, Wor! jest heer them Canons, &c., rore!
& heer them Patryotic yels! & se
them gloris Baners waivin in the Brees!
Ketch that disgustin smel ov sulfer wile your bout it!
Wots moar, reed bout 7000 noospapers
Al brethin 4th the moast enterprisn centiments,
& givin the Suthern fitters the wust kind
ov fits.

stil kin you stan it, o my mews?
list to your Pepper's axcents—tho hese got
the Dip Theory bad. & so cant doo hisself Gustis—
Doant mind wot he sed wen thay wosent no Wor:
tho fur frum Bein a Fool, he dident 4see
the present Redickylus asspec ov Afares,
urtherwise you woodent hev ketcht him lettin
you of so esy.

air you goin to cave?
Remember Woshinton, Laffy Yet, & al
them smart Revolooshuners! then thers gloris Egle,
Hale columby, star spangled—

heer you cum!
so i wont harow up your feelins no furdur.

Say, did you heer a olmity feerfie shriek
a cummin frum sum spot way overhed
along about the 19 ov last April?
1st i kind ov thought twos HIOWOTHY

a yellin (thats mi dotter); But HANAH GANE
informd me with a smil the Aingle slep.
o then, sed i, mi love, lo, looc, Behoald!
she looct, & saw a 1st chop Egle, a pintin
as strate for Baltimore as he cood fit!
a drop ov wotter techt mi HANAH's cheek:
Hese cryin, Kas! sed she. Hoo? PETE? sed i?
not our Egle, but our Kedentry's! she replide.
You no the casion ov them briny teers?
sed she, with granjur. i spoas i doo, sed i,
a feelin kind ov sic to mi stummick. fact is,
i never felt so misable in my life.
Kas, looc at me! sed HANAH GANE, with dignity
that Gloris wooman wos woth lookin at.
Youd otto seen them fine maternle fechurs!
i haint got much to say, sed she; but Kas,
i hoap your goin to folow that air Egle!
ide previsy maid up mi mind i wos;
But, fur agoak like, sed, Wot? leve mi HANAH,
& PETE, mi Egle,—& HIOWOTHY, mi Duo!
jes then, in cum brave PETE, mi 5-yere-old,
His wite Hare fixt like a fitin Roosters coam,
His i a flashin (wot a pifrick Brick!)—
a carvin-nife attacht to his left side,
& waivin Stars & Strips, & steppin Prowd!
Hooray! pop PEPPER! lispt his childish axcents
He wos a vizzion ov inspirin Granjur!
Giv me a Gun! he yeld,—ime goin to Wor!
mi Braiv, Braiv Boy! sed HANAH, wipin his
noas,
likewais the Briny Teers frum her Gloris Orbs,
Hese a Profit! sed she. wi duz he git that nife,
agin my orders? cos hese got a Sole
that Spankin oany agervaits! o Kas,
Hese woth 1 duzen ov you snekin men!
at wich i smild, & sed, with Prowd Rezzolushun
Hev Pashens, HANAH! your PEPPER aint no
Sneak!
Wot! K. N. PEPPER not a Patrit? pish!
Doant suc no sech Pertenshuns mi Adoard!!
Behoald that thare Prowd Egle! (not to say
PETE rite out, cos Flattery mite spile him),
aint i his pa?—yes, Kas, you air! sed she,—

Wal, wot air you a tockin about? sed i, a-smillin,
& a shakin hans cuite corjelly with boath Partys.
ast that air Gloris Berd (how diferent frum
the litle Berd a settin onto the Pickets!)
fast pintin fur the Drammy ov Seseshn
& squockin wen he smels the Sulfery Brees,—
ast him, Be4 he gits out o heerin, hoos Boosum
Hede rether rest in, ef he hed his Chois?
Hede say,—i aint tierd at present, But wen i Be,
mi tale this minnit pints to the individooal!
Becuz wi? Becuz his Hart—after Deducktin
your Fammily Shair—is olreddy Bleedin
a Stiddy Streem onto the Olter ov his Kedentry!
Becuz he goas for Union & doant Stop!
Becuz hese daly atact with Pane in Bowls,—
wich shows the Patrirs arder hes Struc in!
Becuz (to Conclood—the taint Becuz i must)
with sech a Unparaleld Wife & Egle Boy
Hede naterally noc the Spots of ov inferler
Patrirs, with oany a Comon pardner & Ofspring!

this Apeel wos cuite 2 mutch. Boath Partys
looct Serprizd. PETE, shrikt HANAH, camly,
& Sunk onto a Banbox wich containd
Her best Bunnit. PETE he axidently cut hisself
With the Carvin-nife, & his yelin Brot
His Unparaleld ma to a cents ov her Condishn,
& the Condishn ov her Property. Kas, help me up!
She wisperd,—& wele col it a drawd Gain.

i wep at this Magny Ninnity, & Rescue
Her hoo i Adoar—tho her naim aint Robert.
after wich we hugd; & disarmin the stil yellin
Egle—wich hed thus Shed its incant Blood
in the Sacrid Cos ov Libberty—set aroun
til supper-tim, & ete a harty Mele
cuite trankil.

nex Mornin i Enlisted.
mi Hart wos olmoast Bustin, and mi Pane
in Bowls cum on tremenjus; But i Stood it!

Coment aint Nessary, i shoold thinc. with
feerfle camnes i announs ime Reddy
to Meant the Fo! wair Doth he lurk?

n. b. ef i fol, rap me in our Gloris Flag
& Berry me moast enywers. ile Bet,
Egle (not Pete) 'Il Shrik Sum wen ime Gon!



THE BEST CROP OF THE SEASON.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

BUNGTOWN, S. C., May 25th.

DEAR VANITY:—Such times as I've had! I was unable to write you last week. I am in the heart of the enemy's country, and they take every opportunity to incommode me...

But I am making rather a good thing of it...

I generally do.

After sending my men into camp at Washington, I picked a hundred of my old Zoo-zoo friends, and came down here into South Carolina, to travel a little. We were all disguised as tam-borine-girls.

I never dreamed, my dear VANITY, that there was so much valuable property in the South.

If I had, I should have been here before.

Do you want me to send you anything nice? If you do, just let me know what, and I will get it for you.

I've got two mulatto preachers, one of whom is as much as I have any use for. If you would like the other, I'll send him on at once. He is a Methodist, and very eloquent, when sober.

Then I've got a bushel basket full of watches, and four tobacco-plantations.

My Lieutenant... formerly Commodore of my fleet... Signor COSPETTO DI VENDETTA... is delighted. He was on the road in Corsica for three or four years, but says he never saw such pickings anywhere, before.

As soon as the chivalry found out who we were, they seemed to lose all respect for us, and began to be very annoying. They hanged two of my men for inviting a fat ox and some poultry to supper in our quarters. This, I thought was inhospitable, so I burned the town down... Bowiekknife Corner... and confiscated all the property within several miles.

They don't understand me yet:

I am only traveling for pleasure now. When I come to start my army this way, I will show them what fighting is!

Yesterday, I dined with Governor PICKENS. He sets a nice table, does the Gov., and has some splendid silverware. If you like, I will give you a couple of his spoons.

He thinks the South will whip in this war. I don't.

"You must know, my dear Mac," said the Gov., when the sherry came on; "you must know that nearly all our soldiers are raw boys, unaccustomed to handling firearms. Now, when they get excited, as they're sure to in battle, they will be so careless with their muskets that, ten to one, some of your men will get shot. Your army had better stay in Washington."

This argument appears forcible, at first sight, but when you re-

flect that we also have many green troops, the case is as broad as it is long.

All battles cannot be so successful as that of Charleston Harbor...

Just as I wrote the last sentence, Governor PICKENS' body-servant, a very smart yellow boy, entered with a note from his master. It is as follows:

DEAR MAC:—A joke's a joke, you know. I'm not vexed. My boy will receive the spoons and all will be forgotten.

Your'n,

PICKENS.

I have confiscated the servant, and sent these few words to his master:

DEAR PICK:—I give you twenty-four hours to write an apology in. My soldiers want a bonfire. Your house is wooden.

MAC.

I think that will fetch him, If not down goes his shanty! He who would seek to cope with a McARONE, must be a man of more than common mould. When I have captured the South... when my star-gemmed banner floats from every house in the land... when my laurel-crowned bust looks serenely down from every niche... when my name is coupled with a fervent blessing in the mouth of every man, woman, child, and negro... then, and then only, will I let him up.

Southrons, I come...

Tremble!

What is the price of good Virginia tobacco in New York now? It is growing very dear down this way. Here is the last quotation, from the *Bungtown Clarion-Blast* of yesterday:

Prime, hds.....	100 at 102 g.
Middling, ".....	78x. at 78.
Thirds, exs.....	40 at b 39.
Etc., etc.....	X. Y. Z. &

Did you ever see anything like it? I never did.

COSPETTA DI VENDETTA has just returned from a little sojourn in Montgomery. He was there one day, only. He found JEFF DAVIS and Gen. BEAUREGARD sitting on the steps of the Capitol, eating peanuts, and talking horse. He was desirous of conversing with them, but not understanding English nor any other language except Corsican and thieves' slang, he had difficulty.

Finally, FLOYD was sent for. Of course, he is perfectly conversant with the thief's vocabulary, and my Lieutenant had quite a chat with him.

"Did you grab your grigs?" asked FLOYD.

"Yes, and sherried the peter," said my Lieutenant; "but what's a cully to fake? I am bliz to sky, and want fardening."

"Nix my dolly pals," replied the light-fingered statesman.

This last expression may be considered decisive.

I think that when I get through loafing about here, I will sail my fleet against Montgomery. There is a bank there, and my men want a little pocket-money. Abs doesn't want me to go quite so fast at first, but I think I can show him a trick or two that he isn't up to, as yet.

My genius is not to be trammelled by a mere President.

When the proud bird of Jove soars skyward toward the azure empyrean, with the beams of Liberty gilding his massive pinions, he must soar unshackled.

The weather is very fine.

I must close. Some of my fellows have got on a spree, and want to hang a couple of editors. I must go and see about it. If I get there in time, I will save the poor devils. If not I want to see them swung off. These Zoo-zoos of mine are playful dogs; they will have their practical jokes. After all, they are good children, and I am

McARONE.

The Half-Shell Banner.

Seven stars are awkward to arrange upon the union of a flag. There are not enough of them to form a star, or a decent circle, or a square, or any other geometrical figure. They *will* look lonesome, like a small galaxy of lost pleiades, being too few for the Union, and too many to go it alone. Like black sheep, they are quite lost in the Folds, and do not possess the glittering sheen that Our Thirty-four persist in flashing upon the winds of heaven. Plainly, the ensign of the Confederate States is an Ill Starred Flag!

Rebels versus Patriots.

The first come under our Ban: the second come under our Banner!

Sentiment; by a Pennsylvanian.

The reign of Old King Cotton is over: now let us see what we can do for Old King Coal!



AN ENGLISH SWELL'S EXPERIENCE OF AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS.

HE YAWNS, AND A DEM'D COMMON PERSON, A WAG-PICKER, IN FACT, PICKS UP HIS YAWN AND WALKS AWAY WITH IT, AND THERE'S NO WEMEDY.

NEW CONCERT HALL IN BROADWAY.

The management, impressed with the belief that there is room for another Concert Hall in Broadway, and inspired with a desire to

MAKE MONEY
MAKE MONEY,

No matter how, beg to announce the grand opening of another
GILDED RESORT
GILDED RESORT,
where Gentlemen and Boys can

GET DRUNK
GET DRUNK
GET DRUNK

--and--

MAKE BEASTS OF THEMSELVES
MAKE BEASTS OF THEMSELVES

An elegant,

PALATIAL SALOON
PALATIAL SALOON
GORGEOUS WITH MIRRORS
GORGEOUS WITH MIRRORS,
--where--

INNOCENT YOUTHS
INNOCENT YOUTHS,

Far away from home and parents and kind friends, will be fairly and thoroughly started upon the

DOWNHILL ROAD,
DOWNHILL ROAD.

If they do not so start it shall not be the fault of

STAGE PAINT
STAGE PAINT
FALSE CURLS FALSE CURLS,
CLAPTRAP
CLAPTRAP,

WORN OUT GAGS WORN OUT GAGS
DISMAL BUFFOONERY
DISMAL BUFFOONERY,
GHASTLY GAITY GHASTLY GAITY,

Neat for Abraham.

"It is reported," said Secretary CAMERON to President LINCOLN, the other day, "that JEFF DAVIS says he will before the Fourth of July, place the Confederacy's Coat of arms over the White House door."

"The Confederacy's Coat?" said ABRAHAM.

"Yes Sir."

"I should like to see him Try It On!" remarked the Chief Magistrate, with stern pleasantry.

This jest enjoyed great popularity in political circles for several days.

The Storming of Fort Pickens.

AS FORESEEN BY A (NORTHERN) PURVEYOR FOR CHARON.

The Rebels say, some pleasant day,
Their ladders and fascines they'll lay
Across Fort Pickens' dykes and moats;
And o'er these rails and faggots frail,
The walls triumphantly they'll scale,
And cut our gallant soldiers' throats.

The date exact of this great act
Is not, as yet, a foregone fact;
But our purveyor here predicts
That when to storm the Fort they swarm
Across their sticks, the march will form,
In truth, their passage of the Styx!

Literary.

It is reported that Mr. EMERSON is about to deliver a series of lectures in Boston (by way of offset to a series delivered some years ago) entitled "Reprehensible Men," beginning with that distinguished defunctory JAMES BUCHANAN.

ONCE PRETTY WAITER GIRLS
ONCE PRETTY WAITER GIRLS
ONCE PRETTY WAITER GIRLS
ONCE PRETTY WAITER GIRLS,

who might be much better than they are, but who could not, Heaven knows, be

MUCH WORSE
MUCH WORSE;
VILE RUM
VILE RUM
VILE RUM
BAD BEER BAD BEER
MEAN SEGARS
MEAN SEGARS.

A fastidious public is reminded that these
"GILDED RESORTS"
are kept open by authority of
HIS HONOR THE MAYOR
HIS HONOR THE MAYOR,
--and--
THE COMMON COUNCIL
THE COMMON COUNCIL.

These
"GILDED RESORTS"
must, therefore, be strictly

MORAL
MORAL
MORAL.

June 1, 1860.

Motto for St Louis and Baltimore Pavements.

"If any one attempts to haul up these Flags, shoot him on the spot!"

Military-Financial Paradox.

In war, the Sharpest weapon is Blunt.

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VOL. 3.

NO. 77.



Saturday,
JUNE 15,

1861.



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From the late Hon. Horace Mann.

July 29, 1850.

For many years, in all my writing, speaking, and teaching, I have endeavored to conform to the orthography and pronunciation as contained in Worcester's Dictionaries. I suppose them to represent the highest standard recognised by the best writers and speakers in England and in this country.

From Louis Agassiz, LL.D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy.—More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopaedia.

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MOSES, THE SASSY; OR, THE DISGUISED DUKE.

BY ARTEMUS WARD.

CHAPTER I.—ELIZY.

My story opens in the classic presinks of Bostin. In the parlor of a bloated aristocratic mansion on Bacon street sits a luvly young lady, whose hair is curred ore with the frosts of between 17 Summers. She has just sot down to the piany, and is warblin the popler ballad called "Smells of the Notion," in which she tells how with pensiv thought, she wandered by a C beat shore. The Son is settin in its horizon, and its gorjus light pores in a golden meller fluid through the winders, and makes the young lady twice as beautiful nor what she was before, which is onnecessary. She is magnificently dressed up in a Berage basque, with poplin trimmins, More Antique, Ball Morals and 3 ply carpeting. Also, considerable gauze. Her dress contains 16 flounders and her shoes is red morocker, with gold spangles onto them. Presently she jumps up with a wild snort, and pressin her hands to her brow, she exclaims: "Methinks I see a voice!"

A noble youth of 27 summers enters. He is attired in a red shirt and black trowsis, which last air turned up over his boots; his hat, which it is a plug, bein cockt onto one side of his classical hed. In sooth, he was a heroic lookin person, with a fine shape. Grease, in its barniest days near projuced a more hefty cavileer. Gazin upon him admiringly for a spell, Elizy (for that was her name) organized herself into a tabloo, and stated as follers:



"Ha! do me eyes deceive me earsight? Is it some dreams? No, I reckon not! That frame! them store clothes! those nose! Yes, it is me own, me only Moses!"

He (Moses) folded her to his hart, with the remark that he was "a hunkey boy."

CHAPTER II.—WAS MOSES OF NOBLE BIRTH?

Moses was foreman of Engine Co. No. 40. Forty's fellers had just bin havin an annual re-union with Fifty's fellers, on the day I introjuce Moses to my readers, and Moses had his arms full of trofees, to wit: 4 scalps, 5 eyes, 3 fingers, 7 ears, (which he had chawed off,) and several half and quarter sections of noses. When the fair Elizy recovered from her delight at meetin Moses, she said:—"How hast the battle gonest? Tell me!"

"We chawed 'em up—that's what we did!" said the bold Moses. "I thank the gods!" said the fair Elizy. "Thou did'st excellent well. And, Moses," she continued, layin her hed confidinly agin his weskit, "dost know I sumtimes think thou istest of noble birth?"

"No!" said he, wildly ketchin hold of hisself. "You don't say so!"

"Indeed do I! Your dead grandfather's sperrit comest to me the tother night."

"Oh no, I guess it's a mistake," sed Moses.

"I'll bet two dollars and a quarter he did!" replied Elizy. "He said, 'Moses is a Disguised Juke!'"

"You mean Duke," said Moses.

"Dost not the actors all call it Juke?" said she.

That settled the matter.

"I hav thought of this thing afore," said Moses, abstractedly. "If it is so, then thus it must be! 2 B or not 2 B! Which? Sow, sow! But enuff. O life! life!—you're too many for me!" He tore out some of his pretty yellor hair, stamp on the floor sevril times, and was gone.

CHAPTER III.—THE PIROUT FOILED.

Sixteen long and weary years has elapst since the seens narrated in the last chapter took place. A noble ship, the Sary Jane, is a sailin from France to Ameriky via the Wabash Canal. A pirut ship is in hot pursoot of the Sary. The pirut captin isn't a man of much principle and intends to kill all the people on bored the Sary and confiscate the wallerbles. The captin of the S. J. is on the pint of givin in when a fine lookin feller in russet boots and a buffalo overcoat rushes forerd and observes:

"Old man! go down stairs! Retire to the starbud bulk-hed! I'll take charge of this Bote!"

"Owdashus cuss!" yelled the captin, "away with thee or I shall do mur-der-r-r!"

"Skurcely," observed the stranger, and he drew a diamond-hilted fish-knife and cut orf the captin's hed. He expired shortly, his last words bein, "we are governed too much."

"People!" sed the stranger, "I'm the Juke d' Moses!"

"Old hoss!" sed a passenger, "methinks thou art blowin!" whareupon the Juke cut orf his hed also.

"Oh that I should live to see myself a ded body!" screamed the unfortnit man. "But don't print any verses about my deth in the newspapers, for if you do I'll haunt ye!"

"People!" sed the Juke, "I alone can save you from yon bloody pirut! Ho! a peck of oats!" The oats was brought, and the Juke, boldly mounin the jibpoop, throwed them onto the towpath. The pirut rapidly approached, chucklin with fiendish delight at the idee of increasin his ill-gotten gains. But the leadin hoss of the pirut ship stopt suddent on comin to the oats, and commenst for to devour them. In vain the piruts swore and throwd stones and bottles at the hoss—he wouldn't budge a inch. Meanwhile the Sary Jane, her hosses on the full jump, was fast leavin the pirut ship!

"Onct agin do I escape deth!" sed the Juke between his clencht teeth, still on the jibpoop.

CHAPTER IV.—THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

The Juke was Moses the MOSES. Yes, it was!

He had bin to France and now he was home agin in Bostin, which gave birth to a Bunker Hill!! He had some trouble in gittin hisself acknowledged as Juke in France, as the Orleans Dienasty and Borebones were fernenst him, but he finally conkerd. ELIZY knowd him right off, as a one of his ears and a part of his nose had bin chawed off in his fights with opposition firemen durin boyhood's sunny hours. They lived to a green old age, beloved by all, both grate and small. Their children, of which they have numerous, often go up onto the Common and see the Fountin squirt.

This is my 1st attempt at writin a Tail & it is far from bein perfect, but if I hav indooosed folks to see that in 9 cases out of 10 they can either make Life as barren as the Dessert of Sarah, or as joyjus as a flower garding, my obiect will have bin accomplished, and more too.

Put That in your Pipe, Jeff.

If giving comfort to an enemy is treason, let JEFF DAVIS hang all his tobacco-planters. Just see what a lot of Solace they have furnished to the North!

The Only Way the Rebels can take Washington.

"Over the left."



GUSHING YOUNG LADY TO DEPARTING ZOUAVE.

G. Y. L.—HAVELOCK, SIR! PRAY, ACCEPT IT.

Zouave.—THANKEE, MISS; DON'T CARE IF I DO TAKE THAT 'AR LITTLE LOCK OVER YOUR LEFT EAR.—(Confusion of Gushing Young Lady.)

LINSEY-WOOLSEY.

That word—linsey-woolsey—is sometimes used as an adjective, and in the sense of trashy, spurious, insignificant, and so forth. It is a compound not much in use; but we were reminded of it, just now, on reading a speech lately delivered to his constituents at Sunderland, by one Mr. LINDSAY, an English member of Parliament. Mr. LINDSAY, who is Woolsey, is also self-complacent, and sets out by glorifying himself as the champion, *par excellence*, of open trade; the draught of a convention proposed by him to the government of this country. Now, as a draught, we have no objection to Mr. L. W. drawing up as many draughts as he can manage; and we will even go so far as to say that we hope they may be honored when they come due: but we do not see L. W. in the light of an American politician. He says, L. W. does, that:

"If England and France, at the proper time acknowledged the Southern confederacy as an independent Power, it might stay this cry for vengeance which, he was sorry to see, came from the North against the South."

From this, it is evident that L. W. has never read any Southern papers; a fact upon which we congratulate him, although it has put him upon the wrong track. We will not on that account, however, prescribe for L. W. a course of *Mercury* (the Charleston, S. C.) We merely recommend him to subscribe to VANITY FAIR, making also an investment in the back numbers of that journal. In these he will find such extracts from the *Mercurial* and other virulent presses of the South, as will enlighten his rather foggy mind with regard to the quarter from which the "cry for vengeance" arises. If the scalp of L. W. does not remove itself spontaneously upon the perusal of these gouts of blood-literature, then must the top-knot of that cheerful M. P. be not only Shawnee-proof, but independent of the wily craft of ROWLAND, and others who profess to arrest the premature decay of nature's greatest ornament, a luxuriant head of hair. What L. W. means by the "proper time" to which he so anxiously looks forward, we can hardly guess. Perhaps he means "fly-time;" about which season JOHN BULL will be roaring for his Cotton night-cap, and swearing when he hears that it was lost in the wash. At any rate, L. W. seems to have got himself mixed up somehow with cotton, which doesn't improve his texture, but makes him look very Linsey-Woolsey, in the adjective sense, as above.

Mother Goose to Beauregard.

Little Boy BEAUREGARD, blow your horn,
Our ships hold your cotton, our meadows
your corn:

Where is the cash your bold rebels to pay?
Safe in our Bank-vaults piled away!

Mal-Gray Eux.

The papers report another seizure of Gray uniforms, intended for the rebel troops. These fellows, like cows at this season, seem to have run largely to Graze, and our opinion is that they will soon go to Grass.

Here They Lie.

JEFF. DAVIS and his Vice, STEPHENS, are very great leaders, no doubt, but we do think that TOOMBS ought to be put over them.

Bound to Run.

"Government is a Machine."—TALLEYRAND.
Won't that suit our Firemen Zouaves to a dot?

Unexpected Advance in Southern Grain.

The advance of our troops into the Virginia corn-fields.

Not so Bad.

The ladies have adopted a red, white, and blue hoop, which is called the war-hoop.

A good Place for the Blacks to emigrate to Colorado.

The Soldier's Pillow.

His nap-sack.

CUFFEE AGAIN.

A man named ASHLEY, who is a member of Congress or something of that sort, has been to Fort Monroe and conversed with some negroes about the war. He writes to the *Toledo Blade* to the effect that this war, "under Providence, will result in universal emancipation."

Perhaps so. But we fancy this war is prosecuted with an entirely different purpose, the letting loose of three or four millions of semi-barbarous Africans not being contemplated except by such maniacs as ASHLEY.

This is a war to save the Union—not for the indiscriminate manumission of slaves. This is a war to crush white rebellion—not to incite black insurrection. We thought everybody knew that.

It is a great pity, when everything is going on so finely and the North is so gloriously and resistlessly united, that such fellows as ASHLEY should be allowed to run loose.

We say to ASHLEY, go home to Maumee and be as limited a nuisance as possible.

The Southern Question d'Argent.

"In what Point should you say Virginia was likely to suffer most?" asked the Landlady.

"Well," replied X., "I should say the Point of Rocks!"

Interesting to the Military.

Supposing for a moment, that the President had wished to decline the offer of service made by the Fifty-fifth Regiment, he could not have done so, because, you see it was a *Le Gal* tender.

New Northern State that the South didn't count upon.
The State of War.

What Northern Astronomy treats of.
Stars and Stripes.

THE HEMPEN CRAVAT.



The Southern costume, have you heard of it, sirs? Is a single shirt collar, and a big pair of spurs: 'Tis airy for summer, there's no doubt of that, But not half so neat as a hempen cravat.

To begin with the collar: suppose a long march, In the hot, broiling sun, what becomes of the starch? Why, it wilts down with sweat,—a nasty thing, that, Which is never the case with the hempen cravat!

Their spurs may be good till a battle begins,

But won't they be likely to scratch their own shins When they come to retreat? for they *may* come to that, But they can not retreat, with the hempen cravat!

O the hempen cravat is an elegant thing! For once on your neck, it gives you full swing: These hot Southern gentlemen ought to like that, For they all want to swing—in the hempen cravat!

'Tis as cheap as 'tis useful, a blessing, to-day, When the South, owing millions, has nothing to pay; So, to show our good will, (they've but little of that,) We'll furnish them, gratis, the hempen cravat!

We try it on Pat, when he snatches a knife, And slithers the wind-pipe of mother, or wife: He was crazy with whiskey, no matter for that, He must die like a dog in the hempen cravat!

What is Pat's little frolic to what they have done? 'Tis the foulest conspiracy under the sun: The treason of ARNOLD was nothing to that, Yet *he* richly deserved the hempen cravat!

They plotted like him, with no wrongs to repay; How could they be wronged, when they had their own way? They bullied the North, we submitted to that, And, once in a while, to the hempen cravat!

They wasted our treasure, by putting in COBB To shell it out freely, in other words, rob; When the country was bankrupt—he brought us to that—He resigned, and ran off from the hempen cravat!

We had a few arsenals, so they employed A traitor to empty them—Brigadier FIORO; He sent our arms South, for this, and for that, And stripped us of all—but the hempen cravat!

Our gold in their pockets, our guns in their hands, Of course we must listen to all their demands: They will break up the Union—what say ye to that? My answer, brave boys, is the hempen cravat!

By the blood of our sires, that on Bunker's old hill Was poured out like water, (it flows in us still!) We will crush them, or perish, (no danger of that!) With sword, and with shot, and the hempen cravat!

Should we happen to meet with these bold pirates, They'll find a queer slip-knot tied under their ears, And swift at the yard-arm—a gallus place, that!—They'll dance a gay jig in the hempen cravat!

Then work all your rope walks, and working them, sing,
"O the hempen cravat is a wonderful thing!"
Who can mention a better, may take my old hat,
But till then I go in for the Hempen Cravat!

SPECIAL CAMP CORRESPONDENCE OF V. F.

THRILLING SCENE—NIGHT FORAY—CAPTURE OF ENEMY'S ARMS AND ACCOUTREMENTS—LIKEWISE OF CONTRABAND OF WAR—AND THINGS GENERALLY OF A (PARA)GRAPHIC NATURE.

CAMP NEBUCHADNEZZAR, June 6th 1861.

DEAR V. F.:—By my own special request I have been engaged to give you the news of this camp. I laid it out, and myself also, by falling off the fence. I fortified it—and myself likewise with a heavily charged pocket pistol. Finally, I govern it in person; gender, number, and case. It is situated in a grassy meadow not far from the battleground, of Germantown. And named Nebuchadnezzar, after an ancient royal person of whom you may have heard, who once went to grass himself. Up to last evening everything had been quiet, although the camp is within several hundred miles of the nearest Rebel force. But last evening this serenity was suddenly disturbed by a scene of unusual excitement not unaccompanied by danger.

It was later than some time previous, when this thrilling incident occurred. I had placed a post at the north-west angle of the camp (with a warning to trespassers on it). Feeling perfectly secure, I was meditating a plan for the speedy reduction of the Rebels to a selling-out-at-less-than-cost-price, when my attention was diverted by a whistle. I sprang to my legs and examined my arms. In another moment the whistle was repeated, followed by a report. (The report was caused by my incautiously unco(r)king my pocket-pistol). I rushed forth to the northwest angle only to find that my post had fallen. The enemy had borne it down before I arrived, and now-advanced to meet me. I was prepared! "Halt, and give the countersign!" I cried. "You be blowed! I want my dorg," howled the foe, continuing to advance. Then, with dying hand above my head, I shook the fragment of my blade, and shouted "Victory! Charge, Chester, Charge!" and so forth. Or words to that effect. And instantly charged, at the head of my own dog, who bravely closed with the foe. The combat raged hotly for a season, until my reserve coming up with stern resolution and a pitchfork, changed the tide of battle, and caused the enemy to retreat in disorder. Their arms and baggage fell into my hands. Also a quantity of contraband of war, consisting of a large bundle of fresh mint and a small package of tobacco (Fine cut.) The arms—a case-knife without a handle, and the baggage—a silk pocket-handkerchief enveloping the mint, are safely stored, awaiting the demand of the Government. The contraband, I regret to say, has been confiscated by my reserve to its own use. The camp is once more tranquil.

I am daily without the slightest expectation of reinforcements, and prepared accordingly to march at the shortest notice. I omitted to mention that the uniform of my command consists of coat, trousers, shirt, shoes and stockings, cap, and other inner garments needless to mention. We are provided with the regular quota of arms (and legs), and when *in tent* (upon any theme requiring meditation) are each enclosed in a strong frame (of mind). There is no complaint of the rations, unless occasional aberrations (of thought), which are only temporary, be considered such. But as all Aberrations might be attributed to our gallant President LINCOLN, they should be viewed from a patriotic stand point. In my next I shall give you some highly interesting details of camp-life "never before represented on any stage." *Au revoir*. Our motto is "*nux vomica*," never despair! (free translation.)

Yours, thirstily for glory,

MAJOR VON PUCK. G. R. C.

The Bolters.

The European travel is enormous this season, and among the travelers are some who would do well to stay here and defend their flag. When our country is attacked, no true patriot can ever go over to the Other Side!

If You Touch It, You are Defiled.

North Carolina thinks that England must favor her cause. The British navy will have to Sing Small unless she gives it the Pitch.

By a Stereodore.

When we Lower Stores, do we necessarily Sink the Shop?



A JUST APOLOGY.

Near Sighted Picket Guard.—“HALLO! D—
IONER! I'M SURE I D—

— YOUR PARDON!”

— IF I DIDN'T THINK IT WAS A SESSEH—

Diplomatic.

VANITY FAIR REMONSTRATES WITH THE BRITISH LION.

[The event of the week, and perhaps we may say, of the fortnight, has been the transmission of the under-written note from the office of this newspaper, to the British Lion. We interfere with great reluctance; but at the earnest request of Mr. SEWARD, we consent to drop the following lines into that pleasant place, the Lion's Mouth—and we hope he may relish them. In order that we might garnish this epistle with diplomatic accuracy, we invited proposals from Our Stationer for furnishing us with one ton of sealing-wax and nine hundred yards of the brightest red tape; but as everything sticky and stringy appertaining to his stock, had just been taken at enormous prices by the Washington authorities, we have been obliged, to our intense mortification, to engross the document upon the official paper—yellow wrapping—of V. F.—to put it into one of our neat and modest envelopes, and to depend for its security upon the adhesive power of the Arabian Gum, strengthened by a simple string and two ordinary wafers. Thus secured, it was carried—in a Broadway stage—by Our Boy to H. B. M. Consulate: and was by him handed to the Consular Boy, who promised that it should be delivered to the Lion. Having from our experience of Boys in General, great doubts of the fidelity of the Consular Youth, we print the letter here, and here will print the answer—when we get it.]

[PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.]

OFFICE OF VANITY FAIR, FOREIGN BUREAU, }
New-York June 3d. 1861. }

MY BRITISH BEAST:—You will pardon, my Lion, the informality of this address, when you call to your royal mind the fact that you are pretty well known in this world—that I know something, too, of Ireland and her jolly chronicles—that I have heard of India and her happy history; of Manchester and of the fat little girls laughing in its factories; of the cherubs in your coal-mines, and of the darling children who pick pockets with such charming industry in London streets. Humanity in general, my Beast, has reason to honor you. Black Humanity in particular has cause to call you blessed; and even Yellow Humanity, of the Coolie variety, loves you dearly. Ever since I can remember you have been braying—I beg your pardon—roaring in behalf of Black Humanity. You roared about the Slave Trade and abolished it—taking good care, however, to make your neighbors share the damage. You roared about West India negroes, and emancipated them with much self-complacency, when your Methodists and other good men forced you to do it. You bought innumerable (pirated) copies of Uncle Tom's Cabin, and after reading the same with many tears, you gave no end of breakfasts to the talented author. VANITY FAIR cannot but remember how long, how continuously, and how cruelly you have joked, and jeered, and jibed about and at American Slavery—how you have sent over to us

missionaries for our Anti-Slavery Conventions, and merchandize for our Anti-Slavery Fairs—how you have taken to your bosom the wayfaring Garrison and the fugitive FRED. DOUGLAS. There were those who were uncharitable enough to say, that you had better, for consistency's sake, give up either your own cant or our cotton; but you went on, my Beast, spouting and spinning, walling and wearing, importing and exhorting, bemoaning Boston, and chaffering with Charleston; and out of this game of cross-purposes out of these threads of benevolence running this way, and these threads of business running that, you have woven much white cloth and you have amassed much yellow cash. Now, when our dark day has come—now, when through hatred upon one side, and love upon the other, of this same Slavery which you profess simply to hate, we are in a little trouble, we find that with the voice of a saint, you have had only the soul of a Manchester spinner; and that while you have been talking about our lashes you meant only your own looms.

Newspapers prate, my Lion, about “the uncertainty of the policy of the British Gov-

ernment” in these uncertain times; as if, with an Honest Beast, disposed to remember his international obligations, there could be two possible policies. Of your neighbors, the crowned, and crouching, and crunching continental wolves, we expect that cold

blooded indifference best calculated to secure the bones. But you are of our own flesh and blood; your fathers were our fathers; our laws have the same root; and the ancestors of both of us have been talking of liberty ever since the days of ALFRED the Great. Without crime committed, without any fair forfeiture of your confidence, my Government finds you puttering about what you will and will not do, while rebels are at its throat and assassins are seeking its life. We ask you for honest and kindly treatment, and you refer us to Puffendorf. We ask you sternly to discountenance thievery and murder, and we find your rickety old House of Lords debating how strong a blockade of the ports of pirates must be, before you will respect it. A losel scum of sea-thieves, the outcasts of all nations, threatens our commerce, and my Lord BROUGHAM, Friend of the Blacks, tell us that “Privateering is not Piracy.” There is a robber at our door, and you will not sell us a pistol. There is a knave menacing our existence, and you will not send to us an ounce of powder without his permission. There are tens of thousands of Englishmen who have been welcomed to our soil, have been protected by our laws and have shared in our prosperity; and you say that they shall not strike a blow to save their American neighbors from ruin. You take bucaniers to your bosom if they bring with them the captured ships of Boston and New York. You would make the sea-towns of England the nurseries of cut-throats and marine murderers, and the courts of England their refuge from sharp and speedy justice. Substantially, my Lion, you bestow your countenance and comfort upon men who, if they were your own subjects and committed the same crimes, you would hang at the Old Bailey, as you hung there Thistlewood and the Cato Street conspirators.

Now, my Lion, this is a game which two parties can play at. Your own den, you will permit me to observe, has a good many windows in it, and we can throw two stones to your one. Canada, for retaliatory purposes, is in a mighty convenient position; and Canada may catch the itch of dissolving political unions. Our facilities for drilling Irish battalions are uncommonly fine. It does not follow, when we make peace with our misguided and revolted States, that we shall include in one general amnesty all who in our day of peril may have deserted us, we may live to see

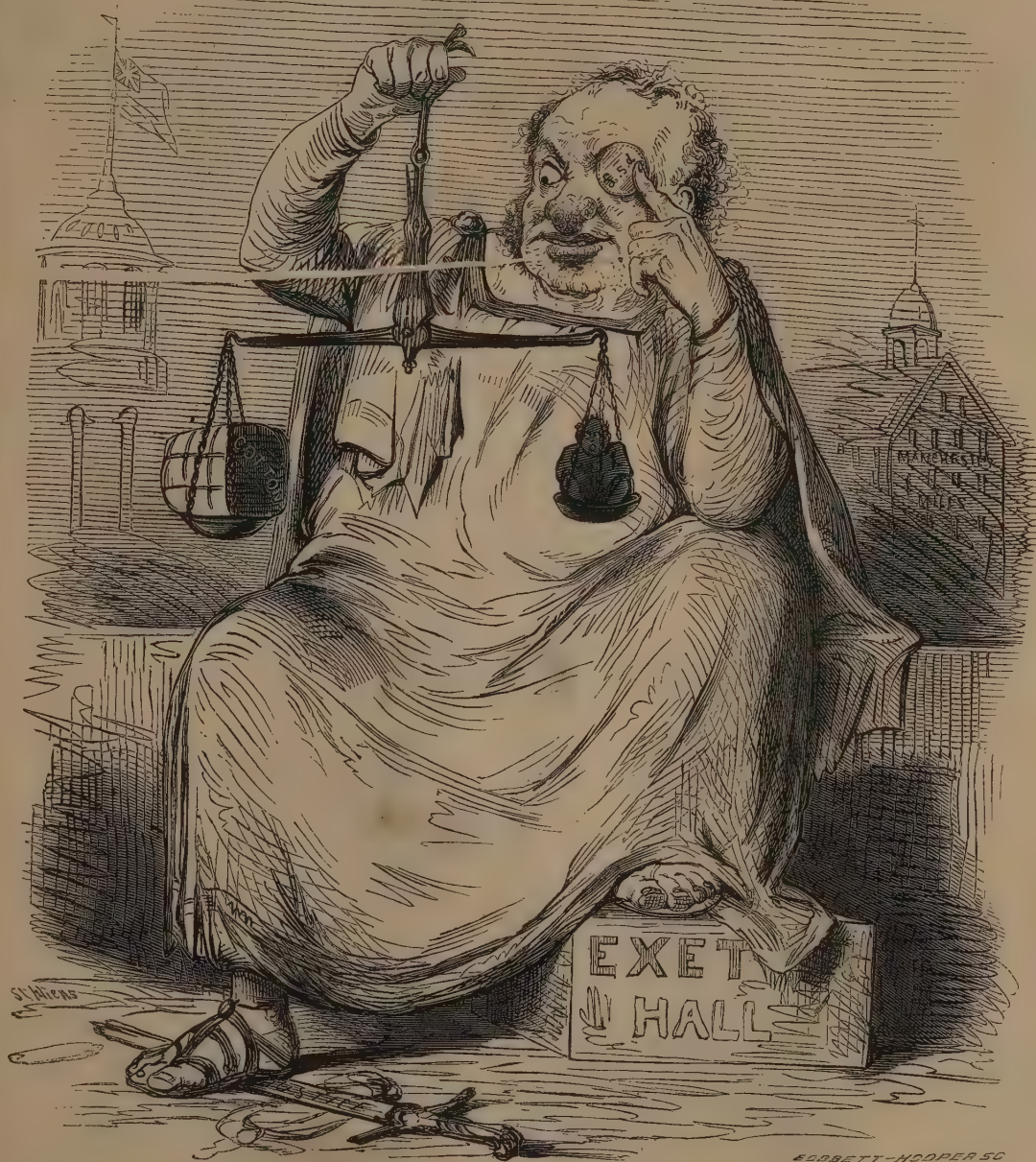
Naked Rebellion with his torch and axe,
Making his wild sport of your blazing throne.

These unhappy differences will soon be adjusted; but it will not be so easy to adjust jarring recollections and indignant memories. We may forgive our brothers and forget their crimes; but it will not be so prudent to forget foreign wrongs, nor so proper to forgive alien injuries. God keep us then from the arrogance and self-sufficiency which you exhibit.

The undersigned, grasping at this pleasing opportunity of renewing his assurances of distinguished consideration, begs leave to subscribe himself,

Your Lionship's most humble and most obedient servant,
Vanity Fair.

VANITY FAIR.



DESIGN FOR A STATUE OF ENGLISH JUSTICE.

SUGGESTED BY LORD JOHN RUSSELL AND LORD PALMERSTON.

GENERAL POETICAL AGENCY.

PROSPECTUS.

Mr. AUGUSTUS SNIPES, late of *The Journal of Commerce*, has the honor to announce to the Nobility and Gentry of the Southern Confederacy, that he is now prepared to furnish any number of tags, rhymes, songs, barcarolles, verses for albums and other poetical merchandize suited to the melodious markets of the South, and to the present condition of the Gay Science in that Light, Laughing, Languishing Land. These sent in a sealed envelope, warranted to avoid detection, will enable any Southern Seceder whatever may have been the faults of his education, to at once assume a Pre-eminent Literary Position with all the privileges and appurtenances thereunto belonging.

Mr. AUGUSTUS SNIPES would particularly call attention to his neat collection of rhymes upon the name of DAVIS, capable of being worked up to an indefinite extent, and of which the following are specimens :

1. First of all who never cave, is
Our delightful JEFFY DAVIS.
2. First of all the bravest brave is
Cutting, slashing JEFFY DAVIS.
3. Shield of Master and of Slave is
Guide and guardian, JEFFY DAVIS.
4. Who in Yankee blood will lave his
Powerful hands but JEFFY DAVIS?
5. Who more potent than a Zouave is,
Who but President J. DAVIS?

Mr. AUGUSTUS SNIPES would also call attention to the following neat style of personal compliment, adapted to the largest mass-meeting, or to the smallest convivial party :

O there's nothing hard
For BEAUREGARD !
Nothing too heavy or steep :
For the old boy's in't
But he'll start the mint,
And make our juleps cheap !

Then drink to BEAU,
In many a go,
Yellow, or rosy, or white !
For he who would strike
Must his liquor like,
And he who can't drink, can't fight !

Mr. AUGUSTUS SNIPES would call the very particular attention of the Southern Literary Man, to the following Neat Thing for An Album :

SONNET.—TO MARY MAGNOLIA.

Lady ! Sweet light of our gay Southern climes !
Before I leave thee for the dangerous wars,
With pen in hand, and fine cut in my jaws,
I wildly weave, O girl ! this idle rhyme !
When the fight comes, be sure I shall be *thar*,
Striving to win a green palmetto wreath,
Barker in hand, and knife between my teeth,
Like as man can be to the God of War,
Think of me then ! in snowy smoke wreath hid,
I kill, I shoot, and I assassinate !
See my eyes flash, and hear my ivory grate
To finely cut what once was solid quid !
Thin k of me Victor Living, Conquered Dead,
Sweet sunny daisel, virgin ripe and red !

Mr. AUGUSTUS SNIPES rather flatters himself, that when a model for a War Song is desired, the following will be about the martial go.

Come, draw your triggers,
And fight for your niggers,
Though nobody cares to disturb 'em !
These pestilent fleas
Must vote as we please,
Or by JOHNNY CALHOUN, we'll curb 'em !

For the ballot and box
Let us substitute knocks,
Hard knocks, and sweet stinging dry knocks !
Though we're rich in assets
Yet we wont pay our debts,
To a parcel of pestilent Shylocks.

O we rise as we think on
That scamp, ARAM LINCOLN,
That beastly, belligerent Bucker !
O we swear altogether
To tar and to feather,
Provided we catch him, the Sucker !

Then seize all your rifles,
And don't stand for trifles,
Like fratricides, burglaries, treasons !
So comrades ! all come,
And in-ramrods and rum,
We have five hundred excellent reasons !

VANITY FAIR, intent upon being perhaps altogether too fair, prints Mr. AUGUSTUS SNIPES's Prospectus. But VAINITY FAIR would be lost to all sense of decency, if it did not, while rebuking the unpatriotic SNIPES, try its hand at a song or so. If any of our Union Friends, and all our friends are of that starry stripe, want a few rhymes for DAVIS, here they are, and there are a few more left in the machine :

1. First of all who idly rave, is
Ranting, canting JEFFY DAVIS !
2. First of all a traitor knave, is
Stealing, swindling JEFFY DAVIS !
3. First of all who pardon crave is,
(Or will be, as we judge,) JEFF DAVIS.
4. Who will run quite soon to save his
Neck from rope, but JEFFY DAVIS ?

VANITY FAIR, rather than else thinks there is more truth than poetry in the following lines :

O the morn will be fair
When he dances in air,
Hung up by a rope, you know !
And I shall be there
To enjoy a share
Of the pleasure of doing for Beau.

How he'll struggle and prance
In the airy dance,
With his both constitutions suspended !
And I shall be there
To enjoy a share
Of a show the finest when ended !

VANITY FAIR also respectfully dedicates the following to the Girls Who Have Been Left Behind—very celebrated girls, be it known, and often better sung than here :

Dearest ! across the sky,
Our flag floats free !
Millions are called from love, and I
Am called from thee.
O let no pallor weak
Discolor that fair cheek,
That red with proud heroic blood appears,
When I come back to claim
Thy form and thy dear name,
It will be time enough, my love, for tears !

Were I a man to stay
When all I hope,
Wife, home are staked upon the fray,
And deadly cope ?
No tremors now, dear heart !
The Roman Matron's part
Act in thy virgin bloom and tender years !
When I come back to claim
Thy form and thy dear name,
It will be time enough, my love, for tears !

Mr. AUGUSTUS SNIPES is requested to send no more poems to this office. Our boy has orders to snub him. Our Zouave has orders to slice him. Our Artist has orders to take his portrait for the Rogue's Gallery. Let him keep away !

Red Tape.

In Albany, instead of asking "what's on the tapis?" it is now the custom to ask "what's on the tape?"

The Only Way Washington is Besieged.

By the Republican office-seekers.



GOOD FOR CHARLEY.

THIS IS LITTLE POPKINS, WHO WOULDN'T VOLUNTEER, BECAUSE HE THOUGHT WAR WAS BARBAROUS. CLARA AND CHARLEY DON'T AGREE WITH HIM.

A CLOUDED LETTER.

The remarkable bravery evinced by the Lieutenant-Colonel commanding Fort Moultrie, during the Sumter engagement, seems only to be equaled by his remarkable English. Thus, in a letter to Gov. PICKENS, accompanying the preservation of a South Carolina Flag which waved over Fort Moultrie,

"Mid the rocket's red glare
And bombs-bursting in air."

he makes the following rather remarkable statement relative to the banner :

"This Flag was presented to the garrison of Fort Moultrie in February last, while South Carolina was an independent State, by three ladies of Charleston. It was worn upon that Fort until replaced by the Confederate Ensign, and re-hoisted with the last upon the occasion alluded to. During the action it was four times perforated by the shots from this Fort, three of which are still visible. The fourth was cut out by a prominent citizen of Virginia, who wished to show to the people of his State a tangible evidence of the battle.

I am very respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. S. RIPLEY.

Lieut. Col. Commanding."

To our thinking, the Lieut.-Col. does not pay the artillerists under his command a very high compliment, in stating that they fired so widely as to perforate the flag above their heads several times, unless, indeed, they aimed directly at it. And how three of the four shots which passed through the Flag can be still visible—unless they lodged in a tree in the rear—is not quite clear to a Northern understanding. From the statement that the fourth shot was cut out, however, we are led to infer that they lodged in the bunting—wrapping themselves in its folds somewhat after the manner of the late lamented KIRBY. The explanation that it was simply a shot-hole that was cut out, we are not prepared to receive. We are loth to believe that any prominent citizen of Virginia would ever dream of cutting out a shot-hole as "tangible evidence of a battle." Cutting out shot-holes as trophies of conquest! Bah! we don't believe a bit of it! It is a slur upon the chivalry of the "Old Dominion"—a lie made out of whole cloth, to use a vulgar but expressive phrase.

The Western Reserve.

We observe by the papers that the Western Reserve of Ohio, the stronghold of Abolitionism, is rather backward in coming forward to the aid of the Union in her emergency. Considering that hitherto they have not been very reserved in the expression of warlike opinions when there was no danger, it is rather unfortunate for their manhood just now that they should show the white feather where they have so often flaunted the black one, and prefer ranking themselves with the body of "Reserves" where they are not particularly needed, to the more honorable position of active combatants in the field.

New Refrain of a Slave-song.

For we're a band of niggers,
For we're a band of niggers,
A contraband of niggers,
And we can't go to the war!

A Joke from Ohio.

If a part of the Union should be found wanting, it is a satisfaction to know that we have BEN WADE in the balance.

Motto for a Faro Bank.

"A good workman is known by the number of his Chips."

The biggest military thing down South.
Cotton drilling.

Gov. PICKENS seems to have caught the spirit of this letter, and labored to make his reply equally brilliant in its ambiguity and obscurity. Thus, he speaks of a time in the earlier history of Fort Moultrie, "when the flagstaff was cut down, and when the heroic JASPER nailed it to the gun-rod." Now all the world knows that it was the flag which the heroic JASPER nailed to a gun-rod, and that he didn't meddle with the staff at all. Why does the Governor thus seek to begot the popular mind regarding a simple fact in history? Or are the efforts in this direction of both the Governor and the Lieutenant Colonel, simply accidental; the natural result of the enforced absence of all Yankee schoolmasters from the limits of the Confederate States? Had the expulsion of these necessary members of society from Southern latitudes not been duly chronicled in our exchanges, we should have inferred from such documents as these, that the schoolmasters were not only "abroad" but also that they were bent on a permanent stay.

Wait a bit!

The *Richmond Examiner*, in an article which sparkles with all the gems of Southern rhetoric, after calling our New York Fire Zouaves "that band of execrable cut-throats and jail-birds," and characterizing ELSWORTH the Martyr, as "the chief of all scoundrels," says that JACKSON, his murderer, "died a death which emperors might envy."

We don't care about the "emperors," but if the editor of the *Richmond Examiner* envies JACKSON, his death, just let him stay in Richmond a little while. We think some of our Zoo-zoos will accommodate him.

An Idyll.

"Sit down, fair PHYLLIS, on the flowery Bank, and while Philomel chants his roundelay, partake with me of this rural Banquet I have made for thee."

Thus spake the shepherd, CORDON, to her he loved.
And PHYLLIS sat down among the dewy grass, and then she found the Bank-wet.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, May 30.



DEAR VANITY: Back again once more, safe and sound.

But, alas! I am the only one of my brave hundred!

I have got some important information, and lost some valuable men.

POOR COSPETTO DI VENDETTA . . . he fell fighting nobly.

But he owed me two dollars and a quarter.

Well, let that pass. I can bear misfortunes, as well as another.

Still, it seems a pity. He was doing

very well in Corsica; perhaps he ought never to have left there.

As I said, I have gained much important information.

There is no such person as General BEAUREGARD. That, however, I knew, all along. When the Southern Confederacy was organized, with a provisional government (as nearly as I can make out, they have neither government nor provisions there now), they wanted some one to serve as military leader.

"I'll do it," said PICKENS.

"My dear boy," said DAVIS, "you're too valuable. I'll do it."

"What is the salary?" asked FLOYD.

"I rather think a colonelcy . . . would be about the thing for me. . . . But if I had a generalship . . . I'd get the Northmen on the hip. . . ." said PAUL HAYNE (you know he's a poet).

"Let me be the man!" cried PRYOR; "I don't see fighting, altogether. It's vulgar. But I'd like to be a great commander, and have a marquee tent away off on a hill, where I could sit with soldier-clothes on, and watch the fight through a telescope!"

"You be d. . . ." began DAVIS, but STEPHENS interrupted.

I don't mean LOU. STEPHENS.

"Suppose we toss up," said he.

"Capital!" cried all.

FLOYD produced a penny . . . the last of the Indian bond speculation, he said . . . and they tossed for half-an-hour. It came heads every time!

FLOYD had, by mistake, given them his own private copper that he used in tossing for drinks. It had two heads.

"It will be awfully expensive," said DAVIS; "the pay will have to be very high."

"O let me be general!" said FLOYD.

"How would it do to go without?" asked PICKENS.

Diplomatic cuss, that!

"We must have one, if only for the name of it," said STEPHENS.

"Well, have the name of it, and save the salary."

So they took an old directory, and hunted up a name. They got through "A" without being suited, and went on to "B."

"Here it is," said DAVIS, "BEAUREGARD. We are a little French already, you know. We have adopted the Marseilles. . ."

"Marseillaise," interrupted PAUL HAYNE; "I'm writing a delicious hymn to it!"

" . . . the Marseillaise," continued JEFF, "and BEAUREGARD is a good French name. What does it mean, PAUL?"

"Beau means fine. Regard means look, glance, eye-glance, survey, gaze, eyes, attention, notice, aspect, two portraits looking at each other, draft-eye, draft-hole. . ."

"Stop! stop!" said PICKENS; "that's quite enough. What could be finer than that name?"

HAYNE has SPIERS & SURRENN'S French dictionary by heart.

"Let it be BEAUREGARD, then," said several; "General BEAUREGARD, commander-in-chief of the Confederate forces!"

"It . . . it rhymes . . . to petard," said HAYNE, thoughtfully.

DAVIS stole that rhyme, a little later, and has had the credit of it, everywhere.

And this, dear VANITY, explains the contradictory nature of the reports about Gen. B.

There ain't no such man.

I had grand times after my last advices to you. I established a race-track near Montgomery, and won nearly all the money of the Confederate treasury from the members of the Cabinet, playing

Spanish monté. After that, the people began to mistrust me. They doubted the purity of my motives, and FLOYD insulted me by offering to pay his bets, honestly lost, in Confederacy Bonds!

So I thought it was time to clear out.

I left, then, with ninety-nine men, having lost one. Two fell in love with the same girl in Charleston, and one removed the other's vertebral column with a bowie-knife, (as I have before remarked, they are playful fellows,) so he couldn't accompany us any further. I won't have a man around me unless he has plenty of backbone.

We departed from Montgomery, and started for Washington again on Monday last. We arrived at Manassas Gap on Friday morning, and found a large force of rebels congregated there. They recognized us for Union men at once, by our gentlemanly appearance, and surrounded us.

My men formed in squads of thirteen and a half, faces outward, with the ball of the left foot resting on the right hip; and drew their slung-shots.

By way of testing their discipline, I allowed them to remain in this order while the rebels fired one volley.

Unfortunately, the volley was fired by upwards of fifteen thousand troops, at a distance of only about ten or twelve paces.

The result was that when the smoke blew away, there was nothing there.

I escaped by a miracle. I always make it a rule to do so.

I had been prepared for fight. I expected, indeed, a war to the bitter end. But a cruel, bloodthirsty, unparalleled, barbarous assault with ball-cartridges, I own took me by surprise!

Such a thing is unknown in the annals of civilized warfare. I am now prepared to fight the South to the death . . . to confiscate their forts and armies, to burn down their houses, lands, and negroes, and to play the d. . . . generally.

POOR COSPETTO DI VENDETTA, not being accustomed to the military customs of this country, fought like a tiger for an hour, even after his whole head, with the exception of his chin and the bump of combativeness, was entirely blown away. An earth-worm would be a fool to him for vitality.

The rebels then closed in around me.

"Gentlemen," said I (the rebels are all gentlemen, negroes, and such); "you have had all the fun so far; my turn has come now. *Gare à la mort!*"

I sprang over a small body of cavalry, attacked the rebels in the flank, and began killing them. Tough-meated fellows, mostly. I was terribly tired by the time I got through a regiment, and as the commander offered to call it square and treat if I would let up, I stopped.

Never, in all my life before, did a gin cocktail taste so sweet as the one he gave me. . .

It was sweetened by the sublime consciousness that I had done a virtuous action.

Since a move has been made into Virginia, I think I shall take my army down immediately, though my plans are considerably changed from what they were, especially in the management of my navy. The loss of my commodore will affect me seriously. . .

I wish he had paid me that two dollars and a quarter, before he was killed.

MCARONE.

Extraordinary.

Notwithstanding the red-hot Anti-Abolitionism that prevails more rabidly than ever in Virginia, Richmond is said to be a thorough-going GARRISON town.

The Pioneers.

"Now JAMIE, can yez tell us what's all them fellers in barskin caps an' ap'ns, with the big hatchets, as goes in front o' the sojers?"

"Faith, an' I think they're intended to make the towns aisy of Axes!"

Con: by One of the Sixty-Ninth.

"An' why is thim Sutherners like 'potecaries, thin'?"

"Cos they's wantin' to pound us widh Pistles an' Morthars."

Oviparous.

The South thinks we are weak and puny, but when we begin to Burst our Shells, she will find we are No Chickens!

It will Sharpen Them.

If those Southern Blades are Dull enough to spend all their money in rebellion, they must soon get Strapped.

The Object of our Fleet on the Southern Coast.

To attend to the Manners and Customs of the country.



GENTLE SPORT.

Little Popkins, solus.—"WHAT FAMOUS BITES! IT'S VERY ODD I DON'T GET ANYTHING. NOW, I WONDER WHAT THOSE DIRTY LITTLE BOYS SEE ABOUT ME TO LAUGH AT!"

THE SEVENTH.

The event of the week in New York has been the return of the Seventh Regiment from Washington.

They "went," they "saw," and if they didn't "conquer," it was because they had no chance to.

They were among the first at the seat of war, and, for forty days and forty nights waited there for the enemy, but waited in vain—which certainly was not *their* fault.

There wasn't a man among them who wasn't eager for the fray, and it really seemed as if the enemy were afraid.

When the forty days and forty nights had expired, they were ordered home.

Doubtless many of them wanted to come home, if for no other reason because there was nothing for them to do at Washington.

When there is any thing for them to do, they will go back again double quick time, and more too.

All this is very well known, and yet there is a set of fellows among us—not one of whom has risked so much as an hour's sleep in the cause, who wanted to hoot the Seventh—and if they had had courage enough would have hooted them, because they didn't stay until the fight was over.

Your indignant man under such circumstances (be he Sunday editor, or what not) is invariably a man who takes care never to expose his own life, and a bare charge of cowardice against others generally grows out of a secret consciousness of cowardice in his own breast.

The only persons who had any right to criticize the Seventh for their return were the soldiers they left behind them; but the soldiers they left behind them, knew that they were equally brave with themselves, and therefore gave them, instead of a parting curse, a parting blessing.

This was what might have been expected from brave men; while the other thing was what might have been expected only from miserable sneaks.

And we beg here to suggest to the people who, for whatever cause, stay aloof from the field of battle, that when they criticize those who have been prompt to risk everything for their country, they should do so in all cases, with extreme diffidence.

Foreign Intelligence.

An English tourist, writing in a recent number of *All the Year Round*, which, for the benefit of our country readers, we will state is a journal published in London, a town somewhere in England—speaks of a certain play which he says he saw at "Niblo's Winter Garden in New-York."

It's a great pity, we think, that our English friend couldn't have dropped in at Laura Keane's New Bowery while he was about it, or have taken a shy at Wallack's Canterbury Hall.

Dirty Work.

The *Richmond Enquirer* says that Virginia will be the "Moscow of the Northern army." From the amount of filth that the *Enquirer* and kindred sheets are flinging at the Federal Government just now, we should say that Virginia is much more likely to remain the Mud Scow than it is.

Personal.

JEFF. DAVIS is described by a mail agent who lately enjoyed the privilege of an interview with him, as being in a very depressed state of mind, the gloomy influence of which appears to have produced a corresponding physical degradation.

We are in our usual excellent health and spirits.

Founded on Fact.

When a French soldier expresses his readiness to rush to that field where haply he may find his Bier, what drink does he call for?

A la guerre!

War-Sparks.

Prometheus-like, the spark of war imparts

To things inanimate a glimpse of life:

The cannon grins and roars; the sabre starts

Forth from its sheath, and revels in the strife.

And yonder, see! while with that keen blade, Sword,

The festive bottles frolic, neck and neck,

A Bun Dance on the soldier's well-set board,

A Carronade Slide on the war-ship's deck!

S. J. Douglas.

—o—

Indomitable will and Lion Heart—

Astute in Council—Fiery in Debate—

Proudly Ambitious—New World's Epitome—

One of us, yet above us—regally throned—

Pass on to History's proud embrace—Farewell.

Southern Resources.

In adapting themselves to circumstances, it must be acknowledged that the Southern revolters are not easily to be surpassed: for, now that they have been cut off from trade with the North, they have everywhere established factories—that is Malefactories—on an extensive scale. These, of course, are detrimental to the Olfactories of all those with whom secession is in bad odor.

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VOL. 3.

NO. 78.

Saturday,
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From the "Louisville Journal."
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From the late Hon. Horace Mann.

July 29, 1850.
For many years, in all my writing, speaking, and teaching, I have endeavored to conform to the orthography and pronunciation as contained in Worcester's Dictionaries. I suppose them to represent the highest standard recognised by the best writers and speakers in England and in this country.

From Louis Agassiz, LL. D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy.—More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

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J. J. Cook, publisher of the State Banner, Bennington, Vt., says he was attacked with dyspepsia, and suffered so severely from it that not a particle of food could be swallowed without occasioning the most uncomfortable sensation in his stomach. For five years he suffered from this dreadful complaint, when he used Brandreth's Pills. The first box did not seem to benefit him much, but the second produced a change, and by the time he had taken six boxes a complete cure was effected. He says:—My dyspepsia was gone, and my expectation of an early death vanished.

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THE TREASON OF TRASK.

OR some years past, there has been a vivacious maniac flourishing in Fitchburg, Mass., under the name of TRASK. TRASK is a clergyman, more or less, but his theology is not such as is taught in the Bible or in the churches. He has a private little creed of his own, and has got the whole business of holy living and dying down to a spot, quite in opposition to the late Mr. TAYLOR.

With TRASK, the original cause of evil was tobacco. The apple that our first mother consumed, according to TRASK, must have been of the Honeydew brand. CAIN'S unacceptable burnt-offering was a pipe-full of birdseye, and DAVID'S difficulties were owing to snuff. TRASK made some money, once, by writing an anti-tobacco tract, and has been trying ever since, to make some more out of the same subject.

He says that the use of tobacco produces gout, toothache, apoplexy, consumption, hydrophobia, typhus, croup, cholera, pimples, spavin, and pip. He proves that a dog whose veins are injected with a strong decoction of tobacco, cannot live more than a week; and that prussic acid, strong, will kill a cat. Every man, we are led to believe, by the TRASK style of argument, who ever took a cigar, a chew, or a pinch, immediately dropped dead, or if he did not, ought to have done so. Further, every year that a person uses the weed is just a year off his life. Now, we do not, as a general thing, find it worth while to combat flat nonsense, but let us ex-



amine this last argument just for the fun of it.

X. began smoking at the age of fifteen, and continued the habit throughout this life, we will suppose. At twenty, then, he had lost five years. That leaves him but ten years old. At thirty he loses these ten years making him just 0. At forty he is ten years less than unborn, and so on. If TRASK is right, no tobacco-user ever lived, and all men who do not use it must live forever!

But it remained for TRASK to distinguish himself still more nimbly and sweetly. "Treason!" shrieks he; "treason rampant and wide-spread! Tobacco comes from the South. We are at war with the South. Whoever uses tobacco gives aid and comfort to the enemy! Hang the smokers, draw the chewers, quarter the snufflers!"

O, TRASK, draw it mild. Let not your angry passions rise, till you too are purged of treason. Cotton also comes from the South, and much more exclusively than the nicotian weed. Have you not such a thing as a cotton shirt about you, most gleeful foe to sedatives? Do you invariably enjoy the sleep of the righteous between linen sheets? Are not your snowy garments deftly sewn with cotton thread! Do palm-leaf hats never grace your bilious brow? Are not your voluminous and respectable neck-cloths constructed of white lawn? Beware, O, TRASK! Abjure the tepid camphene that comes from North Carolina, and let not the house-painter put turpentine in the pigments wherewith he rejuvenates your domicile. Nay, go further. Indict our Quartermasters, far and near, for the employment of Southern cotton in the shape of tents. Indict all creation, O, TRASK! The very paper whereon you write your anti-tobacco fulminations was undoubtedly made from Southern cotton; wherefore, good clergyman, go and hang yourself—but with a hempen rope. With a cotton one, you would be giving aid and comfort to the enemy. With hemp, it would be only aiding and comforting your friends.

Unpopular with Secessionists.

The Monroe Doctrine as propounded by General BUTLER.

OUR BOOK REVIEW.

The Partisan Leader. A Key to the Disunion Conspiracy. Part 2d. New-York: RUDD & CARLETON.

If the first part of this story was remarkable, the second part is a little more so. As we propose in the style of the Knickerbocker, "at a future day," to give an extended review of this work, we shall content ourselves at present by a brief quotation, as remarkable for its truth as could be expected under the circumstances. Speaking of the extra fastidiousness of the North, we learn that "even their men and women do not sit in the same pews in their churches." By this, every person can judge for themselves that the work must be as novel, as it is doubtless refreshing.

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Instruction for Field Artillery. Prepared by a Board of Artillery Officers.

U. S. Infantry and Rifle Tactics. Authorized and adopted by Secretary of War, May 1, 1861. Complete in One Vol. J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co, Philadelphia.

Our Military Editor has left us. Whether he is reposing on the "elbows of the Min-cio" in the Times office, or busily engaged with GREELEY in teaching General SCOTT how to conduct the War, we are unable to say. But we are glad of it. Peacefully inclined at all times, fancy our feelings at being deluged with Warlike books with the thermometer up to the nineties. Imagine therefore if you can what would have been our state if the warlike one had been on hand to review these volumes. Think of the confusion and riot in our peaceful sanctum. Fancy our Military Editor, on a Columbiad—our gallant contributors rushing around in the Rifle and Light Infantry Tactics; our noble army of compositors transformed into troops of Cavalry armed *cap a pi*, and riding over us rough shod, (as they frequently now attempt to do;) our artists ponderous, fierce, and majestic, sailing in with their heavy artillery, and then last but not least, gaze on the Publisher, the small boy, and Editor going through the "Evolutions of a Regiment." But the subject becomes too complicated and vast for us, and we incontinently ground arms.

Maiden Militia.

Three female (secessionist) regiments are being formed in Tennessee. V. F. ventures to suggest that they be known as the Chemssette Chasseurs, the Crinoline Carbineers and the Calico Cadets. Let them come North if they desire a general engagement. Champions of Union aim straight at their hearts! It is of no use to shoot at their pericraniums, for everybody knows that a lady is never livelier than when she has a ball in her head.

The belle of the Season.

Bell—ona.



DESCRIPTIVE, BUT HARDLY POLITE.

Hatter.—"I GUESS WE'LL HAVE TO MEASURE YOU, SPECIAL, FOR A HAT, SIR, ON ACCOUNT OF YOUR BEING SOMEWHAT PECULIAR ABOUT THE HEAD; HOSS-HEADED, IN FACT, IF I MAY SO EXPRESS IT."

BIB-BIB-BEERY.

A Boston paper, in commending to the good graces of the beer-drinking public a new candidate for their patronage, thus wittily enumerates his qualifications. He is

"A German by birth, but an American in feeling and loyalty. He is a man of large information, and will bring to the conduct of his new business a good character, a patriotic heart, and as his motto is 'The Union, the Constitution and the Enforcement of the Laws,' his saloon will be a resort fit for persons of the highest respectability."

Beyond peradventure, in that "lovely bower of innocence and ease," that Eden of perennial purity known as Boston, the above is regarded as a first-rate notice. No doubt it is so: we are not inclined to question the excellence of such attributes; we have the utmost respect for "large information;" we cherish a lively pride in "a good character;" and "a patriotic heart" beats to music which stirs us like "the trumpet's thrilling tone." And yet in our quality of beer-drinker,—for we will not deny that the seductive *lager* has its charms for us, we should as willingly hear that the new purveyor would offer us the essential elements (and aliments) of wholesome beer and palatable *pretzeln*. "He is a good man, but he can't keep a hotel," is a trite maxim of palpable application; and the very sublimation of moral excellence is often lost in the uncongenial atmosphere of the kitchen and the brewery. But we are not of Boston, where moral precepts are sought in the bottom of a beer-glass, and a *mile-y* influence for good resides in *Schweitzer Kase*. Selah! (which, according to a distinguished Boston authority, signifies "Let us take a drink!")

Next and lastly: we are as strongly predisposed to patriotism as most folks; the waistcoat under which beats our manly heart is fabricated from the best army cloth at the expense of the St.—our tailor; a red, white and blue cravat circumscribes our lovely neck; we use the Union hair- tonic well-shaken and carefully rubbed in; and yet we do not see the intimate connection between "The Union &c.," and "The highest respectability." Patriotism is praiseworthy; but in these glorious days it is not confined to "respectable" people. It permeates alike the "bloated aristocrat"

and the not less bloated democrat; it flings its banner to the breeze from the mansions of Beacon Street, but it takes root as well in the rank soil of North Street. Wherefore, O wise judge, the *smooth* may be jostled by the *rough* even in the well-regulated saloon where "The Union, the Constitution, and the Enforcement of the Laws" is the watchword.

Take courage, oh, ye beer-bibbers! For these things are compatible: large information and lager beer; good cheese and a good character; *pretzeln* and patriotism.

HARDEE MADE EASY.

The recruit will understand that, although every battalion is provided with Wings, there is no such thing as Fly-time recognised in the Federal service.

In drilling recruits without Arms, it is not necessary to give them any instructions with regard to the disposal of their Hands.

If a Colonel commanding, post your companies according to rank of captains—having previously Posted yourself according to this edition of HARDEE'S Tactics.

It is laid down that "the distance from one rank to another will be thirteen inches." This has reference, however, only to rank and file, and does not mean that a major comes within thirteen inches of being a lieutenant-colonel, or anything of that sort.

For Halting, it is not absolutely necessary that the soldier should have one leg shorter than the other.

To confound your greatest enemy, go through your course of HARDEE'S Tactics in a room immediately over the one in which he resides. Bringing your musket down to the "order," very often with a loud bang, will divert his attention from more serious pursuits and gratify your spleen.

By a careful study of the above, the recruit cannot fail of becoming a soldier—in time.

This, our edition of HARDEE, is the only correct epitome of that authority. Buy our HARDEE!—only six cents with the rest of VANITY FAIR.

New-York gone to Grass.

There is a fine picture of the melancholy desolation at present brooding over the city of New-York, in the following announcement, culled from an evening paper:

"The editor of the Louisville *Courier*, secession, has been presented by a friend, direct from New-York, with a bunch of grass that grew in the streets of this city."

Perhaps the editor of the Louisville *Courier* thinks it derogatory to the character of New York as a live city that grass should grow in its streets. But if that secessionist person only knew how many thousand New-York people live in Clover, and how many thousand other New-York people live on Old Rye, he would probably retire from seceding and come up to New-York to make Hay while the sun shines.

Epigram.

BY OUR PRIVATE AERONAUT.

Balloons in our armies—they're better than spies,
To discover the rebels, and how the land lies,
But won't the South use them? To one fact you're blind,
They can't use balloons when they can't raise the wind!

For the National Hymn Prize Committee.

A Boston paper thinks General SCOTT quite enough of a National Him for the crisis. On the same principle, we may remark that General Houstons, if true to the Union, would have equally sufficed for a National SAM. But having lately shown a rebel inclination, we fear we must consider him rather a Common Prayer!

CONTRABANDBOX OF WAR.



namely, that the flower called Chivalry is indigenous to it, growing quite familiarly by its wayside and all other sides, and shedding much odor of gallantry through the bowers that be in the land. How those old superstitions are dying out!—how the glories of that Chivalry have departed! And as for the bowers, the only one now recognised in the O. D. are the right and left bower belonging to the noble game of euchre, which, coincidentally enough, are knaves.

And that word, Knave, brings us at once to the subject of this notice, which is Governor LETCHER, of the O. D. This chivalric person has just discovered a new contraband of war. Mrs. BRADFORD, wife of a loyal officer in the Federal Navy—see the daily papers—was, on account of that loyalty obliged to depart suddenly from Norfolk, a short time since, leaving wardrobe and other personal household property behind, in her haste. On reaching Boston, this lady addressed a letter to LETCHER of the O. D., stating how she had written, in vain, to persons at Norfolk, requesting that her property might be forwarded to her. The Governor, surely, could arrange the matter by his mandate; and that was what the lady requested of him in her letter. To that letter an equivocating reply was returned, under instructions from LETCHER of the O. D., but signed by another euchre bower calling himself the Governor's A. D. C. The property, LETCHER asserted, had been confiscated; ostensibly for the use of a son of the lady who claimed it; a young man who, it appears, has unfortunately got into the clutches of the "chivalry," and gone to "secesh." But, as Mrs. BRADFORD pointedly remarks, in her scathing reply to the bandit chief of the O. D., summer muslins are not usually displayed upon the manly form; the inference to be drawn from which is, that LETCHER has reserved them for his own use. The letter addressed by Mrs. BRADFORD's husband to the larcenious LETCHER, upbraiding him for his unmanly theft of property belonging to ladies, would have been a stinger for any more chivalric thing than a Virginia cavalier. To one such as that ignoble brigand, however, it is, like the law of the land, but a dead letter; and the campaigning of LETCHER will be sweetened to him by the reflection that "bed, blanket, towel, napkin, fork and spoon," need never be wanting to him so long as he has hands to steal them; and that he, the chief bandit of the O. D., will go down with a first-class ticket to posterity, as the man who established that crinoline was Contrabandbox of War.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE. No. 2.

FROM A YOUNG LADY RESIDING NEAR MADISON SQUARE.

DEAR VANITY:—Did you ever know such energy! Shopping all day, and then sitting down the first thing on getting home, to write you a letter! And in half-an-hour I must have a long talk with my dressmaker, and my head is all full besides (!) with the GOLDBERRY's grand party to-morrow night! Just think of it! Nevertheless, (you good man! are you invited?) I have something to say to you this very minute, before I forget it. By-the-way, I saw the loveliest, sweetest little pin at BALL & BLACK's: only thirty-five dollars, and before the war begun it would have brought fifty! That reminds me. Now then, FAIR VANITY—d'ye hear?—I want you to scold the good-for-nothing men, hard!—that annoy one so with their eternal War, War, War! Why can't they think of something else, now and then, just for a change? It's no affair of theirs as I can see, as long as they don't go. Things 'll go on just

the same, I suppose. We shall have parties, operas, and everything nice!—and the naughty soldiers may fight to their heart's content. MINNIE D'ARCE and I had a good laugh at a friend of ours who read us a lecture on patriotism, and said we ought to feel serious. How absurd! What is it to us, I'd like to know? She wouldn't feel so if she hadn't by accident fallen in love with a young fellow she began to flirt with last winter. That shows there's something weak about her. Do you think the terrible smell of gunpowder will come as far as New-York? No matter though; we're going to Europe in a few weeks.

Now do scold the men, dear Mentor! Don't you think Mr. LINCOLN a dreadful brute?

WILHELMINA.

P. S. I do so wish you'd stop at BALL & BLACK's and look at that pin. It's a perfect beauty.

W.

SYMPATHY.

(A SOLILOQUY BY JOHN BULL.)

Oh! JONATHAN, my dearest friend!

My heart bleeds for your trouble;

Aside.—(But, at the same time, Heaven send That it may just be double!)

My love towards your country was

A Father's to his daughter;

Aside.—(Yes, I love free Republics, as Satan loves holy water.)

Ah! it is downright suicide

Your happy land to sever;

Aside.—(God grant the gap may be so wide That it shall last for ever!)

I wish, my friend, I only knew

How I could mend this matter;

Aside.—(So, twist you and your rebel crew, I think I'll aid the latter.)

As neutrals—'tis not fair, I know,

To take part in this tussle;

Aside.—(Therefore, for Traitors I will go,— Like the Times' Mister RUSSELL.)

But, Freedom is so dear to me,

I cannot aid Secession;

Aside.—(Unless my way I clearly see To profit by Oppression.)

No Slave can breathe where'er my flag

In glory is unfurling;

Aside.—(Unless to fill my cotton bag, Or bring me in pounds sterling.)

Poor negroes! millions have I spent,

To be their freedom-maker;

Aside.—(The apes! to this day I repent I ever freed Jamaica.)

How oft for Freedom have I fought,

Led by such men as BROUGHAM!

Aside.—('Twas earnestness, perhaps you thought, Aha! you didn't know 'em!)

For the Poles too—and Italy—

My sympathy how willing!

Aside.—(But when—like France—did they e'er see Me give one man or shilling?)

No—no—for Freedom you can't show

A tongue more full of honey;

Aside.—(But Freedom mustn't touch, you know, My cotton or my money!)

Dear JONATHAN! you make me weep;

You fill me with emotion;

Aside.—(Therefore, your flag I'll try to sweep, By Pirates, from each ocean!)

I hope you'll end, on sea and land,

In quelling this sedition;

Aside.—(And so, I'll help the rebel band To hurl you to perdition!)

Yes JONATHAN, your cause is just;

You shield your country's glories;

Aside.—(But, soon may she be in the dust— Ruled by my Lords and Tories!)



A HARD CASE.

Indigent Patriot.—WOT, NOT A SIXPENCE? HERE'S GRATITUDE TO A MAN WHO'S GONE AND LEFT A HOME OF WEALTH AND LUXURY, SOONER NOR FIGHT AGAINST HIS COUNTRY'S FLAG—A SIXPENCE OR—I FLY TO THE SUPPORT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES.

GREAT BETHEL.

Because a man is a good lawyer it does not follow that he is a brilliant warrior.

This ought to be generally understood, but really it don't appear to be.

The civilian who supposes that he can creditably command a brigade simply because he has succeeded in pacific pursuits is as absurd as was the circus supernumerary who, having had considerable experience in leading horses into the ring, rashly imagined that he could play "leading business" in a first-class theatre.

We greatly fear that civilians are too conspicuous in this fight. We strongly suspect there are men holding positions as captains, majors, &c., who could not systematically capture a hogpen with a thousand troops, or march a gunsquad through a double barn-door with any degree of martial skill.

Now while these majors and things are making the very horses they ride to blush, thoroughly accomplished officers of the army—gentlemen who have made arms their study from youth—are forced to do duty as lieutenants, when they undoubtedly forget more about war in a short nap than their commanding officers ever knew.

All this may be very fine, but on reflection we have our doubts about it.

Look at Great Bethel—oblige us by looking at Great Bethel. We haven't the slightest idea where it is, since seeing the maps of it in the dailies, but look at it! We see a big thing attempted, which fails. Perhaps it were as well to speak the stern, sad truth and say that it failed miserably. Our men behaved gallantly. Braver hearts never faced a roaring battery. But the leaders?

We will not allow the disastrous affair at Bethel to lessen our good opinion of General BUTLER, though his attempt to fasten the blame upon poor BENDIX is rather weaker than any boarding-house milk we have lately encountered. Let that pass. Perhaps if his plans had been carried out all would have been well. But Brigadier-General PIERCE—a strict regard for candor compels us to say that PIERCE, considered in a military point of view, is very shaky. For two hours this remarkable Brigadier exposes a large portion of his force to a galling fire, when the utter madness of the thing must have been palpable to the drummers.

Why not faint as another PIERCE is said to have done on a similar occasion?

The best thing for PIERCE to do is to take off his pretty General clothes and enter the ranks as a private. True, he would, when on guard, shoot every man who approached the picket, before demanding the countersign, but the killing of a few dozen men in that way were far better than leading thousands to the slaughter.

This war is no child's play, and neither children nor old women all lead us to battle. This war is not a fancy review of troops Boston Common nor an exhibition of gold lace and polished

sh
on

Tyng-a-ling Tyng.

A TINTINABULATYNG ECHO SONG.

If newspaper reports the truth are stating,
Stay, Tyng!
And list a while to our expostulating,
Lay, Tyng.
Are monkey tricks—low jokes on fine ears
grating,
Great, Tyng,
The proper means patriot rage for sating,
Say, Tyng?
In lieu of ribaldry and silly prating,
Pray, Tyng!
Or if you must behave like a bombasting,
Ass, Tyng,
The surplice doff—to where the foe's awaiting
Away, Tyng!
The soldier's trade is one much better suiting
You, Tyng,
Than lowering God's mission and disgusting
Us, Tyng.

The Boston Army Nurses.

Fresh from the Cradle of Liberty, they
well know how to minister to the Children
in Arms:

Entertainments for the South.

Balls.

steel in Broadway. The people are ready. Never before were they more so. But they want—they must have—they *shall* have competent leaders! So saith VANITY FAIR.

SOUTHERN PRAYERIES.

JEFF. DAVIS is a pious rascal. He goes in for treason and rebellion in the name of the Lord, and would like, no doubt, to see BEAUREGARD fight, and FLOYD steal, and STEPHENS bluster, all to the music of psalms and psalters.

Therefore did JEFF. ordain Thursday, the 14th inst., as a day of Fasting and Prayer, on account of "the manifest evidences of divine favor which have thus far attended the efforts of the people of the Confederacy to maintain, establish and perpetuate public liberty, individual independence; and which demand our devout and heartfelt gratitude."

An excellent idea this, of the Little Rebel Chief. We would suggest to him the propriety of appointing more days of fasting. Prayer will be found less valuable, we apprehend, owing to the fact that none but petitions for righteous causes are efficacious. But when we consider the millions of mouths in the sweet-scented Confederacy that *will* get hungry, and the plentiful lack of provisions wherewith to fill them, it does seem as if fast-days were almost a necessity!

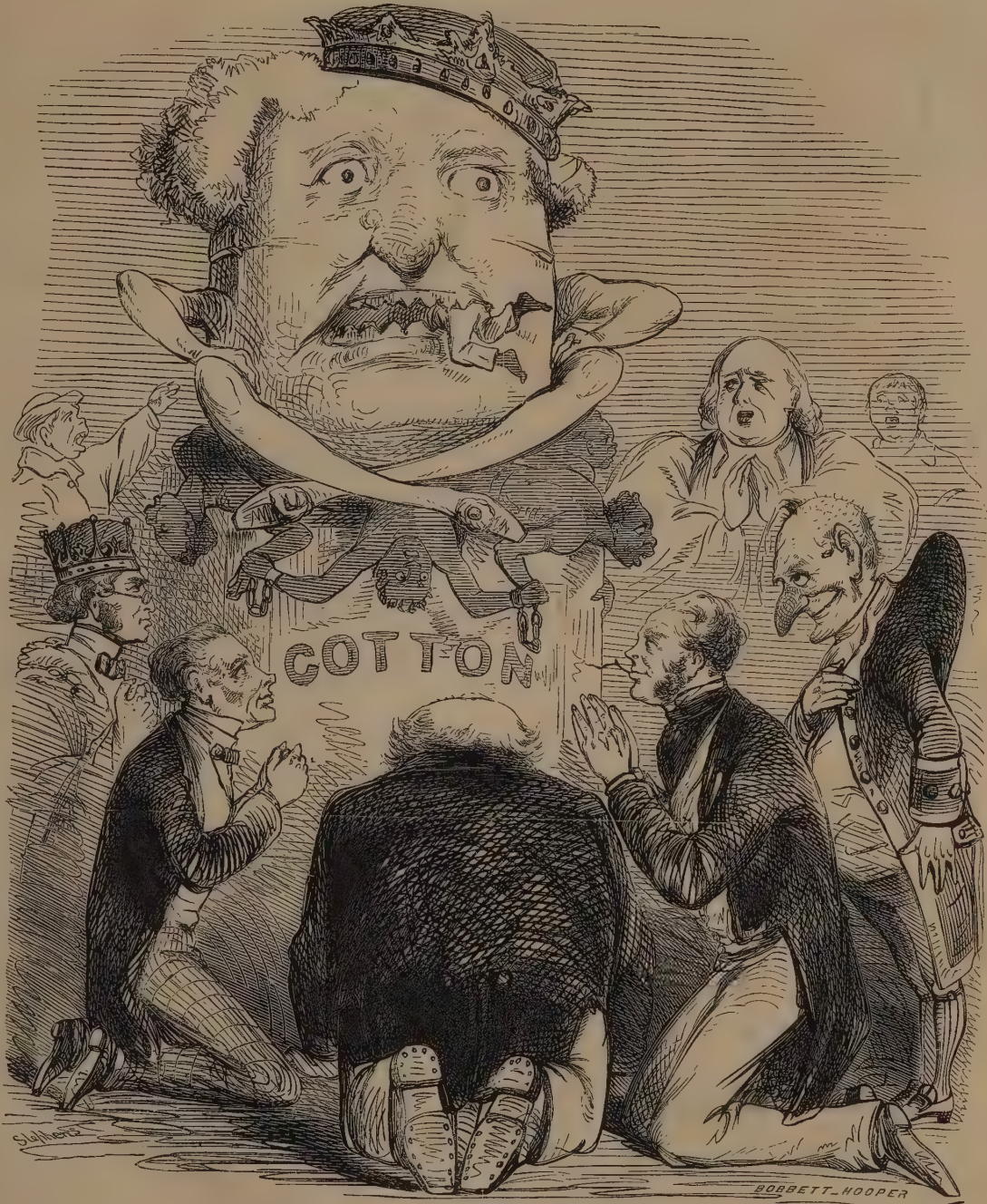
And while we are on the subject, we will put JEFF. up to a new theological dodge—induct him to a new religious wrinkle. The piety of the negro is well-known. There is something in the black hue that attracts devotional fervor as well as heat. Hence, probably, the ministerial custom of wearing none but sable garments. Well, as the slaves are religious by choice, while it goes terribly against the grain with the Southern whites, we wonder that it never occurred to JEFF. to make the niggers do all the fasting and prayer. Five or six good stout field-hands would save, by a day's religious exercises, the provender of an entire white family, and could put up prayers enough to last, with moderate usage, six months. Just now the putting up of pious petitions would be quite as valuable as putting up cotton or tobacco, even pecuniarily considered.

Rhyme and Reason.

Of all the rhymes that rhyme with General PILLOW—
For instance, bill owe and will owe and the other billow and willow—
There's none that goes so well for those who still owe
Treason a grudge as "guerra al cuchillo!"

Wail of the Manchester Man.

The glorious Fabric of the United States is in danger.



THE IDOL OF ENGLAND.

CHORUS OF WORSHIPPERS.—GREAT IS GOD COTTON, AND GREAT ARE HIS PROFITS.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF WIT.

"He had been a wit in his youth, he told us, with expressions of a so'er remorse."—*Lamb.*

In view of the rapidly increasing prevalence of wit, and of its tendency to withdraw the mind from serious contemplations; in view of the great injury its general and unrestrained exercise will be to the great interests of Bridge Building, Phrenology, and the republication of old directories, and also in view of the utter impossibility of coming to any definite conclusion in regard to the end of the world while the mind is distracted by puns—an opposition to these and all other frivolous conceits has been organized, under the title of the "Society for the suppression of wit."

Complain not, oh, man of many puns, of this new reform; for as at one time in the history of the world people became so absurdly good that life lost the flavor of human follies, and the spice of agreeable sins, and a Society for the Suppression of Virtue became a Christian necessity, so now the cultivation of our almost extinct stupidity is a measure of self-protection.

Thank heaven, the minds of great depth and apparent dullness are not *all* gone. Out of the number that present themselves to me, it would be invidious to select examples. There is (Saxe), the Reformed Punster, who is now to wit what Gough is to intoxication.

To have been merry once or twice ere now, with Justice Shallow, is excusable. But to make a profession of joviality, to go to bed smiling, and get up in a cackinnation, to speak puns only, like the fair maid in the fairy tale, who dropped diamonds with every word, this is to be unnatural and arrogant. What are the works of Rabelais, Hood, Sterne, and the rest but impolite comments on the works of better men? You yourself, Dear VANITY—is not your weekly edition an uncharitable triumph over the pious stupidities of your contemporaries?—Periodicals whose dignity it would be well for you to imitate.

"It is impossible," said my friend LEDDENHEAD, "to be at once dignified and witty. Sidney Smith is one proof, and Edward Everett is another."

OFFICIAL REPORT.

April 1, 1861. At the stated meeting of the Society for the suppression of Wit, held at its rooms, the proceedings were formally begun by the reading aloud of the North American Review.

Mr. JINKINS, of the *Times*, begged leave to say a few words. He had heard with great pain the reading of sundry extracts from the North American Review. The Review was a light and frivolous publication, underserving the attention of this society. For his part, though he could not say the Review was, *strictly speaking*, a humorous periodical, still it wanted weight.

In his hand he held a work of far more dignity. He would not shrink from announcing its name. It was the *Life and Times of J. G. Bennett*. Careful perusal of this solid volume would encourage solemn reflection. It might cause melancholy, but was that an evil? Who dare assert it?

On motion, the *Life and Times of J. G. B.* was adopted as a text book of the Society.

The following Article of the Constitution, reading thus: "That the members of this Society pledge themselves to abstain from the use of Jokes, to wit:—puns, squibs, sallies, jeu d'esprits, nom de plumes, cracks, and jibes," was amended by the insertion of the word "squirts," after squibs.

Mr. Heavyman, of the *World*, moved that the Society deny the existence of Puns. This would be a fatal blow. Also that it be resolved that "it is an absolute impossibility that there can be any answer to any conundrum whatever." Adopted.

The Committee on Literature reported a resolution announcing the opinion of the Society, that an old almanac has no tendency to inspire mirthfulness, and that Jayne's *Alterative Literature* may safely be introduced into serious families. Enthusiastically carried.

Mr. Dumble arose with indignation, to say that he had made it his duty to become familiar with those dangerous publications, the *Atlantic Monthly*, the *Knickerbocker*, etc. He would move that it be "Resolved: That as Oliver W. Holmes, J. R. Lowell, — Sparrowgrass, and the writers for *Vanity Fair*, have never been members of this Society for the suppression of Wit, they cannot be expelled; that we regret being denied this gratification, and as a substitute exclude them from all future membership." Adopted with cheers.

"Resolved: That no persons shall henceforth be elected active or honorary members of this Society, unless by nature incapable of being witty." Carried.

Resolved: That the following gentlemen are hereby elected Honorary members of this Society, for life, viz.: Rev. John Cummings, Martin Tupper, James Gordon Bennett, Robert Bonner, Edward Everett.

Mr. Bullet claimed the floor. It was the opinion of the eloquent gentleman that the Society should act as well as protest. Energetic measures should be taken to throw ridicule on humorous literature! (Hear! hear!) He had a plan to propose. Let us begin, my friends, by accomplishing the ruin of that sarcastic, aye! that satirical sheet, known as *Vanity Fair*, or more popularly as V. F. (Sensation! Sensation!) By the publication of false and pretended jokes in its pages it could be brought into contempt! Therefore, he moved that the following counterfeit jokes, entitled Ha! Ha!, He! He!, Hi! Hi!, and Ho! Ho!, certainly calculated to inspire derision, though to the casual observer they present all the usual appearances of Wit, be copied in a neat mercantile hand, emphasised as is customary with Puns, and no effort spared to secure their publication. "With the permission of the Society," he would read them:

Ha! Ha!

Why is a slander like a monkey's tail?

Because it *lies* behind your back! Ha! Ha!

He! He!

When is a door not a door?

Because it is partly open! He! He!

Hi! Hi!

What is the weight of a seventy-four gunship?

Its anchor, before setting sail! Hi! Hi!

Ho! Ho!

Why is a conundrum without an answer, like a man whom no one will invite to his house?

Because it can't be guest! Ho! Ho!

Before voting for this resolution, Mr. DUMBLE wished to be certain that they were not Jokes. They sounded like Jokes, they looked like them—who would assure him that they were not Jokes. Mr. BULLET replied that his Honorable Friend might be positive that they were only imitations. Mr. DUMBLE though not convinced, would not insist on his doubt.

The President was of opinion that the examples were incomplete. Hi, He, Ha, and Ho, were there, but where was Hu? Hu! Hu! he regarded as of the utmost value, in regard to their object. Would it not be well to postpone the question, till Hu! Hu! had been obtained? Hu! Hu! would probably ruin the wretched paper alluded to at once.

On motion, adjourned till next time.

VICTORIA TO VANITY FAIR.

LONDON, May 15, 1861.

DEAR VANITY:—I want an American Organ! not a pipe and stop arrangement—but a newspaper one. Do you want the position? The British Lyons at Washington will arrange with you about the pay. I did send a man over to attend to your affairs, or I got the *Times* to send him, which is the same thing, but he has got into bad company, and the *Times* itself is out of joint, so I find I must manage matters myself. I have been trying to give you a dig or two, with a heavy *Punch* I have over here, but it won't work. It's too dull. So dear V. F. you must assist me. Tell your American People not to mind the belligerent attitude of JOHN RUSSELL. You don't know JOHN, do you? He is a little fellow, and little men like to talk big words. I'll get FAM to keep him down. I suppose you saw the proclamation I sent over. I gave you a handsome copy in gold letters on satin, FAM wrote it for me. It's all bosh, though; I told FAM to write me something that would keep me out of any scrapes, till I had a good chance to make something by getting in.

My neighbor, the Frenchman, wants me badly to mix in your little fight. I enclose you a note he just sent me, marked—"Private and Confidential."

DEAR VIC:—Now's your chance. Get all the men you can raise. Take them from England, and India and every place else. I'll lend you some ships. Run them to America, and lick both parties and Grow Cotton on your own hook. Don't let the slave question trouble you. You know nobody but slaves can work in a cotton-field, and you know principles of conscience are gammon when interests of pocket conflict with them. Never mind that song of yours about Britains never will be slaves. You know they wouldn't be Britains, only dull, stupid, ignorant niggers. It would be positive charity to let them stay to work for you.

Yours,

NAP.

That's a kind suggestion of Mr. LOUIS, but I don't like the source. But the Cotton question must be looked to. We must have cotton, if we have to steal it, but we don't know where to steal it from. The manufacturers require it, and the ladies are imperative in their demands for it. What will I do? Can't you smuggle some over for me? Answer me quick.

Yours,

VICTORIA.



FORAGING PARTY.

Captain.—WHERE AND HOW DID YOU GET POSSESSION OF THAT DOG, SIR?

Private.—WELL, YER SEE, CAP'N, WE WERE SKIRMISHING AROUND THE VILLAGE—AND THAT 'ERE SECESSION DOG RAN ABOUT ME—AND I GRABBED HIM BY THE TAIL—AND—

Cap.—WELL—

Private.—WELL, HE FOLLOWED ME.

TRYING TIMES.

The London *Times*, in a recent editorial in which it displays its athletic English cheek to a degree seldom before witnessed, takes occasion to bully Senator SEWARD in the matter of his letter of instruction to Minister DAYTON, to sneer at the effort the Northern people are making to crush the vile conspiracy of Southern rebels, and to predict a general state of anarchy and ruin on this, our Western continent.

To give the reader some idea of the general intelligence as to our affairs displayed by the *Times* writer we will extract one of his most brilliant bits. "In case the Confederate States are subjugated," says this luminous Briton,

"Is it conceivable that Mr. DAVIS, for instance, or any of the Present Southern leaders, can again take their seats in the Senate, to deliberate with the men of the North on the common interests of the confederacy?"

To which we emphatically respond "sca'celly."

Know, O! man of the turgid and treacherous *Times* that when "Mr. DAVIS or any of the present Southern leaders," come in contact again with "the men of the North," that it will be found to the "common interests of the confederacy" to give them a taste of something not wholly unconnected with gibbet.

This is not a Pug.

There is a certain Colonel SEGAR making himself more or less conspicuous in the Southern rebellion movement.

That person's name is suggestive. It connects itself with the probability that the Southern Confederacy is going to end in Smoke.

Dogs of War.

West Pointers.

THE CHARGE ON THE TWELVE HUNDRED,
OR THE
FAIRFAX STAMPEDE.

Twelve hundred "gentlemen," real F. F. V.'s,
Taking at Fairfax their elegant ease,
Early one morning aroused by a drum,
Mustered to slay forty-five of "the scum,"
Daring Twelve Hundred!

What did those fire-eating gentlemen do,
Who were in numbers as fifty to two?
Say did they pitch the vile underbred foe
Straight to the place where the bad people go?
Furious Twelve Hundred!

Oh! not at all, and that wasn't the worst,
Into their camp the vulgarians burst,
This way and that way like centaurs they wheeled.
While from the battle shock helplessly reeled
Treason's Twelve Hundred!

Some of the "heroes" broke cover and fled,
Several who didn't were knocked on the head,
Others caught up by their soap-locks, were borne
Off from the battle-ground captives forlorn,
Hapless Twelve Hundred!

Twenty or thirty were "wiped out," and five
Snaked from the village, much scared, but alive,
What of the rest of those Bayards became
Has not been breathed by the trumpet of Fame,
Ill used Twelve Hundred!

Brave F. F. V.'s how your passions must boil,
Scattered like sheep on that "sacred soil,"

Upset by "mud-sills," unpedigreed loons,
Twelve hundred licked by a troop of dragoons,
Nonplussed Twelve Hundred!

Henceforth O! "chivalry" be not so proud,
If you *are* panic-proof don't say it loud,
Don't call us Northmen mere "dastardly hordes,"
Think! how from forty-five Northerner's swords
Fled your Twelve Hundred!

Though we may not be all "gentlemen born,"
Don't upon that account laugh us to scorn.
Scoffers, believe us, "elite" of the South,
Often times laugh on the wrong side the mouth,
Ask the Twelve Hundred!

Look at our muscles, all strung for the right,
Look in our eyes full of terrible light;
Though we've no serfs to turn pale at our nod,
Yet we can fight for home, Freedom and God,
Four to One Hundred!

"Couleur Locale."

The Southern ladies see the rebellion all "*couleur de rose*" now.
But before very long we fear they will have to view it *couleur de ne-groes*.

Military Ardor in the Spindle City.

In Lowell, Mass., they are carrying patriotism so far that they even have General Wool manufactories.

Luxuries at the Seat of War.

Broils of the Raw Recruits.

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP MOSES, Va., June 8th.

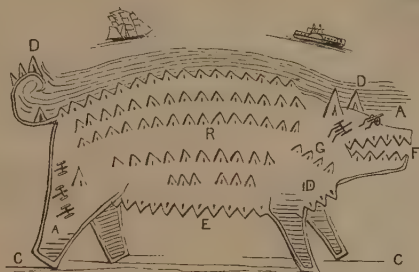
DEAR VANITY:— I have crossed the Potomac with my army, and am fairly prepared to do battle with all the rebel hosts in the world, white or black.

I am encamped on a bend in the river, four miles from Alexandria, twelve prolongs from Georgetown, two and a half miles from Boston, and about three hundred rods from Richmond.

As maps are all the fashion now, with newspapers, I may as well give you a map of my camp,



generally acknowledged to be rather a big thing on the engineering SNYDER:



- A—Batteries, B—Zouave camp,
C—Earthworks, D—Picket tents,
E—Vivandiere camp, F—Staff,
G—Commissariat.

I wished to call this camp after my old friend JOE GARIBALDI, but one of my best officers, who has been reading the Book of Genesis, was so much impressed by the character of the great law-giver of the Israelites, that he insisted upon naming it "Camp Moses," and threatened to go over to the rebels if I refused. Rather than lose so valuable a man, I consented.

When any one asks me the origin of the name, I tell him it was conferred in compliment to the Bowery b'boys, who, I understand, are mostly called "Mose" . . . the Italian for MOSES.

A curious accident happened here last night.

I wanted a thousand picked cavalry to go down the river with me, in gun-boats, on a foraging expedition. While I arranged the boats at the foot of a cliff near the camp, I set the men drilling on the plain above. The colonel in command ordered a charge, and the whole regiment started at full gallop towards the edge of the bluff. The colonel stuttered . . . he could not say "Halt!" soon enough . . . the men are perfect disciplinarians . . . not one flinched, and over they went, two hundred feet down, upon the boats beneath. As is customary now-a-days, there was nobody hurt, and having steam up, we sailed off down the river as if nothing had happened.

The colonel did not confess that his manœuvre was the result of accident, and rather than wound his feelings, I let it pass with a suggestion that such an embarkation was not to be advised upon all occasions, as it might injure the boats.

At midnight, we reached the spot where we were to land. The enemy were all about us. We debarked, leaped over the Pickets, and rode inland some seventy-five miles, to a farm district where we expected to find a supply of tobacco, horses, naval stores and lumber.

We were attacked on the road by several parties of marines,

who directed volleys of submerged fireworks against us, and killed four or five of my men.

Each of us, however, carried a small mortar slung on his back, adapted to throwing half-bricks with astonishing precision. They are the same arms used by LOUIS NAPOLEON, for shooting rabbits at Versailles; and did good execution among the rebels.

A handsome boy of eight years, a bugler of chasseurs, who rode by my side, said triumphantly, "I killed two then . . . I heard 'em squeak!" A smile lit up his fine face, and I wept to think how soon the innocent mirth of childhood would fade from his azure eyes, if a small cannon ball should light between them.

Toward sunrise, we returned with our hands full of stores that we had seized. We came across lots to Camp MOSES, having sent the gun-boat flotilla around by the lakes, to assist Col. PLEASANTON'S Philadelphia Home Guards. When we divided our produce, two barrels of turpentine and a pair of boots fell to my share. Turpentine sells well now in New York, doesn't it?

I have ordained a day of fasting and prayer, and shall have a monument to myself erected in commemoration of this excursion.

Commander-in-chief LINCOLN reviewed my forces this morning, and was excessively pleased with the correctness and promptitude of their movements; especially the retreat in disorder, the defiling of the right flank on the hip, the forming by divisions over the left shoulder, and the double-breasted backward charge. He also expressed himself greatly gratified by their exercises in grammar, and said that the skill they displayed was Parsing strange.

But I don't altogether like ABE'S attitude toward me. I think he is a little jealous of my position, and has a vague idea of putting me out of the way, so that he can get the management of my troops for himself.

I asked my brave Zouaves how they would like another leader. . . "McARONE or Death!" they shouted.

"My dear children," I said, "you shall have both!"

They cheered till the welkin, which is close by the camp, rang a good deal.

ABE may simmer down, now.

I find it delightful here, though I presume I shall have to be on the march shortly.

As I write, a pleasant Summer zephyr blows into the windows of my tent, bringing with it the odors of the sea-anemones that grow on the river's bank. BIANCA, in the uniform of LAURA KEENE'S Amazonian Zouaves, sits at my feet, playing on the bandoline, and singing a favorite air of her native village:

"Les garçons SHIFFLER sont sortis;
Ah-wooh!
Et se battre ils sont convenus;
Ah-wooh!
Ah-wooh! ah-wooh! ce n'est pas fini,
'FILMORE et DONELSON' solent crier,
A faire l'honneur au meurtre,
Ah wooh, ah-wooh, ce n'est pas fini!"

This plaintive melody, with its touchingly heroic words, only known in Italy and Moyamensing, brings a sentiment of delicious languor over my soul, and wafes my senses to cloudland upon the amaranthine wings of delight.

"This world is very beautiful," murmurs BIANCA; and turning her instrument to a more martial strain she dashes into that splendid war-song, that I recommend T. DUNN ENGLISH to translate:

"Du schwice ist blog,
Mit sonderbund von hei,
Und ich bin schlag,
Zu siebenschwei
Boum! boum! boum!" etc.

. . . A lieutenant of mounted infantry has just interrupted the song by rushing in and exclaiming:

"Why are you here?"

I mused awhile.

"Give it up," I said, at length, "BIANCA, child, can you guess it? Why am I here?"

"No, no!" cried the lieutenant, excitedly, "I don't mean a conundrum . . . we are attacked . . . the foe, General! they come!"

At this moment I hear the drums beating the *réveille* . . . the signal of a surprise . . .

I go, to lead my men to combat. . .

Let the Southrons tremble!

. . . Firing begins!

BIANCA weeps as she girds on my sword. . .

I continue writing, quite unconcernedly. . .

Au revoir, dear VANITY. My horse is ready, and I must show the rebels that they cannot hope to conquer so long as the Stars and Stripes are upheld by

McARONE.



HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Clara.—"I KNOW IT IS AN ODD GIFT FROM A LADY, BUT, CHARLEY, I THOUGHT THAT WHEN YOU WERE FAR AWAY, IT MIGHT BE PLEASANT FOR YOU TO—TO—TO HAVE MY ARMS ALWAYS ABOUT YOU!"

SOUTH CAROLINA'S DESIRE,

(As expressed by Mr. Russell, of the London Times.)

"If we could only get one of the royal race of England to rule over us, we should be content."

"We want a little Prince
That will make the Yankees wince,
A little Prince of Wales
With a feather with three tails,
Who is fed while in his cradle
With a diamond-handled ladle,
Who'll reign over us and rule us,
And with silly titles fool us,
And may decorate us arter
With an order of the garter,
Oh! give us such a Highness,"
Cry the Sister Carolinas.

"In our present warlike bustle
We have said to Mr. RUSSELL,
Pray tell the British nation
Of our wants and tribulation,
And ask if it can spare
A little British heir,
Just to set upon the throne
In a land that was his own,
Ere those thundering old 'Villyans,'
Of Puritan Cromwellians,
Came with notions so new fangled,
And our loyal parties tangled,
And we'll promise not to weigh him
In the balance, but obey him,
And respect his right divine as,"
Say the Sister Carolinas.

"What admirable sport
It will be to go to court,
With Honiton and feathers,
And military leathers,
And our sword-belts and scabbards,

THE WAR.

Touching letter from a Gory Member of the Home Guard to his Parents in Fifth Avenue.

5—BROADWAY, June —.

DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,—We are getting along well, down here at our quarters. We drill finely and our uniforms have gold lace onto them. We suffer great privations, but dear parents, some must suffer in this crisis. We get our dinners at Delmonico's. Tell Mrs. SOULS that we do not need blankets, as we bunk at the St. Nicholas. What our brave lads now want is fruit cake and waffles. Do not weep for me.

HENRY ADOLPHUS.

Fee-fo-Fum!

"There is nothing in the dark caves of human passion so cruel and deadly as the hatred the South Carolinians profess for the Yankees." Vide W. H. RUSSELL L. L. D. & S. N. O. B.

This hatred is strange and unnatural, as much as most of the Southern Chivalry learned "the humanities" from the Alma Maters of New England. Could they not suck in a little of the milk of human kindness with their Greek and Latin?

Presto! Change!

The Rebel Editors beat BLITZ hollow. In their accounts of the recent skirmishes in Eastern Virginia, they have turned Fairfax into foul lies without a moment's hesitation.

For the Faculty.

From the amount of smoking that goes on in colleges now-a-days, BINKS doesn't see why every student isn't entitled to a "Bacca"-laureate.

And our grand heraldic tabards,
Hemmed in by splendid coaches
From the plebeian approaches,
With our coachman and our varlets
Decked in laces and in scarlets,
And all the gorgeous splendors
That royalty engenders.
Why 'twill be almost exciting
As a gouging match, or fighting,
In the way that's far more showy,
With the keen incisive Bowie.
The Southern mother's cry for it,
Our little children sigh for it,
'Twill be a soothing syrup
That will make our infants chirrup,
In the arms of their Dina's,
Cry the South Carolinas.

"Why the thought of all the titles
Makes us squirm in our vitals.
No touch of vile ighom—iny
Could stain a Viscount Hominy,
And high above low classes
See the Marquis of Molasses
What noble could be prouder.
Than the fearless Baron Chowder!
What dun dare claim his money due
From dashing young Lord Honeydew?
These make you will confess
A magnificent noblesse,
With their highly colored vassals
And their white Corinthian castles,
Quite as ancient as the Rhine has,"
Cry the Sister Carolinas.

News for the Marines.

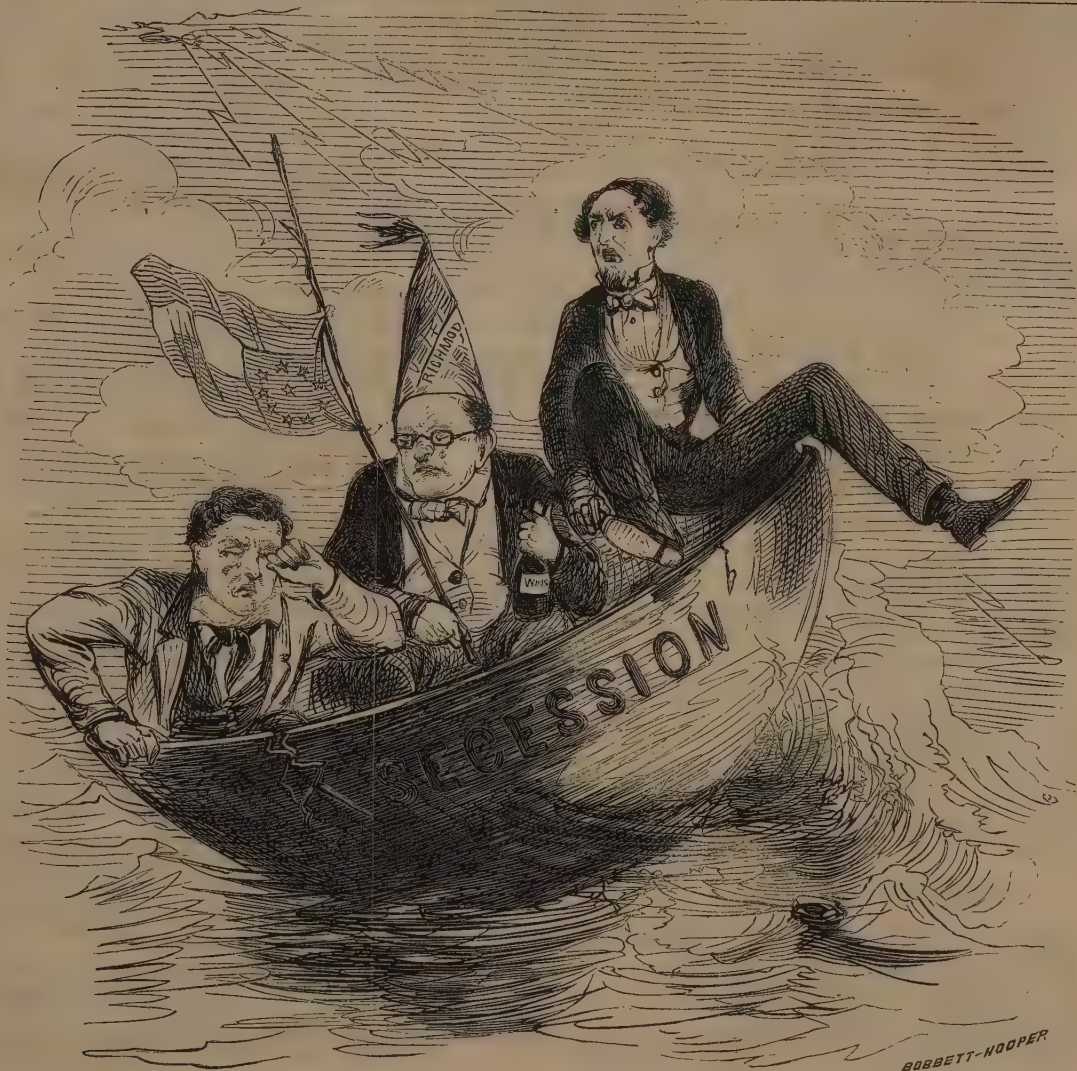
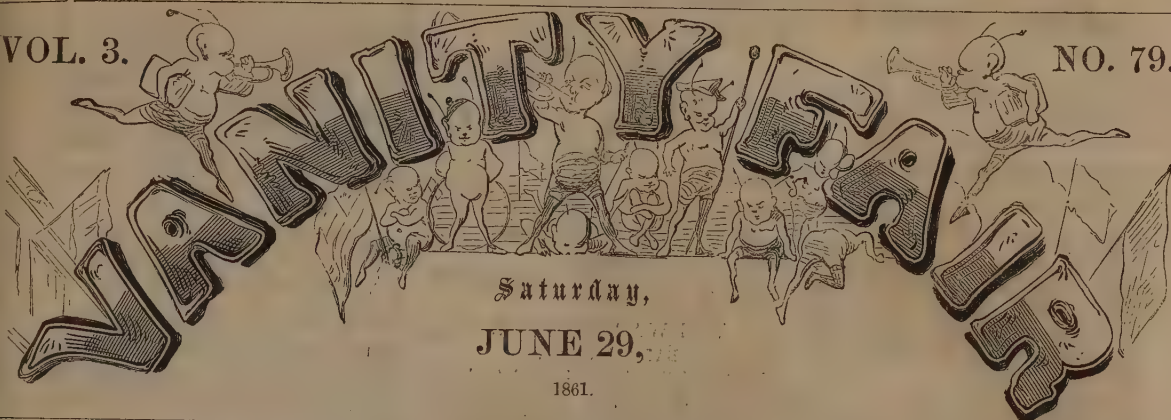
That Mr. RAREY has been engaged by the rebels to try his hand at quieting United States Cruisers.

Number 80, Commencement of our **FOURTH** Volume

Will contain an original Letter from **ARTEMUS WARD**, written expressly for **VANITY FAIR**, relating to
The War Fever in Baldinsville.

VOL. 3.

NO. 79.



A CASE OF DISTRESS.

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From the "Louisville Journal."

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From the late Hon. Horace Mann.

July 29, 1850.

For many years, in all my writing, speaking, and teaching, I have endeavored to conform to the orthography and pronunciation as contained in Worcester's Dictionaries. I suppose them to represent the highest standard recognised by the best writers and speakers in England and in this country.

From Louis Agassiz, LL. D.

I have looked over your great edition of Worcester's Dictionary, chiefly with the view of ascertaining how far it covers the ground in which I am particularly interested. It is of great importance, in our days, when the nomenclature of science is gradually creeping into common use, that an English Lexicon should embrace as much of it as is consistent with the language we speak. I am truly surprised and highly delighted to find that you have succeeded far beyond my expectation in making the proper selection, and combining with it a remarkable degree of accuracy. More could hardly be given, except in a scientific Cyclopedia.

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while no effort or expense will be spared by the Publisher to gather around him all of the available talent in every department that may be found in the whole country.

To the past we point fearlessly as an evidence of what we will do in the future, with increased facilities and the material aid which an appreciative Public has given us. It will be the aim of the Publisher to preserve the high tone of the Journal, and while its efforts will be to sustain

OUR NATIONALITY,

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Asking for nothing but what is right, and fearing nothing that may be wrong, we shall strive always to be open and just in our censures, while at the same time we shall not hesitate to approve that which is honest and true.

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EVERY ENGRAVING,

EVERY JOKE,

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DOUGLAS.

VANITY FAIR most cordially seconds the proposition of a Fund for the wife and children of the late STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

Heart and soul, body and brain, DOUGLAS was wholly his Country's Own. He had no time to get rich honestly—he scorned, unlike too many politicians in eminent places, to gain wealth foully. He died poor, and the loyal people of America owe it to his memory, that his wife and family shall at once be placed in a position of pecuniary independence.

When the clash of fraternal arms shall only be remembered as a horrid dream: when the Star of Peace shall again serenely shine, People of the North and of the South—enemies no more, but Brothers all—standing over the grave of DOUGLAS, on the shore of that beautiful inland sea, will unite in calling him great and good, and will regret—O how sincerely!—that his noble words of warning, of wisdom and of patriotism had not been better heeded!

How About This?

Wonder if the "Bitter End" that the Traitors talk about fighting to, has any reference to the "Rope's End?"

Works for the Army.

The "boys" of the Fire Brigade are very anxious to get hold of "De Foe's Works."



"ARMS AT WILL."

THE HOME DRILL.

PASSIFLORA AMERICANA.

The *Richmond Enquirer* says the troops in Virginia are "the flower of the South."

Having some taste for Botany, we have consulted our books to find the genus and species of this floral specimen, which is now in bloom, but will go to seed next fall.

We find it to have the following characters. Corolla, *de beau regard*; pistils, large and numerous; very black stigma; stamina not remarkable, leaves, with the odor of *Nicotiana*, and highly verdant; stem, slender; root, bitter and poisonous.

To name this plant puzzles us, although we have grown Gray in the study of such subjects, and have asked both DARLINGTON and PLEASANTON.

A raw recruit near us mars our contemplation, now and then, with such unscientific suggestions as,—that the flower of the South must, from its manner of sustenance, belong to the natural order of *Carry-off-all-aceae*. Another (as we write in the intervals of drilling,) suggests that on account of the blockade, it should be *Port-you-lack-aceae*.

Now, these are very bad; but we favor the former, because the flower of the South is like the cloves (*caryophyllus*) in one thing, that it will require a great deal of hot water to bring out its virtues.

We pass by in silent contempt, such ideas as that unveracity gives a reason for putting it among the *Lie-naceae*, or that a day at Philippi, when it faded before Uncle SAM, may be typified by the name *Ran-uncle-aceae*. Such thoughts are highly unbecoming to the truly scientific mind; and so is, also, the proposition that it might be called *Taxus*, in view of the imposts (not composts) its cultivators require; that name being applied to the Yew (I O U), an evergreen rather appropriate to burying grounds.

Can it be, then, the Carolina Pink-Root, of vermifugitive reputation? Or, as a botanical friend of ours, somewhat hurt at Acquia Creek, thinks it is the Squirting Cucumber.

On the whole, we reserve our opinion; but seriously incline to believe it to be a variety of the *Passion-Flower*; the poisonous quality of whose root prevents it from being as useful as it is ornamental; but which, when carefully trained, and restricted to the climate to which it belongs, may be admired safely, especially at a distance.

Ethnological Con.

From what race are the F. F. Vs. descended?
From the Slave-Own-ians!

Just the Fellow for a Picket.
The nigger in the fence.

THE WAIL OF THE SEVENTH.

AIR.—*Robinson Crusoe*.

O why did I come to Camp Cameron,
O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
To sleep on the grass
And catch cold like an ass,
And that's why I came to Camp Cameron.

O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
To drill and get drunk
And be fed on salt junk,
And that's why I came to Camp Cameron.

O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
To be put in the sun
Through a double quick run,
And that's why I came to Camp Cameron.

O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
To be put upon guard
In the Colonel's back yard,
And that's why I came to Camp Cameron.

O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
O why did I come to Camp Cameron?
I thought 'twas to fight
But I didn't get sight,
Of a single secesh at Camp Cameron.

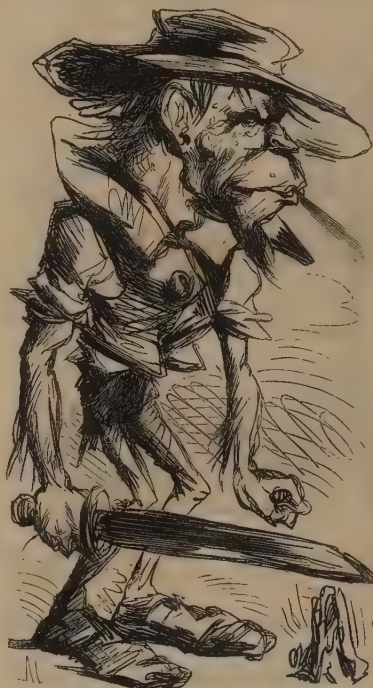
And when I go back to Camp Cameron,
O if I go back back to Camp Cameron,
You may call me a flat
And I'll give you my hat,
If you find me again at Camp Cameron.

But though we won't go to Camp Cameron,
O! if we won't go to Camp Cameron,
Just say the word fight
And we're with you to-night,
Every one of the men at Camp Cameron.

Wanted: an "H."

The London cockneys must be a very unsuccessful class, if we judge by the total failure of their Aspirations!

HARDEE MADE EASY.



recruited from an inebriate asylum.

In cartridge practice, it is often difficult to ascertain whether the piece has been discharged, or not. The recruit will be quite certain on this point when he has rammed in, consecutively, a number of cartridges equal in length to the barrel of his musket; after which it may be as well for him not to put in another.

Remember that "Composure, or presence of mind, in him who commands, and in those who obey, being the first means of order in a body of troops, the instructor will labor to habituate the company to this essential quality, and will himself give the example." Some instructors effect this by sitting upon a barrel of powder in the intervals of drill, and inviting the ranks, generally, to ignite their pipes at his cigar.

When the artist of an illustrated-paper comes along, the instructor should wheel his men into Columns; which will have a journalistic look and be a neat compliment to the press.

The recruit should remember that this epitome of HARDEE's tactics is indispensable to his success in war, love, and most other pursuits. It is to be had for the small consideration of sixpence, together with the rest of VANITY FAIR.

A Good, sociable Idea.

An advertiser in the *Herald* puts forward the following bold cartel, which is worthy of the notice of all who wish to come out of their difficulties with clean hands:

"I challenge any man in the world to wash with me in public for \$100,000, and I make no exceptions."

Although we cherish a prejudice in favor of privacy for the performance of our own ablutions, we cannot withhold our cordial greeting from the bold challenger who would thus provoke the Great Unwashed to do the clean thing for once in their lives. How do you do, sir? How are you off for soap? We trust that Mr. Street-sweeper HACKLEY may be induced to go into a very general wash with you; and that, so soon as he gets the \$40,000 dirt off his hands in that rival performance, he will induce you to turn all your spare suds on to the kennels of the eastern and western districts of this unclean city, so as to purge them from their present encumbrance of putrescent filth, and avert impending pestilence.

Difference between Army Cannons and Church Canons.
Merely a difference of Bore.

THE TWO ARMIES.

I.

Two armies toiling day and night
By bridge and barricade—
Or by the hearthstone—full of might,
Each working for the truth and right,
And neither one afraid.

II.

Two armies:—one of noble men,
All strong, and stern and brave;
Forward at duty's call—and then,
It matters not the how or when,
To glory—or the grave.

III.

Their country's glory is their own,
Their common grave—her shame;
Their watchword Union, that alone,
Though on the field their hosts be strown,
Shall lead them yet to fame.

IV.

Two armies:—but the second one—
A fairer, sadder sight;
With steadfast purpose, all as one,
With sickening labor, never done,—
Toils tearless for the fight.

V.

Daughters of men! we know ye now,
For what ye ever were;
Angels with calm unclouded brow,
Before whom every man should bow
In penitence of prayer.

VI.

Though death should come, and come full soon,
We fear him nevermore;
We ask of heaven one only boon,
And pray beneath the placid moon,
Who never prayed before.

VII.

"Oh, Lord! within the coming strife
Sad war of kindred blood,
Grant strength to every soldier's wife,
Teach her to live without his life,
And so reward the good."

VIII.

By ever tear-damp'd thread she draws,
By every needle's gleam,
She links her heart's blood to the cause,
She binds her soul to arm our laws,—
Wounded but to redeem.

IX.

Oh! soldier in your camp by night,
Bethink you of her toil,
How you are linked, though dead in fight,
By golden soul-rays glimmering bright
In sorrow and turmoil.

X.

Linked to a nobler soul on earth,
By these weak bands of thread:—
'Twas woman's love that gave you birth,
Her love shall bind, come grief, come mirth,
The living to the dead.

Con: By a Soldier on Diet.

Why are Rebels leaders like men who have died of a surfeit?
Because they ove(r)ate themselves fatally.

A Good Result of the Times.

A politician is occasionally "knocked into a cocked hat."

What the People say about Gen. Lyon.

Bravo LYON!

You're the man for our money. You know how to fix the rebels, you do. You are not—thank Heaven!—a PIERCE or a SCHENCK. The traitors can't come their "masked battery" dodge over you. You understand strategy and know a little about war. By a feigned retreat you draw the rebels from behind their masked battery, and then, rallying suddenly, pepper them so unmercifully that they throw down their arms and run, and their major-general, attacked with diarrhoea, is carried off the field in a state of coma.

Some part of your success, LYON, now we think of it, may be owing to the fact that you have had a military education, and that while our militia generals, PIERCE, SCHENCK, *et id genus omne*, were poring over COKE and BLACKSTONE, you were studying JOMINI and posting yourself in the science of flank movements "and sich."

You have proved yourself in this Booneville affair, LYON, a brave general and, what is better, a clever one. It is good to know that in our regular army there are more men like you. It annoys us though, when we see incompetent civilians put over their heads.

So say the People and so saith VANITY FAIR.

The Circle of Civilization.

The order has been promulgated at Washington that no hoops are to be allowed in the nurses' department. Herein the difference between civilization and barbarism is exemplified. The secessionists have enlisted Indians in their service. But no war-whoops will be tolerated within our lines. For our lines are pleasantness, and all our paths are of a piece.

THE LUXURY OF GIVING.

LAY IT ON LIGHTLY.

Many of our citizens and citizenesses have come generously forward with donations of useful articles to our soldiers. They deserve our warmest praise. And have it! But others, with equal ardor for giving of gifts, have not exercised a corresponding amount of judgment in the quality or quantity of their charities. To these—chiefly composed of motherly persons with a strong tendency to medicinal teas, "cookies," peppermints, tracts, and other domestic and devotional aliments—we would respectively offer a few hints. A soldier is not, properly speaking, a rheumatic or bilious maiden of advanced age. Nor an infant afflicted with flatulency. Least of all is he a peripatetic pantry, "yarb"-closet and camphor-chest combined. Don't continue to offer him bundles of bonaset, peppermint, and fennel. Press not upon him unlimited flannels! Urge him not to put loaf cakes and elderberry wine in his knapsack! Plead not that he carry a complete series of evangelical exhortations to sinners, in pamphlet form, to the camp fire and the battle-field! Have mercy upon his physical capacity to do, bear, and suffer! He is but a man! Upon my word, simply a unit of humanity! He cannot, actually, strange though it may appear, carry even a moderate sized private dwelling furnished with the ordinary comforts of domestic life upon his shoulders. His tent is, really, ladies, merely one story high. On his bed not even a cellar. I speak of these things "as one having experience." A week ago, I expected to receive marching orders. My knapsack was packed as tightly as the old maids at a "protracted meeting." About three hours before the anticipated time of starting, I was visited by many of my female relatives. My Aunt BETSEY brought me twelve yards of old flannel. My Aunt CHARLOTTE insisted on putting two pounds of loaf-cake and a demijohn of currant wine into my "trunks." My spinster cousin SARAH left on my table two neatly tied up packages of Methodist tracts and a hymn-book. Besides these, other kinswomen contributed, a complete herb-chest, two dozen phials of homœopathic medicines, three large pin-cushions, a box of raisins, five pounds of candles, a case of



ART ITEMS.

1st Genial.—By THE BYE! SPEAKING OF ART AND ARTISTS—WHAT DO YOU THINK OF YOUNG BROWN?

2nd Genial (with professional phraseology).—Oh! so, so—GOOD COLOR—BROAD STYLE—BUT—BAD CHARACTER, SIR—BAD CHARACTER.

ALICE, who is more an admirer of aforesaid BROWN than of High Art, is somewhat astonished at this sweeping assertion.

"JAYNE'S Expectorant," a foot-bath, four pair of worked slippers, and a "hop-pillow." And this was not all. But the list above is a specimen. What could I do? I thanked them all with tears in my eyes, placed their gifts carefully in the back attic, and kissing my pretty cousin JESSIE gratefully (with a slight dash of another feeling thrown in,) as she quietly put her gift in my hand, placed it in my bosom, tore myself away—and didn't go that time! But when I do, JESSIE's will be the only one of all those luxuries I can take with me. Bless her sweet face! It was a tiny purse of her own knitting, with a dear little image of that face, about the size of a half-dollar in one end, and ten as bright "eagles" as ever you saw in the other.

The eagle is a mighty strong bird, ladies, and yet a soldier can carry a pile of them with ease! Do you take the hint? Heavier comforts travel best with the ambulances, but the bird of "freedom" rests lightly in the soldiers' bosom! I have said!

THE CORPORAL.

"Apple-Sass."

It appears that Mr. TENNYSON'S famous "Talking Oak" is rivalled by certain apple-trees in the State of Maine, for a journal published somewhere in that region tells us that:

"Apple trees are in full bloom, but hardly think it will be a good year for fruit."

There is something very touching in the desponding view of the future taken by these poor trees; but it puzzles us to guess how they could have expressed their sentiments to the Maine editor—unless apple trees, like dogs, can communicate their feelings by their Bark.

Emancipatory.

The South is not exactly the place, one would think, whence any movement in favor of Freedom might be expected, but it is nevertheless true that the Bonds of the Confederacy have fallen!

OUR WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

FORT PIANO, June 15th.



DEAR VANITY:—
Great confusion
prevails here, just
now.

A tremendous
battle has been
fought, I believe.
I led my men
in person.

We took a bat-
tery of four hun-
dred rifled can-
non, and eight
thousand prison-
ers, I guess.

My loss is heavy.
We attacked
the enemy in
great numbers, at
Hymn-book Four
Corners, thirteen
miles from New
Jersey, and re-
treated in good
order.

It is impossible
to obtain particu-
lars.

The following
order of the day
was issued last
week.

U. S. (d.)

{ CAMP MOSES, July 1st.
Head-quarters of the 12th
Boot Brigade.

General Orders, No. 8,852½, X.

The column will move on the first of May, as usual. Side arms and ball-cartridges. The left will rest on Washington, and the file will form in the direction of CLARK MILLS' sad statue of JACKSON. The column will move upon Fort Piano, at noon, 12 o'clock, M.

Order of the Day, No. MDCCLIXVIIJKLMNOP.

From Fort Piano, the column will advance in two arcs and a row-boat, by a deploy movement, upon Hymn-book Four Corners. The enemy will wear a white badge on the right leg, and will use the watchword "Boston," as they run away. Mind you're all ready, now.

Commander-in-Chief of the Foreign Allied American Amalgamation National Patriotic Boot Brigade; Correspondent of VANITY FAIR; Guide, Philosopher and Friend; Knight of the Gin Cocktail; Bully Boy with a Glass Eye; etc., etc., etc.

At half past three in the morning, my army set out for the Corners. We expected to find nobody there.

All the guns were silenced except four hundred rifled cannon.

We charged gallantly away from the enemy. . .

I cried "Charge Boston . . . Boston!" and retired to the rear.

A perfect storm of grape, canister, chain-shot, crossbar-shot, gabions, shrapnel, grapnel, pontoons and fuses swept the field where we stood.

The enemy's guns were worked incessantly. Their loss must have been enormous. Thousands died of fatigue.

The few of my men who remained on the field, were shot. The officers all hid behind trees.

My Zouaves were left lying on the ground all night, through a slight error. I ordered them to lay down and load. They did so, but I suddenly remembered another engagement I had left unfulfilled, and went back to the fort to attend to it. As I have before observed, my Zoo-zoos are well disciplined, and they remained as I left them, until my return.

. . . That, however, is a circumstance to which I will not refer. After a steady cannonade from the enemy's dragoons and from my infantry, which lasted upwards of thirty-six hours, during which my men had neither rest, food, sleep, shelter or clothing, I ordered a flank movement, to cut off the rear of the rebel forces. . .

A regiment of Vivandières succeeded in getting around the enemy, and took possession of a small battery situated in front of the main redoubt.

By some fatal error, however, they commenced working the guns against my own men who were trying to assist them from

the front. This tended to increase, rather than lessen, the number of my killed and wounded.

The mistake is supposed to have arisen from the fact that one of my officers, a Bostonian, and an admirer of the works of Dr. O. W. HOLMES, shouted "Hub of the Universe!" in charging, instead of simply "Boston!"

A coroner's jury will investigate the matter.

We could not see the enemy at all, from first to last, but I almost know that their loss was enormous. How, indeed, could it have been otherwise?

When I saw that the rebels meant nothing, except to keep possession of their batteries, I ordered a retreat. . .

I am not ignorant of the rules of civilized warfare.

Great blame is attached to JEFF. DAVIS, who is supposed to have commanded the rebel artillery.

. . . If he had not used shotted guns, it is probable that we should have held our ground a good while longer.

On returning to the fort, I swore that I would take possession of the batteries in less than half an hour.

I then ordered my men to bed, and went back to Washington.

ABE met me with tears in his eyes. . .

His grandfather was private in one of my regiments.

"How did it go, MAC?" he asked with great emotion.

"ABRAHAM," I replied, with evidences of a manly grief, "ABRAHAM, in the midst of life, we are in death! Prepare to hear of a bereavement into your interesting family."

He burst into a passionate fit of sobbing. I thought I would break the news gently.

"Just suppose," I said, "that your grandfather was very ill!"

"Ill?" he asked.

"Yes . . . almost dead, in point of fact. . ."

"Dead?"

"Yes; quite dead, for instance; how would you take it?"

"Take it?"

"Exactly."

"Exactly?"

"Don't be an idiot, ABE," said I, a little sternly. "The poor old gentleman indeed is no more. He tried to stop a fifty-six pound shot, by setting his face against it. Although he failed, it was a brave attempt, and I, for one, give him due credit for his intentions. Sigh no more, ABRAHAM; O, cast that shadow from thy brow! 'All that live must die, passing through nature to eternity!'"

These words, and a recital of the splendid victory I had gained, reassured him. He dried his eyes and nose, and took my hand.

"Once more, noble MAC," said he, "do I owe the preservation of the Union to thee. Kneel down."

I knelt.

He hit me a solid whack on the head with his brass-headed walking-stick.

"Arise, Chevalier McARONE!" said he, "Knight of the Gin Cocktail, and Prince of Poughkeepsie!"

These are the first titles ever conferred by an American President upon any white man. My other titles are all foreign, and I am proud to have some from my own native President.

He has given me Poughkeepsie as my estate. If you happen to visit that town shortly, please do me the favor of taxing all the inhabitants a dollar a head, and send me the money.

Having accomplished my mission in Washington, I hailed an omnibus and returned to Fort Piano, where I now write.

Ambulances are bringing in the victims of the battle at every minute, and a corps of engineers are digging ditches under my window for the reception of the killed and wounded.

My thanks are due to Col. JACK SEARS, for the efficient manner in which his 'Long-shore Shovel-nose Shark Sharpshooters, of the Crab Squadron, ferried me across Little Hymn-book Run.

McARONE.

A RIGHT PLEASANT OLD SONG.

SLIGHTLY CUT UP TO FIT THE PRESENT CASE.

When good King RIGHTEART reigned,
And fought against King CORRON,
Three knavish blowers he kicked out of doors
Because their goods were rotten.

The first he was a Butcher;
The second he was a Purveyor;
And the third he was a little Tail-or,
And three great rascals they were.

The Butcher was hung on his hook;
The Purveyor choked with his victual;
And the Devil impaled the little Tail-or,
With his bad cloth, on a whittle.

A Short "Loaf."

Captain BAKER, the pirate commander of the privateer "Savannah," seems to have had quite a select library on board his craft. But he didn't have WALT WHITMAN'S "Leaves of Grass," although from the nature (and result) of his cruise, it would appear he intended to "loaf" (on the high seas) "and invite his soul" (to a speedy flight—wards). It has, however, turned out a very unprofitable Loaf to this Baker we opine. Hardly "half a loaf," in fact.

To double Business bound.

VANITY FAIR was lately so indiscreet as to allude to West Pointers as the Dogs of War. A contributor—a Fiend in Human Form, by the way—suggests that they seem destined to prove the Retrievers of our military reputation.

Epigram by a reader of the N. Y. Daily News.

ABEL was slain by his brother ;
Will not man ever grow good ?
ABE L's men are slaying each other,
And a BELL gets awfully slewed.

Small by "Degrees."

W. H. RUSSELL, M. A. L. L. D., etc., etc.



HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Shining Member of "Billy Wilson's Zouaves."—I ALLERS SHOOTS THE OSSIEBERS, JIMMY. Jimmy.—Why?

Shining Member.—Cos, THE PRIVATES A'INT GOT NO GOLD WATCHES !

THE GREAT DAVIS DINNER ON THE FOURTH OF JULY.

By mysterious and miraculous means, we have succeeded in getting possession of a great curiosity, which we hasten to submit to the inspection of our readers. It is a bill of fare of that celebrated dinner that JEFF. DAVIS intends to eat in the White House on the Fourth of July. It was prepared by a gastrosophic committee of the Confederate Cabinet, as a purely national and allegorical affair, and our readers will admire the expressive character of the dishes :

BILL OF FARE.

SOUPS.

Soup Erstition. Soup Erranuation.
Soup Erfluous. Soup Conné.

BOILED.

Flat Fish, Well Done. Pot-boils.
Boiled Owls with Corn Whiskey.

ROAST.

Ruled Roast. Basted Popinjays.
Cock o' the Walk, Dished. Peanuts.

ENTREMETS.

Small Broils. Other Fish to Fry.
Indian Bonds à la Financière.
Southern Game in a Stew.
Hash ("Ne touchez pas à la Hache.")
Frittered Thyme.

DESSERT.

Whipped Cream (of the Southern Chivalry).
Yankee Sauce. Buttered Thunder.
Honeyed Promises. A Little More Grape.
Bri-berries.

Another Joke Gone to Waist.

"How is it," asked PODGERS, "that the women of the so-called 'upper classes' are always more delicately formed and slender than others?"

"Well, when a woman is poor," replied X., "she pays no attention to appearances; but when she gets rich, she generally wears silks and Laces."

Con: by a Butler.

Why will Charleston be beloved of epicures in a few years?
Because it will be a fine old Cobwebbed Port.

LET US ALONE!

The world has never known
A fouler lie—our boasted Bayards lied—
For war was in their hearts and yet they cried
For peace—"Let us alone!"

For peace! young men had grown
Gray-haired in treason; gray-haired traitors died,
Since traitors planned this war; and yet they cried
For peace—"Let us alone!"

For peace!—they meant to steal
And, when detected, stab. Forsworn they prate
Of "honor;" that lies buried with their great,
Whose sons no shame can feel.

We *did* mean peace: sincere
And self-sacrificing for our country's good,
We offered all that—more than honor should;
But—fools!—they thought it fear.

And, with defiant air,
Threw off the mask. We—friends drew closer; foe
Was friend, and feud forgotten—"Is it so?"
We whispered,— "Will they dare?"

They dared; a deed was done
Which left no choice: should Hell before us yawn,
No matter now: our march must be right on—
We must be nought or ONE.

We do mean war—not hate;
But all that heart, and brain, and arm can do,
To drive out traitors and defend the true,
Or perish with the State.

A Joke on a Pinch.

"How small her waist is!" exclaimed PODGERS, as he gazed after the retreating form of ANGELINA.

"Small!" echoed X.; "of Corsets small!"

Casting the Die.

"Lieut. FORDYCE, late of the U. S. Army, has joined the Confederate Army."—*Herald*.
And a very bad throw it was for Four Dice.

Retained for the Defence.

Judge EDMONDS' Home Guard.



HUMORS OF THE WAR.

Bill.—WELL, CHARLEY, I'M PROUD OF YOU. SO YOU'VE PROMISED TO FURNISH THE MATERIALS FOR UNIFORMING A WHOLE COMPANY OF VOLUNTEERS! WELL DONE.

Charley.—YA'AS, 'TIS PRETTY TALL! BUT AFTER ALL, IT ONLY TAKES AS MUCH AS IT DOES TO MAKE ME THREE PAIRS OF PANTS. ISN'T MUCH, AFTER ALL.

SPECIAL CAMP CORRESPONDENCE OF V. F.

ORDERED OFF—SINGULAR (OR PLURAL) WEATHER—NEW DRILL—FALSE ALARMS—CHEERFUL RECRUITING—HEROIC CAPTURE OF SECRETED ARMS—AND NOTHING ELSE IN GENERAL, OF THE MOST VIVID INTEREST.

CAMP NEBUCHADNEZZAR, near Germantown, June 10, 1861.

DEAR V. F.—We are still here! A portion of our force, however, was yesterday somewhat unexpectedly "ordered off"—a neighbor's strawberry patch. I am happy to say, the order was obeyed with alacrity. Since we went into camp there has been no "chief cause of complaint." Except myself. I will, in fact, allow no other *chief* of any kind. We have had a great deal of weather, it is true. But being told that such is often the case, we have suffered and been strong, uncomplainingly. In my moments of leisure I have invented a new *drill* in which I intend perfecting my command. I think, without vanity, it will *perforate* Secession completely. From the ease with which my command bore the first trial, I augur the greatest success. In short, it works "to a turn." I have also introduced a system of false alarms, to discipline my men. It is essentially different from anything yet tried. For instance: Last night about eleven o'clock I suddenly *yawned* to a fearful width, and followed it up by an improvised descent on the pillow. In fifteen minutes the entire command turned in and were under covers. The facility with which I *recruit* men here, is marvellous. Not a day passes without more desiring to be *recruited* than I can possibly accommodate. Day before yesterday I *recruited* three—with cold victuals. Yesterday, two (particular friends), with juleps and a cold chicken lunch. To-day I was only able to *recruit one mover*—with whiskey and water. But I am sorry to say this last one seems to reject the step he has taken, for I perceive he *scythes* still.

I must abruptly break off for a while here, as I am informed that arms have been discovered secreted in a barn not far off, and shall proceed instantly to seize them. More when I return.

.... Victory! Triumph! Hurrah! We have met the enemy and they are ours! Veni! vidi! vici! "or words to that effect!" Our expedition has been crowned with success. After a forced

DREADFUL TO THINK OF!

Whoso sayeth the Briton is not an insolent being, let him read the following ¶ which appears in the last number of the London *Illustrated News* :

"Mr. W. H. RUSSELL is said to be disgusted at the continual shilly-shallying and defiance by telegram of the Americans, and, if they don't speedily have an Alma at Baltimore, or an Inkerman at Washington, is said to be determined to leave them to their fate, and to have their deeds recorded by the local inditers of 'screamers' and 'sensation' paragraphs."

Deary me! deary me! Just think of its having entered the mind of so distinguished a personage as W. H. RUSSELL, Esq., Barrister at Law and L. L. D., to leave us to our fate! What would become of us in case of so crushing an event? Could we exist, think you, when denied the pleasing letters of the *Times* "Special?" Would life be endurable when its rugged pathways were no longer smoothed by the hilarious blunders, the mirth-inspiring misstatements of those epistles? Of course it wouldn't. We entreat Mr. RUSSELL, therefore, to abide with us for a time. And as he won't stay without a battle we suggest to him to write to Gen. SCOTT, signifying his desire. It will be at once complied with.

The Double Dearth; an Epigram.

Our Southern neighbors roundly swear, They'll have "no Yankee-teachers" there; Now, by the rood:—if that's the case, God help the helpless Southern race! With Western harvests all shut out, And Northern teachers put to rout, How the poor fools will starve and stammer In double dearth—of grub and grammar!

Advice to Brigadier Generals.

When you don't know what to do, don't you do you don't know what!

march through a country swarming with "pickets," palings, iron fences "and sich," we arrived at the scene: i. e. the barn. Having stationed myself cautiously *en vidette* at a proper distance, I boldly ordered my command to enter the building and begin the search. They obeyed without hesitation, like a gallant soldier as he was. In a few moments the arms were discovered protruding from a pile of hay. They were dragged forth, and proved to be *two* of the original pattern used by ADAM, and belonging to their owner, who appeared immediately after them, if not sooner. Upon being somewhat roughly interrogated, he acknowledged having secreted them there the night previous. Indeed he could not deny it, the arms being actually found at his side, with their heavier ends fastened for greater security no doubt, to his shoulders. I lost no time in telegraphing this important capture to the nearest commanding office, who proved to be Judge CADBOGGER of the Marine (court) service. He instantly sent me word to *retain* the arms and their owner for a few weeks, until he had read and digested such ancient and modern histories, newspapers, novels, and almanacs, as furnished or did furnish a precedent, when he should be ready to give his opinion on any general subject of no interest to the case. I therefore gave the prisoner a "special retainer," and he is no doubt well cared for at the nearest lager-bier saloon. May I not be permitted to feel proud of this exploit, accomplished without the effusion of blood? If not, what is glory but a name? "Or words to that effect." When you next hear from me, if our camp is not moved, we shall still remain where we are. If otherwise, not. In which case we shall be elsewhere, in all probability. But this is mere speculation. Who can span the future?

Yours mistily,

MAJOR VON PUCK. G. R. C.

Military Insubordination at Washington.

When an Officer receives an order to reconnoitre he invariably scouts it.

The Rose that All are Praising at this Season.

Rows of corn, beans, potatoes, cabbages, etc., in the country.

VANITY FAIR.



IT MAY COME TO THIS.

"If we could only get one of the royal race of England to rule over us, we should be content."

Southern people to W. H. Russell, of the London Times.

MRS. RUSSELL APPROVES THE SENTIMENT, AND PRESENTS THE SOUTHERN CONFEDERACY WITH A CHARMING LITTLE PRINCE.

"THE STARS AND BARS."

Having understood that the Southern Confederated States of America were suffering for want of a patriotic song—a national anthem—to the stirring tones of which their chivalry might march gallantly on, to victory, or death, or both, we have set ourself to work to produce such a composition.

This we do in pure charity and benevolence, without hope of reward or emolument from the new Republic of Fools. Republics are inevitably ungrateful.

The only national song that has attained any great popularity in the Federal, or United States, is the "Star-spangled Banner"—a song all about our flag. Very well: why not have a song about the Confederate flag? Sure enough—but then, their flag is only a modification of ours—a sort of bunting parody, as it were. Just the thing! They shall have a sort of fustian parody of our flag-song, to be in keeping; and its flowing numbers shall be chaunted far and near, wherever cotton is grown, corn-whiskey guzzled, and niggers licked.

Gentlemen of the Southern Confederated States, here is your national anthem:

THE STARS AND BARS.

I.

O say, can you see—though perhaps you're too tight—
What so feebly we hailed at the twilight's last beaming—
Whose broad bars and few stars o'er our scurrious flight
From the rumshops we filched, were so gaudily streaming?
When the rockets' red glare, and bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof that, though we ran, our rag remained there!
O, say, does that Bar-Strangled Banner still wave
O'er the land of the thief and the home of the slave?
[Repeat for Chorus.]

II.

On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's honest host in its glory reposes,
What is that which the breeze—while we fearfully creep
To escape deserved blows—half-conceals, half-discloses?
Now it sullies the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In dishonor reflected now taints the pure stream—
'Tis the Bar-Strangled Banner, that foully doth wave
O'er the land of the thief and the home of the slave!

III.

And where is that band who so truthfully swore
That the might of the law, and a stern retribution,
A hold for rebellion should leave us no more?
Their guns have ploughed up our footsteps' pollution!
Their protection we crave, both rebel and slave—
None other we hope for except in the grave,
And our Bar-Strangled Banner no longer shall wave
O'er the land of the thief and the home of the slave!

IV.

O, thus is it ever, when traitors may stand
Against a loved land and its administration;
In rout and destruction, our treacherous band
See the error we have made in arousing a nation;
Be conquered we must, for our cause is unjust—
They look but to God, while in Mammon we trust;
And their—not our—Banner in triumph shall wave
O'er South as o'er North, o'er the free as the slave!

"Life on the Ocean Wave"

In view of the numerous Antolycesses, and other miscreants whose characterization dwells in the last two syllables of that Shakesperian name, and who are now at large upon the high seas, it has been proposed that a regular Ocean Police should be established for the protection of wayfarers on the briny Broadway of the deep. The suggestion strikes us as being a very sensible one. A Briny Broadway squad would be very useful, indeed, if it were only to look after the Buoy.

What the Rebels did at Harper's Ferry.

The pusillanimous ran away, leaving the Boulder at Point of Rocks behind, to be blasted and blown to bits.

Query, by a P. O. Clerk.

Are Post captains generally Mailed men?

VIRTUE UNREQUITED.

Among the melancholy things connected with the tumultuous condition of the times, not the least melancholy are the faces of a certain class of the community whose profession is designated by the cabalistic initials P. R., which may stand for Prize Ring, or Professional Rowdy, according to the taste of the reader. It appears that a squad of these men constituted themselves into a regimental staff, and, actuated of course by no other kind of spirit than that of patriotism, went about among the classes with whom they have only too much influence, and succeeded in raising therefrom a regiment which might have been characterized as quite respectable—in numbers. It seems, however, that numerical respectability is not the only kind exacted at military headquarters; for, on application at Washington, the staff of the Empire City Regiment—that was the sonorous designation of the proposed P. R. levy—was received with the cold-shoulder-hitting intimation that their services were not acceptable to the government. It was the P. R. staff that did the business. The men were good enough stuff for soldiers: so might the officers have been; but, fortunately for the service, something more is considered in the selection of officers than that; and, as the negative qualifications of the shoulder-hitting aspirants were looked upon as positive disqualifications, in the officer and gentlemen sense, their offer of service was very properly declined.

Ever since that righteous decision, dissatisfaction has marred the mainly beauty of the professing and gentlemanly pugilists without whom how many a familiar corner along Broadway would look bald and respectable! Jim Gozer—who might have been Captain G.—lounges misanthropically against his favorite spike in the iron railing of his early choice, masticating the tobacco of bitterness. The head of Blozer—he was very nearly Major B., a fortnight ago—appears emerging from the subterranean refreshment place hard by, and a sad dog he looks as he peers from his kennel. Now these men, and their kind, are acting very reprehensibly in thus dimming the brilliant Broadway with their bibulous gloom. If they are thirsting for blood, as they certainly appear to be, let them enlist in the capacity for which their mere fighting instinct fits them—that of the private soldier. A shoulder-hitter ought to stop a bullet as well as any man; and if the bullet should happen to get inside his guard, and stop him, why his place could be filled up by another of the fraternity, to the sparing of nicer men, and so on till the P. R. became respectably thin as to its ranks. Then, though the loss of that element to the army might not be very great, the gain to the city community would be nothing short of immense.

MOVEMENTS OF "THE COMMITTEES OF SAFETY."

We were greatly rejoiced to learn the following news, from the Corpus Christi (Texas) *Ranchero*:

"The Committee of Safety of this county have taken possession of the boats, tents, etc., belonging to the United States Coast Survey, which were left here for safe keeping last summer. They are all in fine order."

We understand that the New York Committee of Safety are also at work. Yesterday, they took possession of eight hundred dollars worth of silks, left in a warehouse down town for safe keeping.

Master PHELM SWERNY, of the Sixth Ward Committee of Safety, took possession of a gentleman's watch and chain, in Manhattan Alley, one dark night last week.

MESSRS. LUSHY JAKE and SWIVEL-EYED JOE, of the Cherry Street Committee of Safety, took possession of the spoons and forks left in the basement of a house in St. Mark's Place last Thursday for safe keeping. They are all in fine order.

Three gentlemen of the Baxter Street Committee of Safety—MESSRS. ANTONIO CANJEMI, ISAAC ISAACSON, and SWADDY O'MURTERIGIN—entered a hotel on the East Side, night before last, to take possession of a repeater, three hundred and fifty dollars in gold, and a set of diamond studs belonging to a lodger, who had left the articles, all in fine order, in his trunk for safe keeping. Having some absurd prejudices, he fired a revolver at the Committee, wounding Mr. ISAACSON in the leg, when they were forced to retire. Such acts of coercion cannot be too strongly condemned. Mr. I. has written us a note, stating that when he and his colleagues had got possession of the articles, all they desired was to be let alone.

Exchange of Colors.

While General BUTLER is getting the Blacks, the slaveholders are getting the Blues.

The Man to "Tap Their Claret"

The BUTLER, of course.



RUSTIC, BUT LOYAL.

A SKETCH IN CHATHAM STREET.

Rural Person.—"HOORAY FOR THEM PANTS! DON'T IT MAKE A CHAP WISH HE HAD HIND LEGS, NOW, SO HE MIGHT WEAR BOTH THEM PANTS TO ONCE!"

REJECTED NATIONAL HYMNS.

By special favor to VANITY FAIR, on the part of the Committee, we are allowed to publish a few of the unsuccessful Hymns offered in competition for the \$500 Prize. Those we present to-day will not be included in the volume of selections shortly to be issued, out of delicacy to their well-known authors. We cannot repress our surprise, that each of these poems was not thought worthy of a special premium, of at least \$250.

No. I.

A PSALM OF UNION;

OR, WHAT THE HEART OF THE ZOUAVE SAID TO UNCLE SAM.

Tell me not, in doleful numbers,
Union is an empty dream!
SAMUEL is not dead, but slumbers;
Traitors are not what they seem.

War is real! War is earnest!
And defeat is not our goal;
"Mud-sill, thou to mud returnest,"
Is not true, upon the whole.

Small enjoyment, and much sorrow
Is the soldier's destined way;
But we march, that each to-morrow
Finds us farther than to-day.

SCOTT is strong, and DAVIS fleeting,
And the chivalry, so brave,
Still, with muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the graves.

Now, on Freedom's field of battle,
Fighting for a Nation's life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be two heroes in the strife!

PLUMS FOR THE PROFESSION.

What power seems paramount with the Powers that Be?

The Power of Attorney.

What seem destined to prove themselves general nuisances?

Attorney-Generals.

What rank should be instituted in the army?

Brigadier Barristers.

With what files should the B. B.'s be intrusted?

Any but the rank and file.

In what issues have the A. G.'s proved incompetent?

Joining Issue with the Enemy.

In what simple process did an A. G. signally fail?

Opening an action.

What was the care to which an A. G. proved non-suited?

One of Assault and Battery.

What duties should be assigned the B. B.'s in detail?

Cutting off each other's Entails.

Purge Him!

We are glad to see that the Naval Brigade is likely to be a success, if BARTLETT is a failure. The "sick man" of the South is in a bad way, and just needs a good dose of our Old Salts.

Sauce for the Goose, &c.

As much of the army clothing is basted together, why should not the army tailors be basted too, just for uniform-ity's sake?

The Ins and Outs of It.

A good many States have Gone Out. The next news will be that some of them have Gone In.

Let us then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
If we cannot conquer, wait.

H. W. L.

A LITTLE BALLAD,

FOR THOSE YOUNG GENTLEMEN WHO ARE ABOUT TO LEAVE FOR EUROPE.

AIR.—*Over the hills and far away.*

YOUNG ARTHUR was a banker's son,
He had no pluck though he was young.
The only words that he could say,
Were "over to France and far away."

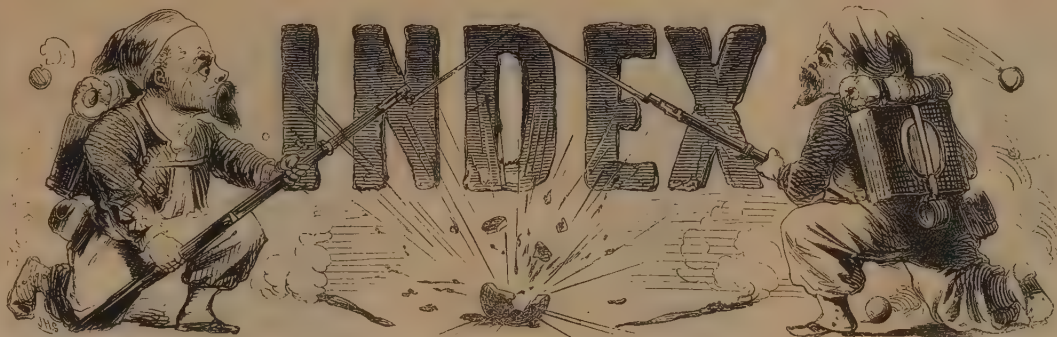
The young men in his Broadway club
Were marching to the rub a dub,
But double quick is not so gay,
As flaring in Paris far away.

The country called upon its youth,
They sprang to arms with loyal truth,
Though better far than bullets gray,
Were balls in Paris far away.

Though ARTHUR saw the shining files
Deploying through the city's aisles,
No manly ardor fired his clay,
'Twas "over to France and far away."

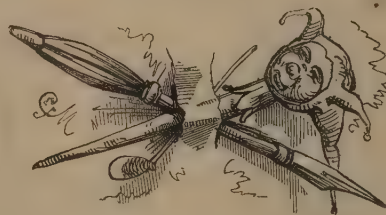
Young Arthur loved a maiden fair,
He asked the girl his lot to share,
But proudly back she answered "nay!"
To "over to France and far away."

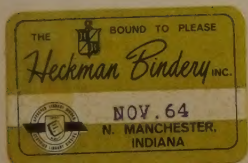
So snubbed by women, cut by men,
We'll not see ARTHUR soon again.
We really think he'd better stay,
"Over in France and far away."



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